

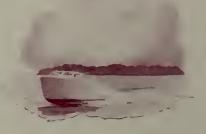
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THE MIRROR

SPRING ISSUE, 1945

PHILLIPS ACADEMY, ANDOVER, MASS.

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EDITORIAL...

As the school approaches the end of another year, everyone is preparing for summer—some are going into the army, some to college, some to various jobs. If we take a minute to reflect most of us will agree that this has been one of the best years in the school's history.

We have been extremely successful in both scholarship and athletics. There have been more boys on the honor roll this year than ever before. Our hockey and basketball teams are probably the best in the school's history, and we have an imposing list of victories over Exeter. In the line of music, both the band and the Riveters have been head and shoulders above those of past years. The PHILLIPIAN made a profit for the first time in recent years, and there is every indication that the POT POURRI will be even better than previous ones.

The school has also done its share in the war effort. Much of the money contributed in our charities drive went to war relief. The students and faculty cooperated admirably in giving up spring vacation, at the request of the Office of Defense Transportation.

We seniors like to think that there will never be another year comparable to this one, and probably there never will be. But if the under class men and especially the uppers who will be school leaders next year are willing to work hard, they will have a record of which they can be equally proud.

In closing, we wish to thank the students and the faculty for their support of THE MIRROR. We wish to thank especially Mr. Vuilleumier and Mr. Morgan, the faculty advisers, for their very helpful assistance. We believe that with this year's experience behind it THE MIRROR should be greatly improved next year, and therefore wish the incoming board all possible success in its work.

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A Doll's House

THE first time I heard about Mary's doll house was a week before Christmas. It was a late country afternoon about the time that the first evening chill rustles through the atmosphere dragging twilight and darkness behind it, and I was on my way to Miller's General store and Post Office beyond the crossroads. Mary was playing out on the lawn between her father's big barn and the back of a faded-yellow farmhouse—Mary just turned six last month—and she was running around in little circles trying to catch the big lazy snowflakes, which floated earthward, first on the end of her nose and then in her mouth. There wasn't enough snow yet for a snowman so she did the next best thing and started to draw a picture in the snow with her foot. From where I stood, it looked like a house of some kind.

Mary ran out to the road as I was about to pass on and yelled out a hearty, "Hi!" She jumped up on the gate and started to swing back and forth while the snow left little wet streaks on her freckled, open face. I inquired about her rabbits.

"Oh, they're fine," she replied impatiently, and I could see there was something else she wanted to talk about.

"Do you know what?" she asked with an I-know-something-you-don't-know look.

"No! What?" I answered.

"Guess!" she commanded imperiously and leaned over the fence to stare directly in my face as if to give me a hint.

After I had examined a broken shutter on the barn and had watched the wind blow a little tempest across the yard, I gave up. "I can't," I said. "I'm all guessed out today. You don't have some more rabbits, do you?"

"Of course not, silly," she reproved me, "it's something much better than that. Brother's going to make a great big doll house for me." She stopped swinging on the gate, and when her gaze had at last settled on the woods across the way, she smiled happily and dreamily. "It'll be big enough for all my dolls and so some of my friends can play with it too. Brother's going to build it down in the basement with his workbench and tools and

all only I'm not supposed to peek until Christmas. It's going to be a Christmas present, you see. He told me all about it though." Mary looked back at me, and her eyes shone, and she gestured with her mittens. "It's going to be white and green and have shutters and real rugs on the floor and real furniture with drawers that go in and out, and there's going to be wallpaper and real glass windows that you can open and close. Daddy says he'll put in electric lights that will go on and off and a doorbell that works and a real basin with running water and a real fireplace and a shingle roof that'll go up and down so's I can see in the attic and everything. Mommy promised to make some curtains for it—doll curtains of course—with some shades you can work, and she's going to knit some bedspreads and fix up some chairs with cushions and comfortable seats and all. It'll be nice to have everything just like a real house, just like the real one Mommy and Daddy are always talking about. I've always wanted a doll's house."

"Why that's going to be dandy," I told her. "I hope you'll let me come and see it when it's done." Over her head I could see her dad come out of the barn with a can of milk in each hand, and he called to her to come and open the back door so he could get in the kitchen.

Mary leaned over the fence and whispered confidentially. "You know," she said, "I really don't care so much about the wallpaper and the electric light and all. I just want some place where I can play with my dollies and have fun." Then she jumped from the gate and ran towards the house. "Good bye," she called, and she went around the corner.

* * * *

It was dark by the time I got down to Miller's store, but there were still a few people there, mostly farmers who had come in for their mail and newspapers and had been too busy to get into town earlier.

Ten-year-old Elmer Miller was scurrying around behind the counter after some potatoes while his

-Continued on Page Twenty-Seven-

Spring Walk

THERE weren't many people in the Coffee Shop. It was one of the off-hours—late for breakfast and early for lunch—when the waitresses stand around listlessly and talk about God knows what. The young Navy Officer stopped at the newsstand in the lobby to buy a morning paper and strode briskly into the Coffee Shop.

He sat down and began to read the headlines: "Navy Smashes Jap Fleet in Epic Battle," "Great Jap Stronghold Falls to Marines," "Carrier Planes Blast Jap Island Bases." He breathed a quiet sigh of relief at being away from it all, and he thanked the God who had let him survive. Twenty-one months of combat and patrol had made their marks on his youthful face. He looked tired and haggard, yet happy.

As the waitress came to take his order, he smiled broadly. He had no particular reason for smiling, except that he felt like smiling. The world seemed beautiful and good to him—he was on his way home. He would see his wife, whom he hadn't seen in over two years, and his young daughter, whom he had never seen at all; he'd be able to take off his uniform and laugh in Commanders' faces. Laugh. Yes, most of all, he could laugh and smile all day long. He'd leave the serious stuff to the postwar planners. They could wrinkle up their brows and frown as much as they liked, but he'd go right on smiling. "You don't laugh much out there," he thought. "You don't have time."

Time—that was another thing. He was going to forget time for thirty days—thirty wonderful days. There'd be no hitting the deck, no musters, no deck watches, run on rigid time schedules. He'd get up, eat, and go to bed when he felt like it, and he'd do what he damn well pleased in between. If any one mentioned doing something at a certain time, he swore he'd flatten him on the spot.

He glanced at his watch. 1100 hours. "Train leaves in ten hours and forty-five minutes. Guess I'll have to wait a little while before I can start forgetting time," he mused. "Meanwhile, I have some time to look at The City. Maybe I can pick up a couple of presents for Anne and Timmie."

He paid his check and went out, leaving a generous tip for his waitress. The weather was wonderfully spring-like, and he felt quite comfortable in his Blues. He cut over Madison to Fifth and began wandering slowly up the Avenue, looking in shop windows and grinning amusedly at the funny, busy people who hustled by him. He stopped in an exclusive Baby Shop and a swank jeweler's and bought presents far beyond the reasonable limits of a Navy lieutenant's pay. He realized he was being extravagant, and it amused him. "Have to start economizing some day," he murmured halfaloud, as he handed the salesgirl a hundred-dollar bill. "That can wait, though."

Presenting a very unmilitary appearance with his packages tucked under his arm, he walked on. At Columbus Circle, he rested for a moment and then turned to retrace his steps. Clouds began to appear in the sky, and, seeing that a Spring shower was about to fall, he went into a movie. The picture was only ordinary, but he enjoyed it immensely. It was nice to see a movie you were sure wasn't going to be interrupted by a General Quarters alarm. When the newsreel came on, however, he went out into the lobby. It was one thing to be in a battle and quite another to see pictures of one. He lit a cigarette nervously and sat down on a couch. There was a dull, heavy feeling inside him. Looking out into the street, he saw that the sun was shining again. He got his packages from the checkroom and left.

The warm, balmy air put new life into him, and he felt good. The excitement within him about going home was so real that he could almost touch it. As if to reassure himself about the actual existence of his wife, he took out a picture of her, with him. It had been taken on their honeymoon. There they were: he beaming proudly in his brand new Ensign's uniform and she, a bride of three days, looking lovelier and happier than ever. As he stepped off the curb, he lost his balance momentarily, and the picture slipped from his hand into the gutter. He stopped and bent over to pick it up.

—Continued on Page Thirty-Four—

George's Buck Teeth

GEORGE is in his room whistling. George shouldn't whistle so much because his teeth protrude so far his whistle ends up being more a melodious lisp than anything else. Poor George and his teeth—but George wouldn't be George without his teeth and certainly his teeth couldn't

get along very well without George. It seems that George is one of those unfortunate people who will have to go through life hating their teeth, and that certainly isn't going to improve his disposition in later years, and moreover it is going to cause great discontent among the various functions of George's physical make-up. It is indeed a problem for him.

He seems to be tackling the situation very courageously, though, and has already developed several sleight-of-hand movements and lovely facial contortions which generally tend to conceal his handicap. This characteristic of covering-up is not unusual in people of George's predicament. Many people conceal buckteeth, and that is primarily what I intend to discuss and argue against.

In the first place buckteeth, or "barnshovels" as they are referred to in less discriminating circles, are, contrary to popular notion, not unattractive. In fact I myself consider women with buckteeth highly attractive. This latter statement is admittedly brazen and might at first seem to be merely the words of a fanatic, but consider with me the following points: First, the commoner would argue that buckteeth in a woman would tend to divert a man's attention from the face to concentration on other aspects. This is grossly earthy.

This type of person is obviously satisfied with the material and is not looking for the truth as all intelligent people should constantly be doing. Therefore, as this opinion is earthy we shall discard it. Secondly, and this is my own indorsed and practiced opinion, buckteeth detract from a woman's outward appearance, admittedly, but hint at more subtle beauty behind the pearly façade. This detraction from outward beauty makes a man concentrate on the inner beauty of a woman, and in-

溪

evitably he finds that more engrossing. Therefore, as this latter sort of discovery is so much more satisfying and permanent, buckteeth are indirectly a beautiful thing in that they help to create beauty. I hope I have made mypoint clear.

Now that we have proved that buckteeth are a thing of beauty in

women, the question is, are they attractive in men? And if so, are they attractive in George? There are several aspects to a man-vs.-woman argument. In the first place, there are certain characteristics highly attractive in women which if applied to men would cause more impolite people to snicker and sneer. Conversely there are certain male characteristics which if applied to the female would tend to make her unattractive. For instance, we don't usually use the term "thundering basketball player" or "slugging, two-fisted terror of the night-club circuit" to the dainty dish we might currently be trying to corral. Similarly most men find it difficult to apply terms of this sort to any female. Secondly, in a male-vs.-female discussion a female can discuss more authoritatively than the male those things which make the male the male. Being a male myself I'm wide open to criticism from the female side. I hope you will all be kind enough to keep your criticisms to yourself.

The question of whether a man can be attractive and have buckteeth at the same time is rather easily answered, if approached from the right angle. It

—Continued on Page Thirty-Three—

The Lincolnshire Youth

There was a youth of Lincolnshire Who dwelt in the forest green. He stalked and hunted all the year. He was strong and lean.

He stood as straight as a willow strand.

His hair was yellow bright.

He could draw a bow with either hand.

Like an eagle's was his sight.

Just as lithe and swift as a baited fox,
He could overtake the hare.
He knew the woods and the upland rocks
And every forest lair.

One summer morn, at the break of day, He rose up from his bed And strung his bow, and off and away To the forest green he sped.

With a yew-tree shaft he downed a lark, Another pierced a wren. He shot that day from dawn to dark 'Til feathered was the glen.

The following day he met the dawn And chased the buzzing bee. From out its hive it was gone, The wax removed he.

Then from each bird the feathers bright
He laid out one by one.
He made two wings both strong and light
Ere that third day was done.

Before the cock had sung his song
He bathed beside two springs.
And then, with wax and leather thong,
He donned his new-made wings.

Upon a great cliff's mossy height
He waved the earth goodbye.
He jumped and soared up out of sight
Into the summer sky.

Above the steepest mountain crag The wind was fierce and loud. Above the hunter and his stag He rested on a cloud.

The sun was bright; the sun was hot; Yet higher still he flew. And from his wings, he little wot, There steamed the morning dew.

There, far above the wooded land, Beyond where eagles go, His wax-stuck feathers melted, and He plunged towards earth below.

All deep within a forest glade Around the place he fell, A grassy haven nature made, A sweet and flowery dell.

Now rests that youth of Lincolnshire Within his forest deep. He does not need his arrows here; He will forever sleep.

P. A. '45



Gold Star

THROUGH the late afternoon sun the TBF droned on towards its objective, its home, one of the Navy's carriers. Earlier in the afternoon this plane had been a part of a larger group assigned to attack a Japanese task force operating just south of the Carolines. However, a clogged gas line had forced it to drop out of formation and head back. Now, as the sun made a last effort to chin itself on the horizon, the plane and its crew were alone in the vast Pacific sky. The pilot was a quiet, darkhaired fellow from St. Paul, the rear gunner a gangling farmer from Indiana, whose blond hair had earned him the nickname, "Thatch," and the belly gunner, a twenty-year-old ex-All-American from Wisconsin. His name was Henry Wilson, long since changed to "Hank".

The beauty of the sunset was interrupted by Thatch, who shouted over the intercom, "Hey, Skipper, Zeke's at 2 o'clock! Take the brakes off this crate, and let's go!" One by one the three Japs peeled off and thundered down past the slower American plane. Thatch blazed away with his twin fifties as they roared by, but the group still num-

bered three as they swung around for a second pass. Once again it was Thatch who gave the alarm: "They're comin' up from downstairs! Give 'em hell, Hank—the dirty . . . " His voice was cut off as the belly guns roared at the climbing Nips. The plane shuddered with the impact of Jap slugs, but it held to its course. For forty-five minutes the battle raged, and then the Japs headed home — both of them. The TBF was badly shot up, but it remained aloft, and the motor still turned over. The skipper checked with his crew over the intercom — "O. K., Thatch?"

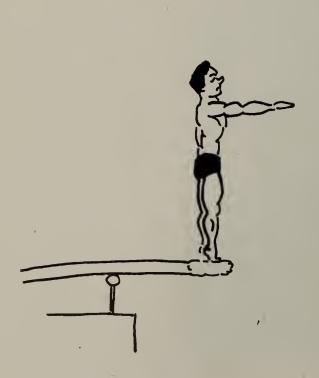
"Yeah, not a scratch."

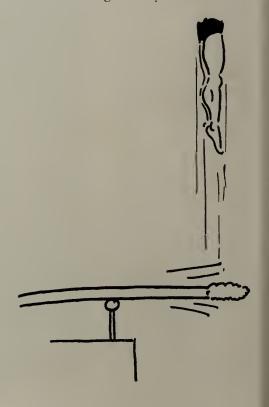
"O. K., Hank?"

"Just a nick in the leg, Skipper."

It was now dark, and, as the plane sputtered through the night sky, Hank Wilson's mind roamed back. He had entered high school as a fourteen-year-old freshman, but because of his size, he had looked older. He had draped his six-foot, one hundred and seventy-five frame with a football uniform and gone out for the team. That first year he

-Continued on Page Thirty-Seven-





The Cornwall Conference

In THE year 501 a group of wise men assembled in a castle on a rocky headland in Cornwall to discuss the approaching destruction of the world. The castle belonged to Merlin, King Arthur's magician. At night, when there was a storm in the Channel, it was black as death except for a flickering light in the northeast tower, where Merlin sat making up new spells. The sea shook the cliffs, and the wind shrieked through the battlements like a mad woman. Unfortunately, in the daytime the castle looked harmless, and in spite of all Merlin's attempts to grow scraggly pine trees and break threatening holes in the masonry, it squatted on the cliff top like a sleepy and contented Buddha.

Since night was obviously the most appropriate time for such an historic meeting, the wise men began to arrive at midnight. After they had been admitted by two silent men in armor, they were led without a word through huge, cold rooms, where bats circled terribly through the darkness. The wise man from Lotham told his wife afterwards that he was positive he had seen a lion in one of the smaller corridors.

Finally, after conducting them up thirteen winding steps, the guards stopped and motioned grimly

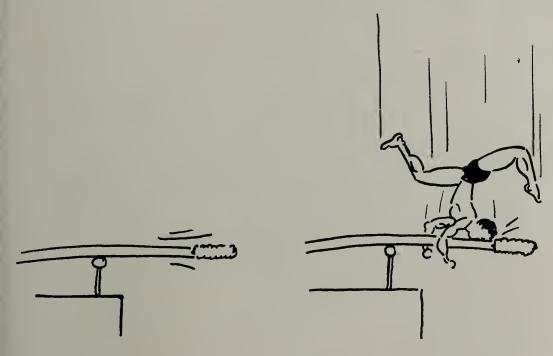
for them to enter the room on their left. It was Merlin's private room in the northeast tower. It was small and bare, with dark beams criss-crossing over their heads and stone walls. In the center was a large stone table surrounded by forty seats; huddled in one was Merlin. A bookcase filled with spells stood in one corner. On top of it frowned the hollow eyes of a bust of one of Merlin's uncles, and perched motionless on that was Merlin's pet raven.

The last of the thirty-nine wise men hurried in puffing, "Bless my soul! Dreadfully sorry to be late! Held up, you know—." Merlin rose. His face was tired and lined.

"Gentlemen," said Merlin quietly. "Gentlemen, you know the purpose of this meeting. This will not be a pleasant evening." Merlin paused, and took a sip of claret. "We are here to discuss the extinction of the human race. Mr. Phoberos will present his report first."

As Merlin sat down, a large gentleman struggled out of his chair into a standing position and adjusted his glasses. He peered at the paper in his hand, cleared his throat, and began.

-Continued on Page Thirty-Two-





The High-School Shakespeare or Why Lady MacBeth Went Mad

Act V, Scene II. Enter Lady MacBeth, with a taper.

Doctor: You¹ see², her³ eyes⁴ are⁵ open.⁶

Waiting-Gentlewoman: Ay⁷, but⁸ their⁹ sense¹⁰
is¹¹ shut.¹²

Notes: "You" Probably employed in this context as the subject of "see" (see note below), although there is some debate as to whom it refers. This is because of a missprint in the second Quarto which read: "Youzee her aiz!?!" Critics differ as to the exact meaning of this. Honig, after much research in contemporary records, found reason to believe the printer was still under the influence of the first Quarto, and that seems a likely explanation.

Assuming that "you" is singular, two theories as to the antecedent exist: Luggage's interpretation presupposes that the Doctor is speaking to Lady MacBeth. He suggests as a translation: "(Can't) you see (where you're going?)",—i. e. "what's wrong?" This is based on a marginal note found in a rare folio edition at Humbug-on-Avon, only three-hours by ox-cart from Shakespeare's birthplace. The note is a stage direction which has Lady MacBeth trip on a battleax and fall on the Doctor's tool kit. The Doctor is understandably annoyed since the Queen doesn't normally bang into all the furniture. On the other hand, DeRolfe has the Gentlewoman as the person addressed. He translates: "Can you see(?)". His theory is that the Scottish castles were customarily sooty and that the Doctor has evidently gotten dust in his eye at an inopportune moment. At first, he does not realize this, thinks merely that the lights have gone out, and asks the Gentlewoman how she is getting along. (Being a Gentlewoman, she doesn't reply.)

"see" This brief word has an exceptional effect upon the audience coming at this particular moment. Its unexpectedness stuns them into a deeper perception of the tragedy which is being enacted before their eyes. Few expressions can surpass this for sheer exhilaration and pathos. Students

would do well to look it up in an unabridged dictionary and commit it to memory.

"her" As in the word "see" (see above), there is a lively controversy over the antecedent of "her". By counting every seventh word on left-hand pages with grease-marks on them, Luggage comes to the conclusion that "her" is Lady MacBeth. DeRolfe, counting the egg-stains on right-hand pages, believes "her" to be the Gentlewoman. Cookridge, with whom most critics side, thinks the Doctor has in mind another woman whom MacBeth met at Glasgow while having his scabbard fixed. Lady MacBeth's subsequent murder soliloquies follow this last most logically. Malheur sums it up in "Le Magnifique Laitier" with: "les petits chacals assis sur leur derriere".

"eyes" There has always been a large measure of doubt as to just what "eyes" mean here. It may derive from the Latin "eheu" ("alas), the Greek "entha" ("here", "there", or "everywhere"), or the Anglo-Saxon "eouiii" ("hammertoe"). However, Gesundheit, in his scholarly "Die Entwicklungneuzeiteneuropaishesenpfanzenweltbevoelkerungkraftigkeit", states: "O Tannenbaum, wie treu sind deine Blaetter!" That seems to clinch the matter.

"are" It is interesting to note, in passing, that Shakespeare used this word in a connotation entirely unknown to the people of his day because it was not obscene. Nevertheless, within ten years it became common usage throughout England. It last appeared in "Franckie und Johannie", a famed German 18th century Soblied.

"open" Another controversy began over the source of this adjective. DeRolfe maintained that "open" was substituted for "shut" by a masked stranger who altered the manuscript on St. Patrick's Day, 1613. Cookridge differed in that he said "shut" was substituted for "open" by Bacon at the Ball & Chain Tavern on St. George's Day, 1612. However, Gesundheit brought the dispute to a close by pushing them both downstairs.

P. A. '45



Space—Time BY W. H. HON

Fingerprints on a Language Book

IN THIS modern age where liberty, individuality, and independence are the key words, where abound slogans such as "Drive-UR-Self," "Serve-UR-Self," "Sell-UR-Self," and the like, I feel that everyone ought to have a language of his own, also. Such a language would fulfill many purposes: render state secrets even more inaccessible, mystify small-fry and the common herd, preserve vital statistics such as diaries from the maid or Momma, keep safe from your roommate's roving eve communications from that blonde back in Podunk, and even come in handy in your Junior G-Man club—local 108. Doubtless, notebooks full of peculiar pothooks, or unpronounceable syllables could increase one's reputation as "Wan beeg smart feller." Besides, the development of a private language can be a fascinating (and disastrously time-absorbing) hobby.

The various possibilities for a language are inexhaustible. Even limiting it so that it must be pronounceable within the framework of about one hundred distinct sounds, an infinite range of methods of expression is possible. One of the most convenient and quickest ways is simply to take an existing language, and transform it into your own. Of these, the most elementary type is the cipher or code, in which the letters or words of a language are changed or rearranged according to a system to obscure their meaning. But there is no real profit in this: it is more of an experiment in algebra than in language. Moreover, secrecy is one of your aims, and whoever found a cipher more difficult to unscramble than a passage of Cicero?

Then, one can use a mechanical system to distort an actual language. This type may consist of a phonetic script, and regularization of inflection and grammar rules. For example: Hohmz xingwaazbinith sitay, withtuu 'Bakoh hees tuute meen, andtuu Mee psoh-binee givay-hno-Siinohn 'Okyuupayshunohs mees tuute heen. (Holmes was seated with his back to me, and I had given no sign of my occupation to him.) All these types are just the lazy man's way, however and usually can be understood by the initiate.

A far better type is the a posterior language based on a group of extant tongues. Esperanto is of this sort. Such languages are very convenient and efficient, but, regrettably, often so efficient that they are likely to be boring. Then, there are the countless sorts of a priori languages, entirely made up, with no basis in reality. These may consist of a series of simple monosvllables strung together like Chinese: "Ma-ra-ka ka spra ra kee shosuu tuu-te"—(Mark had been a famous explorer): or of an entirely complex system of inflection, derivation syntax, etc.: Cha ih zhav. Cha lo ihchihspa mooteep-yi, yyohmash-ee petit zhemyeem cha zhaku'u. Cha lo ihchihspa shonuh losk fumans"— (He was wet. He had no clothes except those which he was wearing. He had no food nor drink).

Another type, and in my opinion better than any of the above, is the "realistic" language. Based on one, or a combination of several, extant languages, it tries to approach the theory and usage of an actual language as much as possible. For example, I have "The Toitonic Spraec," based on a mixture of Sweet's Anglo-Saxon Primer, Whitney's Old High German, and a good deal of imagination. The first few lines of Genesis run like this: "Aet th'aes onginnes, Got erscaeferd th'e He'ofone ge th'e E'orthe was withuttan gestaeltes, ge hit waes lerr, ge th'e'ow Gast Gotes abuffan th'e oberslahcke saes bewegend."

Again, there is the "ancestral" type of language which, by dint of much comparative philology, claims to represent an ancestor of a language family, or another, imaginary member of that language family. For instance, another Romance language, based on Latin, might be developed: Eo ay vostre roy et nostres liveres." Similar to this sort is the language which takes a guess at what a present-day language will have become in the future—a regular English, or an inflectionless French, maybe.

All of this entails a great deal of labor, and could be infernally boring if not done right. After all, who would go through the agonies of a Latin 1 class-

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Symphonie Pathétique BY R. W. MORRISON

Poppies in the Tundra

CHOOLU had always wanted to see flowers blooming on the tundra. On Rat Island, a tiny speck in the long, fog-covered, desolate chain of Aleutian Islands, it was so cold that almost the only plant life that could sustain itself was a low, scraggly bush, which seemed to be hugging the

sterile earth for protection. Ever since Father Fox, an American missionary who had been in the First World War, had come to Rat Island and told Choolu and the other villagers about the poppies which bloomed on Flanders Field, Choolu had wanted to see the poppies in bloom on his native tundra.

Father Fox had tried to follow the practice of not playing favorites among the very sensitive and touchy Aleuts, but he couldn't help liking Choolu. He had been attracted to the old, gaunt, respected fisherman from the first moment he met him. He and Choolu had formed the habit of sitting around the pot-

bellied stove in Choolu's boat house and talking earnestly for an hour or so every afternoon. Sometimes Choolu's son, Naru, would sit with them and listen while the conversation ranged from God, to poppies, to America, to hunting, to seal fishing, and back.

But now all that was gone. No more did Choolu think of poppies and God. No more did the sharp-bell-like laughter of Father Fox peal through the misty morning air of the little fishing village. No more did the little fleet of fishing vessels inch slowly out into the Aleutian fog at dawn. No more

did Choolu's boat return to its dock at noon with its hold filled hours ahead of those of the other smacks. For now the little settlement on Rat Island had become part of the vast, clutching, engulfing tide which was the Japanese Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere. As the Japanese Empire had

moved closer to the Aleutians, twelve of the nineteen Americans on the island had escaped. But suddenly Rat Island had been lopped up by the advancing tide before seven of the Americans, including Father Fox, could get out.

When the sons of Nippon and their Emperor had landed, their first act was to place the Americans in a barbedwire enclosure. Then they had taken over the fleet of fishing smacks and forced the fishermen to pilot them through the murky waters of the Bering Sea as supply vessels. Suddenly, one day about a month after the occupation of the island, the Jap who was guard-

ing the American prisoners had picked up his rifle and shot all seven in a fit of anger over an insult one of the Americans had handed him. The Japs had then chosen four Aleuts, including Choolu's son, Naru, to dig a common grave in the tundra. Just before the Japanese had started off to the site chosen for the grave, Choolu had whispered something to Naru and handed him a little paper envelope. Several hours later the Japs returned, but the Aleuts were not with them. They were lying



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I Come from a Long Line of Maiden Aunts

THERE are probably very few people in this world who would ever admit having such an irregular background, probably equally few who would ever have to; but in my case there is no alternative. The exact biological process by which I find myself on earth no longer baffles me and I

am now free to make any observations I please about my family without fearing I am indicting a complete stranger. brief. I am at last able to sift out of the mass of odd individuals who frequent my Father's house: those who are real relatives, those who would like to be relatives, those who are just as glad they aren't, and those who are so for practical purposes. I have omitted the milkman, the garbage - man, the piano-tuner, and my father's barber, all of whom are constantly referred to as "brother" by Father and all of whom I considered uncles up to a certain date. I'm now thoroughly enlightened.

My father's a plainclothes-man on the local

force, amateur card-cheat and professional pallbearer. He loves music, Mother occasionally, and good licquer.

My sister, Kathleen, is very pretty and very conscious of the opposite sex. Once I heard the milkman divulge to the piano-tuner that she was the nicest piece of work in town. Since then I have held Kathleen in very high esteem because it is a known fact both these gentlemen are exceptionally hard to please.

Mother is a problem. I have always thought that she might be missing a few marbles; and now that I am in the ninth grade and pretty much educated, I'm becoming more and more convinced of it. For instance, Mother informed us at the dinner table the other night that she thought South Carolina had

> s e c e d e d permanently. Father was abashed, as was Kathleen, who always assumes avery pained expression when some member of the family doesn't quite come up to the mark.

Speaking of Kathleen, she has a boy friend now who is undoubtedly the most accomplished manipulator of an automobile I have ever seen. He never parks in the road in front of the house, Instead, he tears right between the telephone pole and fire-hydrant in front of the house and parks on the front lawn. Says there's less danger of some fool smashing his car up while it's parked out in the road. His best approach, though, is the one in the middle of winter when the roads are

icy. He comes in at about 25 miles per hour, jams the brake on half-way down the block, makes two and a half complete revolutions and ends up parked beautifully in front of the house facing the direction from which he came.

But actually I'm ashamed of my family. They embarrass me; they practically torture me whenever I have company. They are too boisterous, too overwhelming — and my friends usually leave the

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Rain

THE RAIN patters steadily into the gutter, gurgles down the pipe, and splashes into the road. You sit in an easy chair, enjoying the safe warmth of indoors, and lazily let your mind wander. You rummage in the mass of memories stored haphazardly in your mind and wonder. You catch yourself indulging in that sort of daydreaming sometimes, and you turn away with a faint, foolish half-smile. A scrap of paper can start your thoughts, or a sound, or a smell, a word, or the way you tossed "Vingt Contes" onto the bed. Or a rainy night with its slinking mysticism, stirring the past out of the oblivion of passing years.

You sit and wonder, as the rain rolls off the roof, how many hundred times you've heard it, splashing, splattering, and you think about things past, moulded into a pigeon hole far out of reach, forgotten. You think of drizzly mornings in a foggy spring that met you on your way to Bulfinch and an early class in nominative absolute and all that. You wonder who's deciphering old Pearson in Will 21 this year and to what use the fire-rope in Clement 9 is being put.

You watch a downpour flood the Harvard Yard until John Harvard pulls his cape a little tighter and sits more huddled in his granite chair. And then warm mornings watching you ride hard along Mt. Auburn Street to get to school before Assembly. No cuts then—you came on time or showed a red little face to the big tall man. You see recess with the playing and shouting laughter.

The company laughs "So this was you at nine!" as your mind's movie projector casts another image on the screen. And you see yourself forcing a bike across a green field to keep pace with forty other runts riding roughtly over well-mown lawns. A cricket field and a bat "You see, this way, and you

can hit the ball. No. not like that! Hold it up here!"

You begin to bear the weight of a flood of memories pouring through a dike with more than one break. Green flat lawns and flowing furrows; autumn leaves and the musty moistness of new-cut, wetted, trees; forests glistening and shimmering with the remnants of morning fogs; the unexplored mystery of old towns; high hedges and a great city where men set up step-ladders in an open park and harangue a laughing crowd.

And so you think back, and back. I said a scrap of paper starts your thoughts, or a magazine. "Life:" Domburg flooded? With the great manmade dike and the rolling dunes where we hid among the tall, sharp grasses,—flooded? And the smooth, white, clean beach where we swam covered with sea weed debris and oil slick? Why only last week the four of us . . . last week? And Einhoven—that's where Jetty's cousin lived. You know the fat one that came up once or twice a year. Not so fat now.

One o'clock and still raining. It started at one—the rain I mean. That little devil-cloud perched right in the saddle between the two peaks and at one the deluge began. At half past we started the descent and when we finally reached the little Gschnitz Tahl village the water was sloshing in our boots. For a few months after that we had no more rain. The nights were as clear as the night I leaned from the window and listened to the seething, screaming crowd. I heard "Austria" change into the "Horst Wessell" song.

How far back can I travel? Why to Weissenbach. How far ahead? Not beyond the nearest ticking second. The rain—no, it has stopped.

S. G. Schiffer, '46



Cathedral

The reverent centuries passed the towers by

Not changing them, save in the years with crisp

Grey clinging shreds of moss and in the summer

breeze

Off lofty walls o'er leaping buttresses
With muted tremblings of a thousand leaves.

Within, through panes stained turquoise, deepest rose,

Light gleamed on cross and vessels richly wrought
To hold the sacred wine, an altar cloth,
And candelabra brilliant in the gloom.
Here worship had been held for ages now,
With plainsong, soaring anthem, ancient psalm,
And full-toned tolling of the ancient bells.
Then in a single night, a distant hum,
A mounting, whistling scream, a searing crash,
The rumbling crack of toppling Gothic walls;
And when the dust had settled all was still.

M. S. Thompson, '45

The Threat To Modern Society

EVER since the cave man first felt that his moss bed was too lumpy and uncomfortable to sleep on and discovered that by shaking up the leaves it again became smooth and inviting, man has been cursed with the daily task of making his bed, a job which can lay just claim to being the most hated of all human occupations. To make matters worse, this painful duty is becoming progressively more difficult in proportion to the advance of civilization, for it has been calculated that even in this streamlined year of 1945, the equivalent of 1,300 years is spent each day in making the beds of the American people alone.

The cave man's bed-making job was comparatively easy, for he only kicked up the moss or raked a few more leaves into his cave. The Greeks and Romans also made relatively light work out of this task, just pulling their hair blankets over their couches in a roughly regular heap. During the Middle Ages, the practice of bed-making (and therefore the beds also) remained stagnant for almost a thousand years, until in the early eighteenth century in France the making of the bed cmerged as one of the most distinctive and most highly developed arts of modern times. Highly pompadoured chamber-maids smoothed sheets of silk and blankets of wool over gorgeous gold-leaf bedsteads; pillows stuffed with feathers were introduced and canopies were devised to protect the bed-clothes from dust; as a final touch of extravagance, a resplendent coverlet was designed of satin, embroidered with little naked cupids thrumming on harps or shooting arrows at voluptuous, love-sick maidens. Carelessness again set in with the French Revolution, however, and the Spartan hair blanket and straw mattress were revived. The pre-Revolutionary customs were nevertheless still preserved by a few noblemen, and during the Victorian period the art of bed-making staged a victorious comeback that is still in progress.

At the first sign of this revival, the advocates of the fine art of bed-making made a drive for supporters, and about this time we hear of the publication of such propagandist volumes as *A Lovers*' Handbook, or How to Make a Bed and Making a Bed in 98 Easy Lessons. Different types and sizes of beds appeared: the double bed (so-called because it takes double the time to make), the twin bed, and the folding bed, commonly known as the "Bed-Maker's Curse." Later we discover automatic beds that fold up into the wall (sometimes when you are sleeping in them), and sofas that turn into beds at night, and beds that turn into sofas during the day. Likewise, we find a greater variety of mattresses and bedclothes: there are felt, hair, and inner-spring mattresses; silk, linen, cotton, pink, blue, yellow, polka-dot sheets; and wool, cotton, white, colored, and electrically heated blankets. Thus we see that during the last hundred years, the bed has grown into an object of both comfort and beauty.

Paralleling this development of the bed itself, we find the progress of new ideas on the subject of bed-making. First there came the august and still-unassailed hospital corner. (The origin of this interesting feature of bed-making is still doubtful, though it is now generally accepted that it was first used by Florence Nightingale when she was making a bed in the dark after her famous lamp had gone out.) This paved the way for a thousand less important points: how to arrange the pillow, whether to tuck in more of the sheet at the foot or at the head of the bed, and whether the puff should go over or under the coverlet. Different schools of thought on the subject arose and violent aggressive factions were organized: those who claim that the easiest way is to make the bed carefully once a week and to sleep quietly the other six nights, others who contend that a daily airing is required, still more who insist that the mattress should be turned at least once a week, and scores of other groups. I recently read in the newspaper that a violent pillow-fight had taken place in Atlanta between the Make-Your-Own-Bedders and the Hospital-Cornerites over a slight technicality concerning the width of hems on a 108 inch (torn

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The Four Seasons

MILLIE stood looking out of the window, observing the caprices of a wild snowstorm which surrounded the house. It was one of those perennial late-winter storms—gusty and intense—abortive, blustering of its potency, but neglecting to speak of the present return of the longer, sunnier days. Even the slender elms which lined the way seemed to resent, perhaps, being thus shaken from springtime dreams—writing and tossing their branches to avoid the tenuous swarms of flakes.

"Millie's observing again, Mother," said her older sister, unable to appreciate or recollect an age when one could not remember, fully, all the miracles of the day or the week before, but be quite content to experience the wonders of the present—and living WAS wonderful, to such a little girl, for did she not wake every morning to see the sun glancing differently on the floor of her bed-chamber, and the dust-flakes stirring anew, fashioning endless patterns in light across the beam? She would watch a speck enter and gyrate and pass from radiance to obscurity, untroubled by any analogy to life. Or, if not the sun, at least a new imaginative form for the cloud that hid it?

And Millie, after the storm was passed, went to her mother, as was her wont, for her woolen romper and bright red mittens, and frolicked in the yard with her sister, who, at least, was not yet too sophisticated for that.

Millie revelled in the cold wetness of the snow. She rolled in it, or lay down very carefully, waved her arms back and forth, and got up to gaze in awe and glee at the image of an angel in the snow. Then they rolled large boulders of it to make a snowman, adding an old felt hat and a pipe in imitation of their father, who, as he had learned they demanded, acted flattered at the unquestionable resemblance.

But not too much later the snow-flurries came only fitfully, leaving the ground a fragile coating which was soon melted. Millie could not lie in that, for it was not deep. Besides, the ground was damp, and her mother would not let her stay outside long. She could only take the new white snow and pat the limp and faded snowman into a clean new suit, set the hat on his head again, and put the pipe back in his mouth.

And Millie's mother, and her father, and even her older sister could not understand the unhappiness in the little child, why she pouted and fretted at her play on the nursery floor. For, you see, she had been deprived of an old pleasure, and was not supplied with a new. And she hated, so far as she could, the dullness of the outdoors, and the snowless winds.

Her mother worried over Millie, and, seeking to amuse her, interested her in the noises of the rain on the roof and the window panes, and the rustlings of the trees in the gales; and she rejoiced in her heart that her little daughter should brighten at this new fascination. But Millie soon tired of listening, for she could not run outside and feel the wind spatter the raindrops on her face. She desired them earnestly, but could not have them, and was irritated and almost disobedient. In her youthful way she felt cheated of the happiness she deserved.

Yet Millie was not long resentful of life, for the winter days lengthened into spring, and with spring came new mystery to captivate her. She could not comprehend, at first, the fragile beauty, the delicate freshness of the first white crocus she saw. Her wakening hours were filled with careless play, for she had found a new lover to succeed the snow—the grass,—deep, sweet-smelling, soft—and she lay in ecstatic union with it. Or, were it to rain, she would marvel at the rainbows around the oil-spots on the pavement, or sail bits of matches like Indian canoes down the freshets of the gutters. She put pebbles in the way to block their course, felt easily confident of her mastery over them, and was completely happy.

As the afternoons grew warmer her mother let her run to the pond to swim with the other chil-

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Jiggers

DOWN in the guts of a dye works, sweat-soaked men worked 150 machines called vat-jiggs. Under steaming pipes and dizzy heat, they lost 10 pounds a shift. Hoses and conveyer belts threaded the oven-hot plant like veins of a machine monster. The hungry vat-jiggs gulped tons of powdered chrome and huge barrels of acid as fast as the men could dump them in; and as the stain was added, live steam thrashed the mixture to a boiling dye. Rubber gloves to the elbow, rubber boots to the knee helped protect the men against the boiling, overflowing dye swirling about their feet — dye that seared flesh at the slightest touch. This is where I worked half one summer — worked to claim the coveted title — "Jigger".

It was the summer after my 16th birthday and I wanted to earn enough cash for a trip to Texas. The Dye Works had lost a lot of men to the Army and snapped up any offers like mine. After the Personnel Director had talked to me, he told the overseer of the jigs to try to make a jigger out of me. This overseer was all man. Massive muscles heaved under his soaking skin. I noticed that his right hand had only three fingers. This I remember because he used them as an example of what could happen if you relaxed at the wrong moment around the devilish jiggs. He taught me all the little tricks and time-savers that turn a greenhorn into an experienced jigger. I watched the way he handled the bolts of cloth, which, out of control, could crush you as if you were a baby. I watched the way he dodged the spray of the scalding acid. I watched and he worked for three weeks. And then one day, he assigned me to a set of jiggs next to his. I started working careful to copy his every move. For I wanted to be as safe as he was and he was safety plus.

For a month I worked next to him, slowly achieving ease and watchfulness. One day he came down to talk to me, and after giving a couple of words of advice, noticed that two of his jiggs were running out. (Running out meant that the cloth from one of the black rubber rollers above the jiggs was almost unrolled. The expert jigger al-

ways stops his machine before it runs out to avoid having to reach into the hot dye to start the cloth moving again on the opposite roller.) The overseer grasped the two levers to reverse the jiggs. He stepped back towards the drive shaft of the rubber rollers. And as he stepped, took a cloth looped over his neck to wipe his face, and threw the ends crisscross over his shoulders. As I turned back to my jiggs, I heard a strangled cry. I wheeled and saw the man's feet fly up and hit the scaffolding above the jiggs. His head had been cut off cleanly and the bloody cloth, caught on the drive shaft, twirled like a danger signal. He had been so careful; but the little red flag flew round and round.

M. E. HEARD, '45

Love Poem No. 2

The sky is unobtainable,

The fog is silver spun,

The moon is of shy platinum,

A cartwheel is the sun.

Of poets' blissful metaphors
I'll render you *a prix*—
A leaf of grass, a bit of sod,
A phail of the sea.

J. B. Snook, '44

Musical Sunset

Evening grass shivered uncut. Sylphlike the dew-blades minuet; Ice green the trembling chorus swayed And chanted boisterous, silver-fleck'd. Then the sun Bloodied the dancing timbres, and Splashed in the sea of gory green.

C. F. C. Isitt, '45



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A Doll's House

--Continued from Page Seven--

father chewed on the end of a pencil and struggled with the ration points. Jackson Halliday, who runs a stock farm the other side of town, stood by the vibrating stove in the middle of the room, warming himself. His face was hidden behind his newspaper, but a pipe projected around the corner and sent a thin column of smoke up among the rafters.

"I see by the paper," he volunteered with a deliberative puff on his pipe, "I see by the paper that they're having themselves a conference now about the war and the Germans and what to do with them; the peace, I mean."

"Yessirree", agreed Mr. Miller, scratching his ear with the eraser on his pencil, "it looks like we might settle it this time."

"Yessirree", echoed Halliday, who had dropped his paper and was tracing the outline of a barn in the sawdust on the floor with his foot. "They tell you some great things about how it's all going to

be like when this is over. Of course, they can't tell us about how they're doing it-that Mr. Hitler'ld give his back teeth to know about that—but they're coming along." He paused to shift the pipe around to the other side of his mouth; it sent up clouds of smoke now. "They say there will be peace everywhere and free speech and freedom of religion and no poverty and no fear or nothing. There won't be war any more; they're going to fix the Germans so they can't hurt people, and then they'll take care of the Japs. Just think, there'll be airplanes all over the air and no subs out sinking ships and none of these bombs buzzing around. Then they say they're going to fix it up so we won't have to work so hard and so we can have insurance for a bad crop and when we're a mite sick and for new tractors and new plows." Halliday disappeared behind his newspaper again. "I sure want to be around to see it," he added. "It's going to be the way we've always wanted it to be."

Mr. Miller had finished his figuring and was gazing out the window into the darkness. "Huh," he grunted. "Just a bunch of kid's dreams, that's

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all. I'm too busy to think about that." Elmer brought a package of oatmeal and set it on the counter next to the potatoes and stood around, waiting. Then Mr. Miller snapped out of his reverie, "How about some beans, Hal?"

* * * * *

I didn't see Mary again until three days after Christmas when I was on my way back from skating over on Johnson's pond. It was the afternoon of a hard, crisp, cold, dull, day. The snow had been on the ground for some time now, and it was hard-packed and icy. As I walked towards Mary's house, I saw two snow men in the front yard with coal for eyes and ears and nose and mouth and buttons. Mary came walking out from the barn dragging behind her a big sled, shiny with new paint, all red and gold. "Hi," she yelled half-heartedly, and when she was firmly anchored to the gate I asked her about the doll house.

A sad expression came over her face as if some one had pulled a shade. She looked at me and then across the road at the woods. "Well, you see," she said. "brother was awfully busy fixing the stove and oiling the harness rig and doing chores, and mother and dad never got around to giving him a hand—they were all too busy, and so, the house didn't get built." She looked at me with a faint puckering and quivering around her mouth. "It didn't get built." She stared back at the woods again. "So brother painted up this old sled of his just in time for Christmas, and I got that instead." We both looked at the sled there on the path, critically. Mary with a touch of distaste and disappointment.

"Well," she said at last, "it isn't as nice as the doll house would have been, but at least it works, and maybe my dollies will like it." Mary stopped and thought a minute. "Why is every one always so busy?" she asked. I looked at the broken shutter on the barn. "Well," she said, "I guess I'll have to make my own doll house."

Mary stepped off the gate and walked slowly towards the sled. Then she grabbed it by the rope and dragged it back towards the barn, scuffing up the snow as she went. When she had disappeared inside, I turned and went on.

P. A., '45

I Come from a Long Line of Maiden Aunts

—Continued from Page Nineteen—

house in a complete daze, mostly wondering what they've done lately to deserve this maltreatment.

It's very hard on one's boyish dignity and I seem to have a particularly sensitive one.

Last night I had my girl over to dinner because we were going to a party down the block and I wanted to impress her. Mother had everything just right—best dishes and table-cloth—and Ernistine (a colored woman who comes in to help Mother on special occasions) was not in one of her "moods". Father promised to be polite and not to say anything wrong and also said he wouldn't bring any of his friends home for dinner. I went around and got Polly and brought her back to the house. We managed to trip going into the house, but someone caught Polly before she fell - and sure enough it was my Uncle Alfred who lives in Greenwich Village, writes Superman, and is a confirmed alcoholic. It was another one of his timely arrivals, and he was in his usual "state".

After we had sat around and made conversation for ten or fifteen minutes, during which time Uncle Alfred found several opportunities to make Polly feel uncomfortable, Mother navigated us all into the dining room, and Father and Uncle Alfred made quite a commotion about holding Polly's chair for her. We were soon all firmly ensconced—Father, Mother, Polly, Kathleen, Uncle Alfred and myself. Things seemed to be going fairly well. Father had stopped referring to Polly's pretty dress, Uncle Alfred had gotten his mind off Polly proper for awhile, and Kathleen had remained seated for thirteen consecutive minutes.

Ernestine had been performing beautifully up to this point, but she was due to make a slip soon; so what happened next was more or less inevitable. We could hear her in the kitchen murmuring quietly to herself, "My, my goodness gracious. Dear me—I dropped a spoon down the Goddamned drain."

My Father roared, so did Uncle Alfred. Kathleen giggled, Mother pretended she hadn't heard and Polly looked as if she couldn't make up her mind to laugh or be shocked. I felt thoroughly Compliments of

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humiliated. This sort of thing repeated itself all through the meal; and I have never been so glad to see the end of a meal in my life. We left to the accompaniment of Mother whispering sweet nothings in Ernestine's ear all the way from the bedroom to the kitchen, Kathleen administering First Aid to Uncle Alfred's fifth epileptic fit in as many days, and the evening arrival of Kathleen's beau trying his most complicated approach and missing.

I guess I took it harder than I should've because now that I think it over I don't think Polly minded it very much; but I decided to talk to Father about it anyway. So I told him everything I had on my mind, being careful not to offend his family pride; and to my complete amazement he was very decent about it and gave me a wonderful answer.

He said, "Sonny (I'm still referred to as Sonny despite my obvious maturity) we're not very rich and we're not too elite in some people's estimation but we're an extremely happy family simply because we're not hypocrites. When I want to say something that might shock you a little bit I realize what I'm doing and half the time do it on purpose. You try saying the wrong thing at the wrong time every now and then — It gives you a lift.

"By the way, have you ever met any of your maiden aunts?"

"No . . . No"

"Don't be so gullible!"

C. B. Lenahan, '45

The Threat To Modern Society

—Continued from Page Twenty-Three—

length) sheet. One was killed and three injured. So much for the situation of bed-making in America today; but I feel no discussion of such a vital and pertinent topic would be complete without a short look into the future. In my mind this problem represents a serious threat to the working time and peace of the American people, and I am convinced that unless a self-making or bed-making robot is invented, the present situation will lead to international chaos. Or maybe we could sleep on moss and leaves again?

G. Constable, '46



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The Cornwall Conference

-Continued from Page Thirteen-

"My findings concern the will of the heavens, as they have been interpreted by myself. I have made a careful study of the movements of all the heavenly bodies during the last thirteen years, and have been convinced, much against my will, that the following is conclusively, beyond any doubt, a true prophecy of the future of this planet: If the sun should come too near the earth, or if the sun should fly off into the void, or if it should burn out, or if a star should strike the earth, or if a star should deviate from its fixed course and cause a disturbance in the heavens that would result in a star striking the earth, or if, indeed, any one of the millions of bodies that inhabit the skies should unexpectedly change its direction or position, then the human race would be doomed to immediate destruction!"

Mr. Phoberos seated himself amid a gloomy silence. "Cod bless my soul!" exclaimed the wise man from Lotham inadvertently. Merlin finished his goblet of claret, coughed, and introduced the next speaker, Brother Dainos. Brother Dainos was thin and white-haired; he spoke slowly, and with difficulty.

"I have devoted the last seven years of my life," said Brother Dainos, "to counting the number of trees in England." He paused. "Gentlemen, there are only three million, eight hundred and seventy-three thousand, six hundred and twenty-seven trees left in England!"

There were horrified murmurs of "Great Scott! Mercy on us! Three Mill—!" Merlin blew his nose and reached for the wine jug.

"The implications of this alarming fact," continued Brother Dainos, "are, I see, evident to you. Unless some other kind of fuel is discovered, mankind will perish even as that candle is spluttering out!"

He pointed a shaking finger at one of the candles in the middle of the table. Forty pairs of grave, care-worn eyes stared at the flame as it sizzled a second, sank, and was gone—the eyes of the only



men in England who knew the tragic fate of humanity.

"We must keep all this a secret," hissed a small man near Mr. Phoberos. "The rest of the world must not know its awful doom."

Nods of assent, and silence. Gloomily Merlin refilled his goblet.

At last Brother Dainos sighed, and said wearily, "All, therefore, that we, or any other man, can do is eat, drink, and be merry."

"Yes," said the wise man from Lotham slowly and sadly, "that is all we can do."

G. D. Bush, '46

George's Buck Teeth

-Continued from Page Nine-

brings up the basic and also easily answered question, which depends more on physical attraction, the male or the female? If a woman (who depends very greatly on physical appearance) can be extremely attractive and have buckteeth at the same time, it stands to reason that a man, who depends less on physical appearance, can be and is more likely to be attractive with buckteeth. The male has more than his calories and corpuscles to give and therefore doesn't need his calories and corpuscles as much as woman in order to do the same job. (Men are therefore biologically more comfortable, but that is getting off the subject.) I believe that I have sufficiently proved that men with buckteeth can be extremely attractive.

The original question was, can George overcome his buckteeth? In closing I would say a very positive YETH. . . .

C. B. Lenahan, '45

With its first breath of steam
The piston gently shoves
And wakes up all its neighbors;
The dusty city moves.

B. Fuller, '45

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Where P.A. Buys Its Records

Fingerprints on a Language Book

--Continued from Page Sixteen-

room as a hobby? But a liberal application of imagination can make the invention of languages fascinating. One of my favorite methods is to set up a background for the language I am developing. Imagine the people who spoke it; convince yourself that it actually was spoken. Figure out the people's geography and their history. Write stories, or even a history of them, in their language. Develop an embryo literature of fables, curses, weird incantations, folk-sayings and proverbs. Develop an original style; don't make it merely a transliteration of English. In short, use anything that stimulates the imagination.

Also useful in providing the emotional as well as historic and linguistic background are mysterious, dramatic, or beautiful appearing and sounding words. For example, the vowel combinations ao and eo, or words such as aos (dawn), or ombhrosu (in the clouds or shadows) fascinate me. A strange script is also a help.

Ordinarily, the first step in making up a language is to determine its basic theory of inflection, syntax, and vocabulary. Then you should decide upon the sounds and letters, as these phonetic elements are the most elementary bricks in the entire structure. Next, it is wise to work out a very brief, elementary vocabulary, and the rudiments of grammar. Once a rough sketch of the language is thus made, as much translation and direct composition as possible should be done. (Write an English theme in it, and reap the first fruits of a new hobby.) This process of actually writing in the language is vital, unless you want to end up with practically an algebraic equation and not a language. The writing sifts out faults in theory, and provides the basis for a contemporaneous development of grammar and vocabulary. The word material is always a hard problem: a two-thousand word minimum vocabulary is a big job, and still doesn't provide much opportunity for exotic literature. The words may be arbitrarily selected; they may be adopted from existing vocabularies, or may be derived according to an actual or an artificial system from a series of roots. A continuous dictionary should be always kept up to date because the first few months of existence of a private language often parallel centuries of development in an actual one.

This development, this paralleling of actual languages, is probably the most fascinating thing about inventing a language. What sadist could resist the excruciating delight of assigning to an imaginary class of writhing young specters sections 301 to 307 in the grammar, twenty new words, and about thirty lines of translation? When you are all done, you may have no more material assets than a few thousand sheets of scratch paper, but you have had a lot of fun. If you have done it right, you have given mental birth to a whole people, a history, a culture, and maybe even a language worthy of them.

R. S. Boyd, '45

Spring Walk

-Continued from Page Eight-

He never knew what had hit him. There was a horrible screeching of brakes and a cab driver, terror-stricken, too frightened to speak, getting out of his cab to help him. Too late.

The picture was caught in the waters of the afternoon's rain and washed down the sewer, never to be seen again.

R. C. Moses, '46





R

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Gold Star

-Continued from Page Twelve-

played as a substitute, but he was moved up the second, and for three years he played halfback on the starting team. He was all-state for two years, and captain his last. The local sports writers said that he had the most beautiful running legs since Red Grange — "terrific drive" and all the other pet phrases that are used. He was tremendously popular with his classmates, largely because of his athletic ability, and he was president of his class for two years. He was equally popular with the girls, for the grace acquired on the gridiron followed him to the dance floor. He won a scholarship to Wisconsin, and he played football for two years before he entered the service. At the end of his sophomore year he was elected All-American, but after the football season he enlisted and became a member of his present crew. Hank Wilson thought back bitterly, "Dances, football, powerful legs . . ." — "Just a nick in the leg, Skipper." Hank knew better, his right leg was nearly shot off, and he realized that there was no chance to save it. He, Hank Wilson, All-American, would live the rest of his life a cripple!

The lame plane had now nearly reached her carrier. By radio the skipper informed the base of his position and ordered the crew to prepare to ditch the ship. They began the long glide down. From out of the murk there appeared a light — the destroyer to pick them up! Thatch stuck his head down to see what was keeping Hank. His face paled.

"Hank, your leg . . .!"

"You've known me quite a while now, Thatch. You know I can't go back like this. Do the right thing by me when they start asking questions, will ya, pal?"

The black water loomed nearer and nearer—then the plane crashed heavily. The destroyer was alongside almost immediately. First the skipper was dragged aboard, then Thatch. "Where's the other member of your crew?" one of the sailors asked. Thatch hesitated for a moment, then he said calmly, "Hank's dead—I saw him just before we hit."

"Well, there's nothing we can do, I guess. Shove off."

The destroyer's lights disappeared into the Pacific night as the wreck slowly sank out of sight.

J. L. SMITH, '45

Poppies in the Tundra

-Continued from Page Eighteen-

side-by-side with the seven Americans in the grave they had dug.

Months later when the Americans returned and drove out the Japs, they wanted to have the bodies of their seven fellow countrymen to send home. They were at a loss as to how to locate the grave until an old, tired-looking Aleut led them through the tundra to a spot where four poppies were blooming.

A. M. SCHULTE, '47

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The Four Seasons

-Continued from Page Twenty-Four-

dren. And while the girls and boys in careful modesty retired to separate sanctuaries to remove their children's frocks, they swam and splashed together—quite unclothed and not at all affected. Or they would play in conscious imitation of their elders, conducting imaginative teas or pompous receptions—always continuing, somehow, to finish healthily dirty.

Yet as day followed warm and sunny day, even these poignant joys were dulled a little, became languid, and perhaps even boresome, though that could not have been expected to occur to her, so subtle was the change, and so pleasant was the recollection of former pleasures.

* * *

The first fall day was brisk. It was not so much that it was cold, or that the breeze whistled; the air was tinged with chill; the leaves curled their edges; the children paused a moment in their play. They looked in panic to their summer for reassurance. They were luckless. Their round of days, so safely patterned, were as glitter, pretense, dross. They were shocked into honest concern, resented the inhibitions imposed on them, and were inclined, at least spiritually, to rebel.

Yet this was not conscious thought. Millie, guileless as of old, revealed her displeasure in peevishness, in small lines between her brows. Even this also tempered with time, however, and she could watch almost with mature insight as the grass was cut down and the year painted herself to hide her age. Millie smiled a little, too, to remember her sympathy with the snow; and the colorful riot gave way to dreariness and gloom. Though saddened the while, she busied herself with toys and recollections.

Then, quite suddenly, the sky became as lead. The elms at the door bowed quite stiffly to the indifferent earth, announcing the arrival of the messSpring, '45

engers of the advancing legion of flakes. Millie slept quite happily away that night. Her life, now done, had been complete. She had known delight, love, disappointment, and had found beauty in the snow.

J. B. SNOOK, '44



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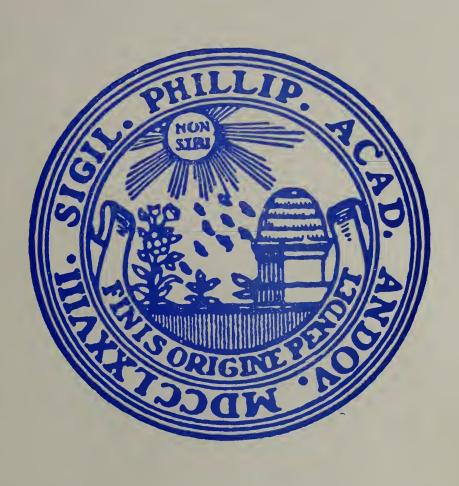
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PHOTOGRAPHS by Lebenthal, Rogers, Snook

Editorial . . .

by many students when canvassed for subscriptions. Since this is the first issue of the new magazine, it seems only fitting that we should state its aims and policy. Our policy will not remain rigid: over the years we hope it will gradually develop the best pattern possible.

Because the magazine wants to please just one group, the student body, our articles have been selected with consideration for their likes and dislikes. We want to publish the best writing produced at Andover and have tried to include all types: short stories, serious essays, poems, satire humor. In this issue we have two extremely well-written movie reviews, and in the future we hope to have more articles of this type. This varied material will make the magazine more interesting and give the writers a broader field in which to display their talents.

Photography and art work are greatly emphasized. One of the big complaints about the old *Mirror* was its lack of pictures. It is certainly true that they liven up the magazine and at the same time are interesting for their own sake. We do not mean to overlap the functions of the other school publications. Between the *Phillipian* and the *Pot Pourri* news pictures and candid shots are adequately covered. There still remains the artistic photograph which we are adopting as our own distinctive style of picture. As in the case of writing we shall have a varied representation of the art work done in the school: serious paintings, cartoons and drawings of school life.

The Mirror is strictly a student publication. We gratefully accept the faculty's advice and their aid in securing material, but the work is all done by students. We hope the magazine will stimulate the school's writers, artists, and photographers, for it is by competition that our standards will be raised and the magazine improved. An interested student may work on whatever phase of the magazine he wishes, with an opportunity to rise to a board position. This should especially interest underclassmen. Any writer who has written something he thinks is good should hand it to one of the editors or put it in our box in the Recorder's Office. Whether published or not, all contributions will be thoughtfully considered and will be returned if the author so wishes.

As the new *Mirror* makes its debut, we give it to the student body with the knowledge that it is a good magazine and the hope that future issues may be even better. We believe we have something that will continue through the years and become an Andover tradition.

Breaking The Monotony

THE 5:35 out of Boston clattered over a switch and settled down for the final ten miles of its journey. The coach next to the coal car had been emptied of all its passengers except five men scattered along the length of the car who were used to the trip and were swallowed up by evening newspapers. One of them was asleep.

The conductor let himself and a cold draft through the rear door and swayed back and forth up the aisle. He nodded to a small man in a black suit who had sat two seats from the door of the coach next to the coal car every night for ten years. As the conductor passed by, the small man laid aside a copy of *The Boston Transcript*, which he bought every night at the magazine counter beside the entrance to Track 7, wiped the thick lenses of his bi-focals with a white pocket handkerchief, put them on, got out of his seat, and stood in the aisle with one hand on the back of a seat for balance and the other in the trouser pocket of his black suit. From his pocket he drew out a revolver.

Since no one noticed him, he cleared his throat and said in a quiet and educated voice, "My name is Adams."

It is an unspoken rule that no word is said during the last ten miles of the 5:35 out of Boston. From surprise three of the passengers pulled down their newspaper barricades and looked around uncertainly. The man who had been asleep sat up suddenly and said loudly, "Huh? What? What?" The conductor turned around, and his jaw dropped.

"I said my name is Adams," repeated the man in the black suit. The conductor, realizing that he was expected to make the next move, advanced towards Adams feeling very foolish.

"Hey. What do you thing you're doing?"

"I am pointing a revolver at your stomach."

The conductor was baffled. He pushed back his cap and scratched his head. There was an awkward silence which Adams finally ended.

"I'm a partner. In a law firm. Adams & Cabot."

"You can't do this sort of thing, you know."

"Why not?"

The conductor had an inspiration. "Where's your permit to carry a gun?"

"Are you a policeman?"

"Well-no."

"Then please get back to the end of the car."

The conductor backed slowly down the car. The man in the black suit followed him until he came to the man who had been asleep. He looked red in the face and his starched white collar was almost bursting.

"Will you join the conductor at the end of the car?" asked Adams.

"I should say I will not!" exploded the man with the red face. "Damn! This is the U. S. A. You can't do this! Hurrumph! Damn! What do you think this is, Nazi Germany?"

The 5:35 roared through a tunnel. Adams seemed not to have heard what the red-faced man had said. The red-faced man clenched and unclenched his fists and glared into the other's spectacles; all he saw was the images of two violently distorted eyes. The red-faced man went limp and flabby, and lowering his eyes, pulled himself out of his seat and into the aisle. After his great bulk had retreated to a safe distance, he shook his fist at Adams.

"You can't get away with this! Not in the United States, you can't!"

The coach was getting hot. The three remaining men had not moved since they had laid down their newspapers. Over the rhythm of the wheels the six men in the first coach of the 5:35 heard a crackling sound, which seemed almost like the tension in the air. But it was only a big man in a painter's hat crumpling up a candy wrapper. Adams moved on down the aisle to where he sat. A young man wearing a pin-stripe suit was seated beside him, next the window.

"O. K. O. K.," said the man in the painter's hat. The hat had "JOE" written on it. "I'm movin'."

"Hey, wait a minute!" cried the young man beside him shrilly. "We've got to stop this man! He's mad! We've got to organize! We've got to cooperate, and stop him!"

"Got a gun, ain't he?" said Joe as he clambered out of his seat.

"We've got to unite. He's getting us one by one! We've got to do something!" The young man scrambled into the aisle and hurried after Joe. "We've got to do something, I tell you!"

Adams moved on three seats to the last seated man in the car. The others were standing rebelliously at the end of the coach, finding strength in numbers, like a bunch of cows herded into one corner of a yard. As Adams approached, the man tried to light a cigarette, but his hand was shaking and his match went out.

"Bad matches nowadays," said Adams. "Here, use these."

Through a mist of smoke the man eyed him. His voice, like his hair, was slick and oily.

"You know I don't see why we two couldn't make some sort of agreement. I like a fellow who

doesn't talk too much. Take that youngster who was babbling about cooperation. Cooperation never got anybody anywhere; no one ever really cooperates anyhow."

He paused, drew on his cigarette, and waited for Adams to say something.

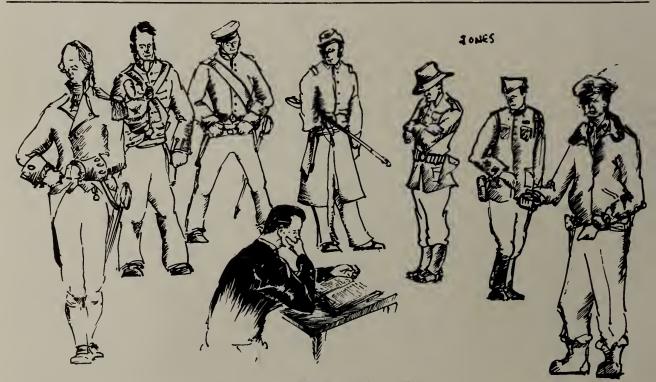
"Would you mind not blowing the smoke in my face?"

The man with the slick hair showed his annoyance only by drawing his lips taut. "Sit down, and we can talk this over. We're both sensible men."

Adams made no move. The man with the slick hair grimaced knowingly and slid into the aisle. When he got to the end of the car, he swung into a seat, while the others moved away with dislike. Adams, in the middle of the car, looked down at his revolver and remained where he was. The youth began to talk excitedly.

"Look here: we've got to get organized and do something. This man is mad! He'll kill us!"

"Bah. Hurrumph! I'm having nothing to CONTINUED ON PAGE 25



THE ANDOVER TRADITION

Third Avenue

Third Avenue is a strange street. It is overshadowed by a huge elevated railway trestle. Many things have happened in the shadow of that great El. The Avenue centers around the El; the Gargantuan structure completely darkens the old brickpaved street except for a few rays of light which

peep through the framework. Underneath the Great Giant, people feel protected from the wrath of the heavens, and as the thundering train goes past, the roar drowns out all noises from the street.

Third Ave. is a distinct contrast to the nearby avenues, Park, Lexington, Madison, and Fifth. Park Avenue is a street of happiness, sunshine, and newness, but Third Ave. is a street of tragedy, darkness, and oldness. There are shops on Third Ave., not like the shops of Madison or the souvenir shops of Broadway—no tourists come to Third

Ave.—, but plain shops, delicatessens, pawn shops, haberdasher's shops, small drugstores, paper stores, cigar stores, hamburger "joints", pool parlors, and saloons.

All types and races of people live on Third Ave. Along its length there is every race from Italian to Negro; there are people who do everything from hanging around pool parlors to carrying "sandwich boards." They all have their troubles, but in the shadow of the great El all seems insignificant.

* * * *

It was a telephone call Jim Crowen made from the little drugstore on the corner of The Avenue and 71st Street. "Yeah—Yeah, Ah—Delaney! Oh Yeah—Okay—For a friend!" Jim hung up the receiver and gave the box a slap on the side. The phone clicked and coughed and Jim retrieved his nickel.

Jim sauntered out of the drugstore, stopped on the corner to light a cigarette, thought a moment, then hopped lightly up the steps of the El. He caught the next local and went as far as 121st Street. As

> he got off the car and strolled down to the street, he looked too unconcerned about everything to be up to any good.

> Although Jim Crowen was about forty-five, he looked younger. Nobody knew very much about Jim 'cept that he lived in a tenement on the Avenue and that he occasionally danced at the Cotton Club, a "black and tan" night spot on 71st Street. Most of his time he whiled away at Duke's saloon or at the pool parlor, joking with the boys.

Today when Joe Rama called to him, he was preoccupied. He was thinking about Ed Delaney,

who worked for Bill Duke. Jim had reached the door of Duke's saloon when he felt Rama's hand on his shoulder. Joe Rama, a kid of only twenty idolized Jim, and Jim liked Rama. They usually "palled" around like two brothers, but now Jim gave Rama a pat on the back and said, "Beat it, kid."

Jim walked in, faced the bar, and said slowly but deliberately, "Where's Delaney?"

"What's up?"

"Nothin'. Where's Delaney?"

"What's — ?" Bill saw a bulge in Jim's left pocket. "He's in the back room."

Jim walked behind the bar and into the back room. Bill followed Jim with his eyes. He heard

CONTINUED ON PAGE 37

Conquest

Alone I stood upon the long grey beach
And watched the battle-line of fog roll in.
At first half-seen, a shadow in the east,
It massed the clouds, the phantom cohorts, there,
Then, poised upon the wind, began to move
Above the grey-lit surface of the sea.
It overran the rushing, cream-whipped waves,
Swept down the troubled troughs and on upon
The low long line of land, the sand whereon
I stood. A moment, hesitant, it hung
Above the breakers, thundering on the beach;
Then muffled in a morbid hush, it rode
Across the line of foam, and clammily
O'erswept the tufted ramparts of the dunes.

M. S. Thompson, '45



The Two Officers

PART I

"NOW," THOUGHT Colonel von Fromm, as he read the information given by the sign-post at the fork in the road to Pte de Barfluer, "now all that is required is a written request asking the old dog to be at an observation point to view the rehearsal. The report he will write will not be complimentary, I'm sure. Notwithstanding, he can't write anything unfavorable, for as things look, nothing can possibly go wrong. No, the report will stick to the facts, because he likes to look efficient. But," he smiled, "it will probably be his last report as commander of the Cherbourg area." His vision noted the fact, as he started the car again, that the sign-post was loose in the ground, and just as quickly, he forgot the fact.

His car ground to a stop in front of the Hotel Cherbourg, his living quarters. He rushed upstairs and typed a message to be taken to the military administration building. Idly, he checked through his final plans. The rehearsal invasion would begin anytime after four-thirty in the morning. He had checked, he remembered, with the Air Force to ascertain that the 'invaders' coming up from Brest would not be hampered by British aircraft. He telephoned again to his battery commander at St. Lo. Reinforcements would be ready to aid the defenders at a moment's notice! Good. If the Norman coast cannot be defended with this plan, well—.

Some time later, Lieutenant Kranz, von Fromm's adjutant, presented himself to the lieutenant at the entrance to the office of the commander of the Cherboug area. "I have a message for the Major General, to be delivered in person." He checked the other's outstretched hand.

The lieutenant at the desk scowled and escorted him to the inner office. "General, a message from—?" He turned to Lieutenant Kranz.

"A message from Colonel von Fromm, sir," Kranz said, stepping forward. He handed the envelope to his superior seated at an expansive kneehole desk, and saluted.

General von Werner put the envelope down

and continued writing. "Thank you," he told Kranz in a preoccupied tone. He seemed to finish writing and opened the letter. It read:

"Because of your cooperation, (he smiled bitterly) preparations for the rehearsal invasion are complete, and the 'invasion' itself will take place some time between four-thirty and broad daylight tomorrow morning.

"Berlin will naturally demand a report as to the outcome. (Berlin indeed. It is General Zeitzler who will want to know how his little protege is coming along, playing soldier!') On hill six, overlooking Pte de Barfluer, a full view of 'hostilities' can be gained. The hill may be reached by taking route 16 out of the city and turning at the right fork, 5 kilometres out, into subroute 28.

"Colonel Kurt von Fromm" ('Ha! Little Kurt is making his debut and is sending out invitations.')

Aloud, he said to the waiting Kranz, "I shall be there."

"Colonel von Fromm ordered that—er ordered me to bring back a written reply," Kranz said, at stiff attention.

"He—!" Von Werner checked himself. He tore a piece of paper from his pad on the desk, wrote the one word "yes", and handed it to Lieutenant Kranz. "My answer," he said, and again appeared occupied in his writing. Kranz saluted, turned on his heel and left.

The general rose quickly to his feet in a sputtering rage and threw down his pencil. "Damn!" He banged sharply on the desk. "Damn! I never thought I would see the the time when a young foal, fresh from the Institute would take over my command right under my very nose! A colonel, on intimate terms with the head of the General Staff, gets a bright notion on how the channel coast should be defended. So he comes with his idea and a letter of introduction from Colonel General Zeitzler himself, and goes on tours of inspection in my area, and orders my battery commanders and air force to carry out his arrangements. If he were not cupbearer to Zeitzler, I personally would shoot him!"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

Waiting for the Ferry

T SOUTHEAST HARBOR, down at the pier next to the fish market, the motorboat docks every morning except Sundays to take fishermen's wives and townspeople out to the islands. Cap'n Jem Sperling runs it, and has been running it without missing a single trip for almost forty years. That is, except for the morning when the town called a special meeting, on the day after they learned that President Roosevelt had been elected to a third term. Southeast Harbor had been the first big city in Maine to turn in its vote. Of course, as the postmaster said, there were some villages with very small votes that would beat them, but Southeast was the first big city. The vote was 562 to 1, Republican. For a month or so every one wondered who had voted Democrat: some thought it was Jonathan Stone, who was always playing practical jokes; others thought it was Old Bateman. Old Bateman had been so drunk on election night, said the postmaster's wife, who had watched every one make his vote so that nothing would go wrong, that he couldn't have seen rightly where he was putting his Χ.

little 5 by 6 shack which the town built for people who wait for the boat. He reads The Bangor News, and then sits and looks out to sea and thinks, until some one comes along who wants to go on Cap'n

Old Bateman likes to sit out on the pier in a

Sperling's ferry.

"Are you Cap'n Sperling?" he will ask, if he's new to the town. "They told me at the Post Office that there's a ferry service here."

"That's right," Old Bateman will reply thoughtfully.

"When does the boat leave?"

"Well it hasn't come, yet."

"But aren't you Cap'n Sperling . . . ?" the newcomer will begin with bewilderment.

"Heck no," answers Old Bateman slowly, "I'm not Cap'n Sperling."

"Oh?" says the newcomer doubtfully. "This is the right pier, isn't it?"

"Oh sure."

There is an uncomfortable pause: the new arrival fidgets and looks at his watch, and Old Bateman serenely ties a bit of rope into a half-hitch.

"Could you tell me when the ferry comes in?" "Well, she pulls in about any time. Might be any minute now. Might not be till around one o'clock."

"Oh. I see."

The last speaker sits down on the bench, which CONTINUED ON PAGE 39





Train Ride

A STILL don't know when she got on the train. I had been staring blankly out the window all the way from Boston and hadn't noticed anything or anyone in the car. When I finally looked around, a few miles past Providence, she was the only person I noticed. She was positively beautiful—about the prettiest girl I have ever seen—but it wasn't her beauty that made me stare. As a matter of fact. I had been staring at her for some time before I realized how beautiful she was. Her expression was what really fascinated me.

Some people might have described it as "wildeyed"—that was my first impression. But the longer I looked at her, the more I became convinced that, actually, her eyes showed a kind of inner calmness. The ends of her mouth were turned up in a halfsmile. Individually, her features were not at all startling, but collectively they produced an effect that was quite disconcerting, to me at any rate. It was the kind of look I have always imagined a person about to die would have.

Somehow, I felt she needed protection, and for some insane reason, I decided I would protect her from whatever lay ahead. And so, when she got up and started for the grill car, I followed.

I sat down next to her and managed to strike up a conversation during lunch, asking the usual platitudinous questions about where she went to school and where she lived. Her voice had a low, mysterious quality, and, although she answered my questions directly, her mind seemed to be wandcring from me and from the train and even from this world. Her look was the same as it had been when I first saw her. She gave the feeling that she needed me to save her from some horrible fate, and, needless to say, I was more than willing to oblige.

We were passing over the big bridge outside New London when we got back to the vestibule of our car. I stopped to light a cigarette, and she looked out the window of one of the doors. A brakeman came through and opened both halves of the outside door. We both stepped over to the open space. In the river, two hundred feet below, a training sub was cruising leisurely. The bridge was flashing swiftly beneath us. She stared at the bridge and the water and smiled at them—this time a full smile. She started to move closer to the edge, but, on some wild impulse, I grabbed her and pulled her violently away from the door, shouting, "No you don't! I've got you."

She looked at me with what was intended to be a vague stare; but there was a trace of a twinkle in her eyes, and the spell was broken. I saw it all as her technique—the looks, the lady-in-distress angle, everything. I no longer felt like a knight-errant, but rather like a big goon; and I blushed furiously. The best I could manage was, "I think we'd better sit down," and we did. I didn't say anything more to her the rest of the trip, and I tried not to look at her, because I knew she was having a big laugh at my expense. And I was sore.

R. C. Moses, '46.





Noseprints On a Windowpane

NE OF the hazards of any vacation is my little sister who is four years old and proud of it. It is not that I don't like her—quite the contrary; compared to other little sisters whom it has been my duty to meet, she is a semi-angel, usually wellbehaved and the model of politeness and courtesy. However, there are habits of hers which are trying. Like all young ladies of four years, she is talkative and active. She generally stamps up a flight of stairs and invariably thunders down them. Then she cuts up the latest magazines into paper dolls and pastes them in the telephone book. She enters a room by slamming the door, and she leaves it by slamming the door. Briefly, life with sister is an experience to be borne only by a mother or a philosophical fatalist.

Late one afternoon of last Christmas vacation, I was peacefully seated in my room reading a book when I heard her come stamping up the stairs. Perhaps she doesn't know I'm in, I thought hopefully. Perhaps she won't see the light with the door closed. I ought to have known better. A few seconds later, the door opened with a table-upsetting push and

closed with a house-shaking slam. Round-faced, fair-haired, serious and teasing, affectionate and exasperating, sister had invaded.

She jumped up into my chair, squashed my book closed, asked me some question, and, before I c o u l d answer, leaped down again and ran to the window. Outside it was wet and black with rain which made the brownstone stoops and fronts of city houses look desolate and cold. But not to her. She seemed to be delighted by the streetlamps' reflections and the weird

raindrop designs on the glass and the unhurried waving of leafless trees in the wind. Perhaps that was why she pressed her round nose and tiny hands against the cool window.

So quiet and still and serious, so absorbed and fascinated and pensive, she did not seem like the sister I knew.

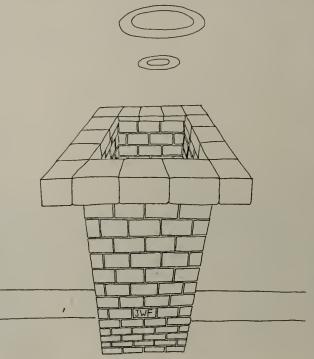
* * * *

About a minute passed silently, and then another little girl with dark instead of fair hair gradually took her place in my eyes. She, too, was small and serious, but I could see no more. That was because she was four, twelve years ago.

I first knew her in the second grade but only vaguely as one of those annoying she-pests who are always in the way. By the time we were eight, I knew her better and used to kick her more vigorously than my other young lady friends whenever her path collided with mine. At ten, she gave me a blackeye, and after that we were friends. I was always rough with her to impress her with my toughness, but if some one else pushed her down, I went at him with desperate, flailing fists. Once

when she cried after I had put snow down her neck, I went home violently unhappy and lay awake in bed thinking wistfully of all the ways I might protect her from harm and win back her . . . friendship.

When I was in the fifth grade, another boy and I became very much interested in world politics and we wrote learned, one-page treatises on neutrality and rearmament and peace and freedom. Encouraged by a sympathetic teacher, I would climb up on a chair and look to see if she was in





the room. If she was, I would soar to frenzied word-confusing peaks of impassioned oratory; if she wasn't, I sat down glum and disappointed.

A year later, I left her school for another, and I was lonely and thought about her all the time. When my family suggested that I take dancing lessons, the prospect of seeing her weakened me to the recklessness of accepting.

After agonizing weeks with an agonized instructor, I had learned one basic step. Soon I was forced into a blue suit and bullied into wearing a pair of white gloves. Finally, I was escorted under guard to meet my fate at my first dance. I was trembling and chilled and frightened when the music started, and I somehow found her to ask her hesitatingly to dance. She accepted politely and seemed perfectly calm. I couldn't get synchronized

with the tempo; so she stopped, counted a few beats, and then got me launched on the right foot at the right time. Magically my self-consciousness and nervousness were swept away as we danced together in rhythm and she gave me confidence and assurance. Today I don't remember dancing with the other girls particularly since they were mostly boring and fat and awkward. I shall always remember dancing with her; she was so gay and slim and light and fragile and graceful. When she was dancing with other boys, I felt empty inside because she could be gay with them too.

At the end of the season in May, a cotillion was held. Across the street from the parish-house in which it took place, two magnolia trees in full bloom perfumed the air and made it fragrant. She

CONTINUED ON PAGE 28



Christmas 1944

DANIEL III

Nebuchadnezzar, in a tyrant's age,
Ordained an image six score cubits high
In plundered gold. O'er wasted Dura, nigh
To Babylon it stared midst desert sage.
His princes, captains, judges were to gauge
Their votive homage by the music's sigh,
Fall down and worship it, or elsewise die
Within the furnace and its thunderous rage.

Then did the sons of Judah straight refuse

To glorify the heathen mass. The flame

Was brought, the furnace fired sevenfold,

And they were flung within, the first of Jews.

Yet were they spared unseared by Him whose name

Was not then known and now is centuries old.

P. A. '45

Tidewash

I CANNOT swim. I stood in the dark on grey stone above the sand. The edges of the breakwater on the smooth black of the sea were like silver twine, meeting at a wet, glistening point far out. Black was becoming grey and early dawn. Soon I could see clearly. Below me, dirty sand blended into shallow brown water. The tide, moving up and down the beach, left soapy white puddles and black seaweed. Evil smelling scraps of jetsam sprawled limply like vagabond corpses, waiting for the tide to return, and move them on again.

In each filthy piece of tidewash I saw myself. I have been washed around by changing currents of loyalties, beliefs, and personalities, searching for what I call the beautiful, finding only the ugly and prosaic. Dreams, rhythm, movement are beautiful, but human life turns beauty into horrible ugliness, distortion, and unhappiness. On the bleak moors of the cotswolds, where I grew up, I was told to pursue truth. It was assumed as natural that I would pursue happiness. But truth and happiness are imitation jewels offered as tempting trophies to the winning runners in the human race. And the

race is not glorious—living becomes a crime and the jewels criminal loot—imitation because they are ugly. Because death changes the imperfection of the runners to perfection (in this beauty of rhythm, movement, and dream), it is more beautiful than life.

I walked along the grey loose-stone breakwater past a "Stop—Danger" sign, slipped and twisted my ankle on a water-smoothed rock. Water eddied into my shoes and curled freezing over my feet. I reached the end, where the waves were slapping heavily against iron floats. I leaned against a dry bell-shaped buoy marked "Lifesaver" standing unsteadily out of the water. In the west grey became orange, and the swooping screech of gulls broke a sticky and heavy morning silence. Two small boys sat far along the breakwater, swinging bare feet, pretending to fish. They alone saw me. The sun appeared, and I breathed an unnatural, pleasing warmth. A myriad of black barnacles suddenly twinkled bloodily. The sea was rising.

C. F. C. Isitt, '45

Onward Christian Soldiers

THEY CAME slowly, hesitantly, as if the bright noon-day sun had blinded them. Their gaunt looks and bearded faces gave evidence of the length of the battle, while the blood-soaked bandages and limping gaits of many testified as to the ferocity of the fighting. Somewhere along the line a hoarse

voice painfully croaked the words, "Village ahead, send some men forward to get food and water." There before them through the dust of the road lay the ruins of a once-beautiful French village, but to the average American's eyes, it was beautiful yet.

The sight of the soldiers overjoyed the few remaining French peasants. "Vive les Americains! Vive les Americains!" they yelled as they hurried to produce their meagre supplies of provisions. Some of them rushed out of the town to help the badly

wounded while others prepared a mean repast on the steps of the Church.

The American Captain sat down gingerly on the Church porch, accepted his food with a slight nod, and pensively chewed, the furrows on his brow betraying his worry and indecision. He knew his men were tired and battered, he knew his supplies and ammunition were running short, but he also knew that if he and his men were not at Village X by the next day, the rest of the company might be endangered. There was only one thing to do; so he made his decision and gave his orders—they were to move out in one hour.

Once having finished their meal, the Americans stretched out to rest, many of them lighting eigarettes and talking quietly to one another. It was obvious that their morale was pretty low, and although this could easily be attributed to what they had been through, still the captain had always prided himself on the morale of his men. For once, however, he could think of nothing to do to cheer them up. The French were of no help, for as soon as they saw how badly the soldiers felt, they with-

drew themselves in a little group, knowing that the Americans needed peace and quiet. There was nothing, however, to break the tension in the air.

One young private, more rested and restless than the others, made his way into the gutted Church. There some of the pews were still standing, and the beautiful little altar could even yet be distinguished in the pile of rubble. None of this interested him, however, for, over on one side, there still stood a small pump organ, obviously not badly damaged. The young soldier

age sat down and began to play.

At first the music was unnoticed by those outside, but gradually the men stopped talking so as to catch the melodic strains. A few got up and went into the Chapel, and others followed until even the badly wounded had hobbled in to take places in the shattered pews—and then they began to sing.

The men sang softly at first as if unsure of their hoarse voices, but as they caught the spirit of the rousing hymn, they sang forth with all their hearts. As they sang on, a visible change came over them all; haggard eyes became calm and rested, pained looks were replaced by looks of inner happiness and hope, and tense bodies grew relaxed and calm.

The American soldiers sang on and on, all their favorite hymns which brought back to them something of home. When their hour was up and they

Invitations and Replies

EVERY DAY thousands of envelopes carrying innumerable invitations enter the mail-boxes—
"Colonel and Mrs. Richard Hart request the pleasure ", "Dear Bob, would you and Mary like ", "Mrs. Oswald van Druten at home "—; and three or four days later the replies

come pouring back — "Mr. Theodore Lloyd accepts with pleasure . . . ", "Dear Tim, it was swell of you . . . ", "Miss Nancy Barclay greatly regrets . . . ".

Not so very long ago I received one such invitation requesting the "pleasure of my company" at a series of dances to be held, under the patronage of certain highly respectable ladies, "from nine until eleven o'clock" on three evenly spaced dates. As I glanced over the invitation, I noticed, printed in large capitals below the inconspicuous line bearing the price of the series and, in smaller type, of one dance, those ominous letters, R. S. V. P.

R. S. V. P.; to me those letters bore an awful fear, for, much as I hated the idea of finding a piece of paper, buy-

ing, borrowing, or begging a stamp, settling down for a half-hour's squirming, and then dashing off through the frosty night to the mail-box, I hated even more the knowledge that I would have to root out my old grammar books in order to be sure of replying in the "correct form", since, in this day and age of conventions, "form" is all-important.

I drearily flipped over the pages of the motheaten old volume until I came to the chapter entitled *Hints on Writing Letters* and beginning with the encouraging sentence, "Your letter is your personal representative." Here I stopped and looked down the page, where the author (Instructor in English at the Lakeville High School, Lakeville,

Rhode Island, I believe) exorts the student to write his letter "correctly, clearly, carefully, and conventionally", until I came to a paragraph opened by the heading "Formal notes in the third person ...". Reading more carefully, I drank in the facts: "first and second personal pronouns, headings,

salutations and signatures are not to be used," "all abbreviations are strictly avoided," etc., etc., ad nauseum. At the end of the paragraph I saw a terse message ordering the student to "memorize the three model invitations and replies"; and I dutifully turned the pages to these models, written in an irreproachably neat hand, setting before the reader the various social exploits of, on this occasion, one Mr. Charles H. Rodman.

Thus reinforced with information, I set about my disagreeable task feeling rather as if I had just sucked a particularly sour lemon. All went well, however: "Mr. Giles Constable regrets his inability ..." and so on until at last the priceless manuscript was safely placed in a stamped envelope,

addressed in the best style recommended by the book, and this in turn deposited in a mail-box. As I walked home, however, I thought of the valuable time I had wasted in writing this useless refusal, and I devised an all-purpose reply-to-invitation blank, running, if I remember rightly, something like this:

M.........(does, does not) accept your kind invitation to (a meal, a visit) on, 19...., on account of (illness, previous engagement, some other reason). Oh! what bliss that would be!

G. Constable, '46



The Development of the Bathroom As a Piece of Architecture or The Can Can Be Beautiful

THE MOST modern bathroom in ancient times, I believe, was found in the wreckage of Crossus, Rhodes. Here was a marble room with murals, and the essential had a steady stream of ice-water from the mountain rushing through it. Obviously this was the king's lavatoire, as there were not enough mountain streams to go around.

At the same time our ancestors in Europe were not bothering about the problem. The streams, the fields and the forest—all nature was one big giant bathroom. If you were a Teuton, or possibly an Angle, you bathed in the ponds, and if you were a Gaul you went unwashed and liked it. When the village life was fairly well established, occasionally ditches were dug behind bushes, and were filled in again after use. Time went on, and the wealthier class lived in castles. Now the bathroom began to emerge as an architectural unit—the whole castle. Rushes were heaped on the floor when it began to be unbearable. This custom came up to the days of Louis XIV, except that now people

were more civilized, and ladies went through halls in sedan chairs and doused themselves with Chanel No. 5.

Then came the American colonies, and the bathroom became a unit distinct from the rest of the house. It was usually a small booth placed in back of the woodshed, if connected with the house at all. The pioneers ignored the pregnant beauty of its few simple lines and put bushes or golden glow around it. Washing was carried on on Saturday night, from bowls and pitchers—in the kitchen, if the weather was cold.

Then industrialization made its appearance, and the Victorian factories put out frilled cast-iron bathtubs and toilets—white enameled, and the water came hot and cold. This was the bathroom that we know today, in its infancy. The walls and toilet box were of oak. A house that had one of these was looked at with respect. The next development was to get rid of the oak, and substitute gleam-

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Looking at the Movies

THE THREE CABALLEROS, Walt Disney's brand new spectacle of photography and cartooning, is quite unlike any other picture ever produced. This is due entirely to a new process, just perfected by Disney and his technicians, which enables them to combine on the same film real life photography and hand-drawn cartoons; thus for the first time we can now see a live girl doing the Conga with Donald Duck as her partner, and we can see it in "The Three Caballeros."

Although this is the first picture in which the new technique is extensively employed, the idea is by no means new, especially to the Disney studios. The first public experiments occurred in "Fantasia," in which on the film actual photographs of the shadows and silhouettes of orchestra and conductor were merged with fantastically drawn figures of musical instruments, during the great D Minor Toccata and Fugue by Bach. These sequences, however, were intended only to give a vague and hazy effect, and they did just that. Also, a great many of the unusual color patterns in the background were achieved not by painting but by actual electric lighting equipment. Nevertheless it must be said that one of the high points of "Fantasia" occurred after Paul Dukas's music to "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," when Mickey Mouse shook hands with Leopold Stokowski! This, however, was just one episode in an extremely long movie; here, in "The Three Caballeros," we see for the first time a picture constructed entirely upon the new method of filmmaking.

Besides being a vehicle for this new technique, "The Three Caballeros," as can be surmised from the title, has for its theme that of inter-American friendship, and it follows closely in the footsteps of its predecessor, "Saludos Amigos," in this respect. Our Three Caballeros are Donald Duck, who needs no description here, Joe Carioca, a bombastic Brazilian parrot who made his film debnt in "Saludos," and Pancho, a wild and scatterbrained rooster from Mexico, who makes his first screen appearance here. For his birthday, Donald Duck is presented

FRENCHMAN'S CREEK, Joan Fontaine's latest vehicle, is a rather shallow, but sometimes entertaining, tale of that period of English history which Kathleen Winsor has recently made famous. Adapted by Elliot Paul from Daphne duMaurier's best-seller, the screen version has lost, in the cleaning-up process, much of the flavor and lustiness which made the book so popular; but it manages, at times, to be intensely dramatic.

Miss Fontaine's great talents are largely wasted, for, in their attempt to write a great love story, both Miss duMaurier and Mr. Paul have been wide of the mark on nearly every shot. However, many of the better scenes are greatly enhanced by the mere presence of La Fontaine, a blessing for which the producers can be duly grateful. In a departure from her Suspicion role of the timorous, innocent, young wife, she plays a beautiful, realistic, and highly sensual woman of the world who is only incidentally married to a worthless nobleman; and, with her hair dyed red for the occasion, she proves to be a real temptress. Playing opposite her, the handsome Arturo de Cordova does an excellent job with the comparatively simple part of the Pirate Captain. Basil Rathbone trots out his best sneers and threatening glances as a lecherous roue who is sore about Miss Fontaine's ability to resist his charms, and Nigel Bruce is a blundering, blustering, likeable, old nobleman who loses his wig and much of his fortune to de Cordova and his piratical playmates.

The dialogue sounds as if most of it had been written after its author had seen a Noel Coward play and had missed the point completely, for it is full of confused metaphors, allegories, and illusions which sound like a burlesque of the Coward drawing-room style. Miss Fontaine's butler, who is de Cordova's handy man in his spare time, keeps referring to the way his master would have said or done something as if neither he nor M'ss dn Manrier were quite snre what his master had done but knew it was marvelous. At one point, the hero and heroine get carried away by an extended

21

Waiting Till 6 O'Clock

THE AIR was thick and oppressive. I lay on my bed, the blanket thrown back, trying to sleep, but couldn't. I would lie in one position until I began to teel restless. In the semi-darkness of the room I looked at the shiny hands of my watch. It was five-thirty; half an hour to go. I turned on my

back and looked up at the bare ceiling. It would be good to get home and into some comfortable clean clothes. Would she be at the beach that morning? Well, even if she wasn't, most of the gang would be there.

I yawned and sat up, my legs dangling over the edge of the cot. I felt around with my toes for

my slippers. I put them on but managed to mix them up. I switched, got up, and shuffled out to the balcony of our room. The moon cast a silvery path down the bay. This path was surrounded by a long arc of tiny lights; the Biscayne Boulevard Bridge, probably. There were no clouds in the sky; just a pinkish shade along the horizon. I would have a smooth trip over, it seemed. I could picture it all then. First, the grind of the plane's brakes as we touched the ground. Casiano, the chauffeur, would be leaning by the Buick with some friends. Every few moments he would glance at the doorway to see if the baggage was ready to be put in the car. On the other side of the room Mom would be holding Sandy up against the grated window. Sandy would sense something happy was near but would not know just what. Then she would see me. Mom would put her down, and the next second I

would see her come running out from behind the inspector's counter. Presently, Mom and Dad would come in and kiss me. Dad might say, "The board is up at the beach, finally," or Mom might mention she had something terribly funny to tell me, but she'd better wait till we get in the car.

The blast from a Coast Guard Patrol Boat arrested my thoughts. There were two of them, moving away from piers three and four. I guessed they were heading out on the usual patrol. Down at the hotel two blocks off two lights snapped on. I could see several other fellows like myself, leaning on

the balustrade and looking out at the bay. They were probably a lot farther away from home than I.

I went back into my room and fell flat on my bed without kicking off my slippers. Smitty stirred in his cot next to mine, but he did not awaken. It was now ten of six. Ten more minutes and the bell would ring. I would pick up the receiver and hear a voice say, "It's six o'clock, sir." Then I would have about forty-five minutes to dress, have breakfast, and check out. I wondered if the same man, the fat one with droopy eyelids, was still driving the aero-car out to the airport.

At six the bell rang. There was a general din followed by a rush to the bathroom along the corridor. We had ten minutes to wash, dress, make our beds, and fall in for chow.

M. Lazo, '45

Onward Christian Soldiers CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

left the little chapel, the French people stared with amazement at faces filled with the radiance found only on the faces of pained men who have momentarily forgotten their pain.

A few minutes later, the little band of Americans was again on the road, but this time its march-

ing was brisk and proud. The overjoyed captain shouted out his commands and brought a certain briskness to every step, and as they disappeared into the dust rising from the road, there could be heard from their lips the spirited battle-cry that had been their inspiration: "Onward Christian soldiers, marching as to war; with the cross of Jesus, going on before."

B. H. STEVENS, '45



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Breaking the Monotony

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

do with it. That just don't happen in a civilized country! This is the U. S. A.!"

The red-faced man strode off and flung into a seat. The young man turned to Joe and the conductor. The man with the slick hair smiled and kept on smoking.

"He's got a gun," said Joe.

"We can't do anything," said the conductor.

"But we have got to-"

"QUIET!" shouted Adams. The young man whirled around. The red-faced man jumped. The slick man started.

The senior partner of Adams & Cabot walked firmly towards the little group, with a slight spring in his step. There were tiny beads of sweat on his forehead. His hand tightened around his gun until his knuckles were white.

"Hot in here," said Adams. "Lack of oxygen. You are using it up. I shall have to shoot you."

"Why not open a window?" blurted the conductor. Adams turned to him, irresolute.

"What?" he said vaguely.

The red-faced man roared, "This is preposterous!"

Adam's face hardened again. His eyes gleamed, and he smiled.

"This is my 2587th trip in this train. I figured it out in the office this afternoon. Only today I didn't buy the Transcript at the stall beside Track 7. I bought it at the doughnut counter."

The 5:35 whistled three times and rushed on through the darkness. In the coach nearest the coal car the five men at one end were silent: the face of the conductor was gray and strained, like the face of a very old man; the jaws of the red-faced man moved, but he had nothing to say; the young man in the pin-stripe suit was hunched up against the door with trembling lips; the slick man tried to smile; the big man in the painter's hat peered at Adams but did not move.

"I think," said Adams slowly and deliciously, "that I shall kill you!"

He spun towards the slick man, who screamed like a woman. For an instant the mask of physical appearance that every man hides behind fell from the face of Adams and left something that made the young man gasp with horror. The other four stood frozen to the spot, except Joe, who lunged for Adams a half second before the sound of the shot crashed through the coach. The window beside the slick man's head shattered into a thousand little flashes of light. The side of his face next it was suddenly painted with blood. For a minute Joe grappled with Adam in a silence broken only by the whimpering of the slick man as he felt his head. Then Joe's arm was raised, and in his hand was the revolver. He flung it down the coach until it clattered against the wall and down to the floor.

The senior partner of Adams & Cabot, crying like a child, collapsed into Joe's arms, as a fright-ened man smoking the end of a cigar and clutching a newspaper flung open the door at the other end of the coach.

G. D. Bush, '46



CAPITULATION

Twice-blessed snow, thou legion host from paradise,

Descend upon me here that I may see and touch and know thee.

Thy million cohorts' millions are in sovereign show,

A mightier army than those which move on earth.

The valor of thy warriors surpasses ours;

Thine storm the walls and trees and empty wastes.

How great a tumult!

Though each one fall and perish, everywhere there is victory.

The field is thine; thou are invincible.

Descend upon me here and conquer me.

To thee I will surrender.

Attack the quagmires of my spirit and cover over

The tawdry alleys of my soul with thy white tents.

Propitiate my sin by thy purity; I have need of thee.

Heaven-sent to be terrestial garrisons,

Prepare a haven for me amidst thy ranks.

Soothe me with sleep and peace away from pressing, passing toils.

Hold me everlasting prisoner deep in thy fortresses,

Only lend me thy couch and benediction.

P.A., '45



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The Three Caballeros

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

with a motion picture projector, a screen, and an endless amount of film by his South American friends. He proceeds to show these films for himself, and it is these which form a major part of the picture. Thus it is actually a film within a film. Of course all cartoon characters are completely metaphysical and pay no heed whatsoever to the laws of dimension and projection. In spite of this, however, the audience very quickly becomes accustomed to seeing Donald step in and out of his own films from his position in front of his screen, nor does one think it odd when a character like either Joe Carioca or Pancho comes out of Donald's screen into his own room and sits down beside him in order to see the picture better. Such things just happen.

"The Three Caballeros" portrays the strange and exotic birds of South America through weird and fantastic cartoons, and the strange and exotic women of South America through real life photography.

However, there is a time and place for everything, and when Disney combines his birds and his girls, he commits a glaring violation of the well-established pearl of wisdom. A Donald Duck cartoon is neither the time nor the place for an exhibition of South American feminine charm; but what is even more inappropriate is Donald's presence among these dancing beauties, and in this respect Disney defeats his own purpose. It is very disconcerting to see an exceptionally gorgeous girl, with Donald Duck flipping, flapping, and flopping all over her. Such things just don't happen.

Another fault of "The Three Caballeros" is its plot, or rather its complete lack of this most essential element of good theatre. The entire film is nothing but a series of incidents, which, in themselves, range from extremely poor to indescribably wonderful, but which, when strung together, form a very patchy, incoherent, and disunited whole.

Previous to "The Three Caballeros," all Disney pictures were made for little children. They were addressed to them on the level of their intelligence, and the young folks loved them because they felt that they were especially for themselves. But the adults appreciated them even more because they brought out the child in them once again. This new picture, however, is definitely not for little children, not only because it relies so heavily upon the feminine beauty of South America, but also because it generally maintains an intellectual, as well as emotional, level far above that of the average youngster. It is, all in all, a highly sophisticated picture.

Probably for this last reason more than any other is "The Three Caballeros" a failure by Disney standards. Disney has tried to step out into a new field and has failed in his attempt, partly because, although the field may be new to him, it is a well-trodden pasture to us seasoned moviegoers. Inter-American friendship has been sought, especially through feminine charm, in so many Hollywood grade B and grade C musicals and comedies that this type of picture has now become a very common thing. We have come to expect better than the common thing from Disney. That is why, to this writer, the best scenes in the new picture are those in the beginning, before the introduction of the live characters, when the film is entirely cartoon; that is also why. to this writer, Disney's first triumphs, "Snow White," "Pinocchio," "Dumbo," perhaps even "Fantasia," remain his greatest, and the new picture cannot approach them in quality. Not even the new technique of literally combining fact and fantasy can save the picture from this oblivion. "The Three Caballeros," however, is still a good hour and a half of entertainment and is recommended by this writer, although he cannot consider it either as a true work of art or as a truly great picture, and hopes that in the very near future Walt Disney will once again come into his own.

G. F. Collier, '46

Ed. Note—This picture will not be released to the public until February. It was seen by the author at a private showing.

ODE TO COMMONS MILK

I've never seen a purple cow—
I never hope to see one;
But by the color of this milk,
I know that there must be one.

Anon

Noseprints on a Windowpane

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

was dressed in a shade of pink which I cannot remember, but I know it was wavy, that her eyes were brown and merry, that her starched dress was delicately scented, and I waltzed with her and never stumbled. She was demure and dainty and gave me her ice-cream, and when the afternoon was over, I was desperately in love.

I remember so many things since then that they come flooding back to wrap me in nostalgic daydreams. That next summer I used to dream of rescuing her from grave danger perhaps wounding myself bloodily but not painfully in the process. I would wander through the woods and dream of having her at my side. In the city I sometimes took notes in code to her house where I left them under the doormat in the hope that she would hear my whistling signal and come to the door. Once we went to a bandconcert which neither of us enjoyed very much because every one else seemed so strange and so much older. At our first formal, she was dressed princess-like in a full-length gown with her hair curled and a bright flush of excitement on her pretty face. I tried to seem debonair in my new tuxedo, but I could not in my admiration of her happy sophistication. She was gay and pretty and popular, and I felt infinitesimal. Once in a while I would see her icc-skating on a flooded tennis



WINTER '45

court, and I would watch her graceful turns and glides, wistfully imagining myself with her. In the beauty of a moonlit sky or in the tumbling currents of symphonies, I wished she might be with me that we could share them. When something seemed funny, I felt I would enjoy it more if she could laugh too. There was little pleasure in any accomplishment unless she might know and applaud. Things seemed half-comprehended and half-appreciated.

She was so popular and lively and went to so many parties and lived so far away that I did not see her much. I resented her fun selfishly because she shared it with others, but she could always wash away my sullenness with her gaity and vivacity and careful attention to all I said.

Then early one summer, I took her to the movies on the last night before we both left for the vacation, and I was suddenly surprised. I was surprised at her lipstick and perfume which I noticed for the first time alhtough she had used them before. I was surprised at her dress and stockings and high-heeled shoes and at her slimness and height and prettiness

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

metaphor to the place that we began to wonder just who the hell was who anyway.

The theme, which involves a mother's obligations to her children, is completely obscured until the last five minutes of the film, and then, apparently realizing that he has not quite made it very clear, Mr. Paul emphasizes it so pointedly that we fully expected some one to preface the climactic scene with words to the effect that—"The moral of this story is . . ." It never quite reaches that point, but there were several minutes in and around there when we felt a little restless about the whole thing.

The filming, which is in technicolor, is excellent, and the sets are lavish and beautiful. The story is good in spots, and Miss Fontaine's acting is good throughout, although neither is likely to win an Oscar. On the whole, it's as good a way as any to kill two and a half hours.

R. C. Moses, '46.

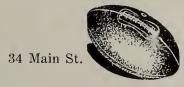


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The Two Officers

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

He picked up von Fromm's correspondence and aggravated himself by rereading it. He then crumpled it, threw it violently into the wastebasket at his feet, and kicked the basket across the room.

PART II

Kurt von Fromm surveyed the final draft of his masterplan proudly. Up to the inception of the plan as a reality, he had not given much thought to promotion. But now what was to stop him? "I think," he mused as he lit the ersatz cigarette, "that if my report to General Zeitzler is worded properly, von Werner will not be commander of the area much longer. But I'll wait until maneuvers are over. Then, in view of my accomplishments, to convince the General Staff will not be difficult." Then he began to count the proverbial unhatched eggs. "First, the anti-aircraft system along the water front will have to be improved. The guns should be placed in small circles so their fire will converge. And then—"

At about three-quarters of the way to five next morning, the sky was beginning to show a very narrow grey streak in the east. Still, the arteries leading into Cherbourg and its suburbs were pitch dark.

A dark figure stepped from behind one of the high bushes that bordered either side of the road and glanced furtively about. He seemed, in the gloom, to be carrying an oversized T-square. He picked his way with a step born of familiarity. "There has been too much delay," he murmured, as he reached the sign-post that pointed the way to Cherbourg in one direction and Conqueror's Hill (known on German topographical maps as 'Hill No. six') in the other. He walked directly up to the sign and drew it out with ease. "It was not foolish," he thought, "to give it a few turns each day as I passed. But I have delayed too long."

A roaring noise caused him to look up. A dark shape appeared from around a bend' in the direction from which he had just come. Quickly, he discarded the old sign in the bushes immediately behind the hole and inserted his T-square, a "new" sign, which told the directions in a manner exactly opposite to that of its predecessor. "Good God! What is this!" He turned around and desperately threw himself into the bushes. Airbrakes hissed as the heavily laden troop trucks, (Colonel von Fromm's desperately needed reinforcements from St. Lo), came to a stop. The lieutenant in the lead truck squinted to see his pocket map. "Where is a flashlight? No, of course we can't use that." He stepped out of the truck and again peered at his map. "Corporal, go see if that sign says turn right or go straight ahead. I cannot make out whether this is subroute 17 or 18. At 17 we turn, at 18 we do not . . . " The fellow jumped out and ran over to the signpost. The Frenchman lying not more than three feet away wondered, if in all that silence, the German did not hear his heart, thundering with noise enough to make Zeus block his ears. The soldier, however, was too engrossed in the literature on the sign to hear. Satisfied, he ran back to the young lieutenant. "That way!" he shouted as great motors started. As the last of the Mercedes' sped by in the direction of hill six, the saboteur rose up and carried the sign back with him through the fields. "It will make good fire-wood," he told himself.

Inside a shack on Conqueror's Hill, not far away, Major General von Werner was attempting to stifle a yawn behind his field glasses. The glasses served only this end, for he could see absolutely nothing save the continued flash below of blank cartridges. "The fool drags me out in the middle of the night to watch him play soldier, and I can't even see what destruction he is wreaking on my equipment." He turned to a shivering man in helmet and greatcoat. "Did you not bring a thermos bottle full of coffee, corporal?" he asked.

The man started in the remembrance. "Yes, sir." He hurried out.

Von Werner addressed one of his staff. "Where is von Fromm supposed to be in that stygian nothingness?" he pointed to the blackness below.

"His command headquarters, General, is supposed to be your communications center."

"The dog does not even inform me that he is going to use my headquarters." The soldier in the greatcoat entered with a blue thermos. Von Werner and his men rubbed their cold hands as paper cups were handed out.

The motor convoy's lead truck rounded a second bend and came in view of the hill and the dark object barely discernible in the early morning semi-darkness as a shack. The commanding lieutenant peered anxiously through the haze. He saw the soldier in the greatcoat outlined against the dim horizon, and then, as the man entered the shadow, he saw nothing more. Almost viciously, he pulled out his map. "Something must be wrong. The road from St. Lo to Cherbourg does not stop in a dead end at the top of a hill. Notwithstanding," he said to the corporal, "could the 'enemy' have advanced as far as this?" The man addressed had his own thoughts on the subject, but said nothing. He knew from long experience, longer experience than the lieutenant had ever had, that when officers asked questions of this sort, the officer's own opinion was always forthcoming. To chance whether an answer would be contrary or not to his superior's was sheer folly. The lieutenant's answer came. "This," he reasoned' "must be their advance unit headquarters. Perhaps our miscalculation was for the better." He took a platoon and advanced on the shack while the other men deployed around the area. Some units, under his orders, started down the hill toward the gunfire, thinking to surprise "enemy" units close by.

The lieutenant burst in and commanded the shack's occupants to raise their hands. "My God!" he exclaimed. "A major general and his staff! My God, what luck. My God."

The cries of the lieutenant to his deity quelled the first fright caused by the suddenness of his entrance. Von Werner and his staff regained their former composure quickly. "Lieutenant, I am General von Werner, commander of the Cherbourg area. We are watching or attempting to watch the effects of Colonel von Fromm's plan." He did his best to maintain an even tone. "Lieutenant!"

"Huh? What? Oh, pardon me, General. This is such a great piece of luck, that I do not feel like my normal self this morning." He was smiling happily, like an elated child.

Von Werner's temper began to rise at the fellow's lack of feeling. "Look here, Lieutenant. If this

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is some sort of a joke, I see nothing humorous."

Von Werner's tone of censure changed the lieutenant's mood somewhat. "There is no joke, General," he replied seriously. "I am obliged to keep you here until I receive further orders from Colonel von Fromm." He turned to one of the waiting soldiers. "Bring me the field radio."

"It is out of order, Lieutenant."

"It is?"

"The radio man is working on it, sir."

"We shall wait. When we get in touch with Colonel von Fromm, he shall decide what measures are to be taken."

The lieutenant's ill phrasing caused von Werner to completely misinterpret the situation. "So. He has decided to kill me off, has he? Just what are you to gain by this, Lieutenant?"

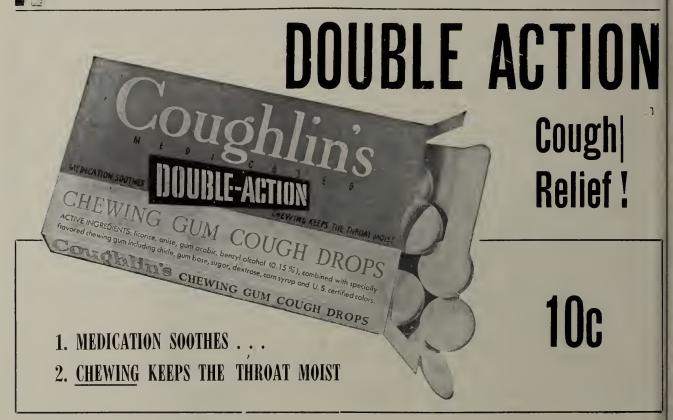
"I am merely doing my duty as a soldier, General. You are, at the moment, my prisoner. I am sorry to trouble you, but please keep away from the window."

"Von Werner sat down suddenly and attempted

to think. He could not, however, force himself to think rationally. "So. Kurt von Fromm, his face still wet from his mother's milk, has decided to usurp my command. But he cannot get away with it alone. Zeitzler is probably behind him. Zeitzler and his whole confounded General Staff." And the more he thought along these lines, the more infuriated he grew.

Because of the lack of reinforcements from St. Lo, the "invading" troops made quick headway. It was not long before they had taken the whole of Pte de Barfluer in their hands. Although his headquarters was taken, von Fromm was not there. He had personally set out with Kranz to seek the missing reinforcements. When they finally found stragglers from the units who had started down the hill, the maneuvers, and all hope of successful working of his plan, von Fromm's, were over. The most important cog in his machine had failed him. He was disgraced.

Von Werner, embarrassed because of his misinterpretation, and humiliated at being kept a virtual prisoner by the young lieutenant, was not in



the least bit forgiving. His letter to the General Staff was the complete unleashing of all his terrible wrath. So phrased was his forceful rhetoric, that his message was taken to include the General Staff as well as von Fromm in the scope of its denunciations. He was relieved of his command. Major General von Werner shot himself on the train taking him to Berlin.

It is believed that Colonel Kurt von Fromm was sent to the Eastern Front. He is thought to have deserted there.

F. Adelman, '48

Development of the Bathroom

ing white tiled floors and walls. Man's horrible ingenuity began to work faster and faster; the wheels of industry speeded up. Bathtubs became sleeker; glass enclosed showers were turned out. Scales and radios were built into the walls. Houses had two baths, then three, then one for every member of the family. A guest was assured of a private bath even if he had no room. Fiendish industrialists produced black tubs, sky-blue toilets, cherryred tiles, mauve basins. Women moved their boudoir equipment into the bathroom, and applied their rouge by frilled pink fluorescent lights, flanking a mirror. In came the laundry hamper, the linen closets. Then, fortunately for civilization, came the war, and the rise of the bathroom as a living, dining, and sleeping room was checked. Thus did the bathroom, which began as a thing of no importance, become the room of paramount importance in the home.

C. C. Hull, '46

Third Avenue

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

Jim talk to Delaney. He crept over to the telephone on the wall. He dialed the number. "Police ——." He heard a shot. "Quick ——," but then the El went by, drowning out his voice. He tried to yell into the phone, but he felt Jim's hands close around his throat.

Jim picked up the receiver and placed it on the hook. He slapped the box and picked out a dime.

W. B. Blanding, '46

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Noseprints on a Windowpane

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

and desirability. Somehow she seemed to be gay with a determination alien to her usual spontaneity, and she told me that she had been away at her first prom. In the movie my feet were cramped between the narrow rows, and I put my arms on the seat backs to each side to sit up straight. A few rows ahead, a man did something similar; only he put his arm around the shoulders of the girl sitting next to him. She must have seen it too, for she started and watched the screen more intently than before. When I moved back into the uncomfortable position again, she seemed to relax a little, and I felt ashamed and humiliated. After the movie, as we walked home through streets full of darkness and midnight, she became gay and friendly once more. In the dark, her lipstick did not show, and her face, cast deep in shadows, seemed very young again.

* * * *

My sister sneezed suddenly because the cold windowpane had chilled her. She came to me for a handkerchief, and while I fumbled around, she heard some one come in downstairs and ran out to find who it was. When she was gone, I got up and went to the window to see what had attracted her so. It may have been the lights or the rain or the trees; I'm sure I don't know. But there on the windowpane were the moist outlines of a round nose and two tiny baby hands, and as I watched, they slowly grew smaller and smaller and smaller and disappeared.

P. A. '45



Waiting for the Ferry

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

is very likely still wet from the rain last night. When it rains, the roof of the shelter keeps the floor in the very middle of the shack dry, but the bench gets soaked. Old Bateman remains silent, for he takes pleasure in mildly tormenting outsiders.

In about half an hour, Slim Jennings drives the truck from the grocer's down to the pier, with the supplies that are to go out on the ferry. He exchanges a few words with Old Bateman, spits into the sea, and settles down with a pipe to wait.

At twelve o'clock the newcomer will probably see a little lobster boat sidle up alongside the float at the end of the pier.

"Are you Cap'n Sperling?" he will ask a wrinkled little man, whose eyes are narrowed from peering across water for fifty years.

"Me? Yup."

"Then this is the ferry?"

"The ferry? Oh. You must be meanin' Cap'n Sperling."

"I said 'Captain Sperling'!"

"I'm the Cap'n Sperling that has the lobster boat. The Cap'n Sperling yur thinkin' of, who runs the ferry, will be comin' along pretty soon. He's my father."

G. D. Bush, '46.



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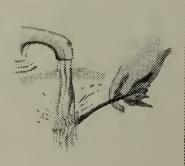




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Spring, 1946

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PAIN'S END

Back and forth—back and forth—the iron joints of the cultivator rattled continuously, and the sun seemed to heat the metal parts almost to incandescence. The breeze had stopped for the afternoon, and the leaves of the few trees visible drooped lifelessly. God, it was hot and sultry as I rode up and down the long furrows, constantly clucking to the panting mules, and cursing when they bit too ferociously at a fly! And, so it was, as I rode the cultivator on a farm north of Savannah.

If only I hadn't been in such a rush—but, I wasn't going fast. I had done only an acre since dinner. The other teams had accomplished twice as much. True—my pair of mules did look hot. The leather straps on Jess's harness had whipped the perspiration to a foam. His breast strap was wet and sticky. The bit ends were dripping with saliva colored green by the corn-tops picked off in passing.

I didn't think much of it when he fell. Perhaps he had stumbled, or stepped into a hole, but it was not that simple. I remember cursing as I jumped off the worn iron seat and quickly unharnessed him from Maude, his team-mate. I led her to the fence, hitched her there, and ran back. "Damn you, Jess!—You're always having to be so honery—never satisfied to behave." But suddenly, as I saw his face, I was terrified. Foam covered his entire nose. Blood was seeping from his nostrils, and his white eye-balls were turned to a jaundiced yellow. He lay unmoving, except for his breathing, which was so intense as to blow great bubbles through his saliva. What should I do? I automatically cut the twisted straps that bound him. At once his rear legs stretched out as if convulsed. In ten or fifteen minutes he ceased shaking, but his breathing continued as rapid and as irregular as ever.

Was this my doing? Was it because I had failed to notice the condition of the poor animal? Certainly not! What did I ever know about driving mules in hot weather? How was I to know he was weakening? He was probably sick—yes, that was it. Poor old Jess was sick, and in his weakened condition he was not able to withstand the strain. But, then again, I was going too fast. Mr. Sample, my boss, did say to take it very easy—but I guess it ought to be his fault for not seeing in the first place that Jess was weak.

Maude had not failed, and she had been under the same strain. Convincing myself for the moment that I was not to blame, I ran to the house to get aid.

When I had half sobbingly explained what had happened, all hands came running. I rode back to the field in Mr. Sample's car. He never spoke a word. His usually smiling face was grim and colorless. Perspiration washed pathways down his face. We turned into the field and tore heedlessly across the new corn to where the animal lay. Mr. Sample worked swiftly and silently, giving few commands. We pulled the frame of the cultivator away. Seizing the straps of the harness, he hooked them to the rear of a tractor that had just arrived. We spread out a large piece of canvas upon the ground. Starting the tractor very slowly, we pulled the panting animal on to the tarpaulin. Then, securing the "tarp" to the tractor, we set out for the brook and grove of trees at the edge of the field. A few from the crowd that had gathered ran ahead to throw clods out of the waywhile most contented themselves with staring.

Upon reaching the shade and grass, we detached the harness, and with the aid of all hands managed to twist the mule's body into a comparatively comfortable position. Blankets and hot packs were placed about him to stop his chills. I rigged a block and tackle from a branch above, so that his head could be raised. Others attempted to pour water down his throat. Although he was unconscious, his swollen tongue worked up and down, endeavoring to draw as much as possible from each drop.

Soon, the veterinary arrived. The sides of poor Jess were swollen tremendously—one might mistake him for a pregnant mare carrying twin colts. The "vet" ("Doc" Pat, as he was known about Wathena County) took a sharp tube from his canvas satchel, and quickly jabbed it into the protruding side of the animal. There was a hiss as the trapped gas bubbled up. He braced Jess's mouth open and literally rammed biscuit-sized sulfa pills down his throat. The mule's rear legs began to plow the turf, until he was lying in a pile of dust. Soon, his sweating side was covered with thousands of flies.

All Mr. Sample could do was await "Doc" Pat's verdict. Finally it came. It was, of course, that Jess would have to be shot. Mr. Sample seemed to weigh the chances for the mule's recovery. Then, shifting his tobacco, he muttered, "If Jess don't live, he's gonna die natural. I ain't gonna have him shot." Then he stalked off, biting his lip as he went. "Doc" Pat turned to me. "Boy, take this gun and sometime tonight kill that mule—make it look natural-like." He also left. I looked at the gun for several moments, and walked toward the house.

I was to take the first vigil of watch—until midnight. Every half hour I was to pour water down the poor animal's throat and report any serious developments. After supper I walked back to the grove. In my pocket was the gun—a ".38". As I neared the field, I started running. I thought no thoughts—only kill to end misery. I placed the muzzle in the gasping mule's long furry ear—I pushed it down until it would go no farther. It was pointing toward the brain center. His eyelid slowly opened and I could see the black dilated pupil. I pressed the trigger. The eyelid closed. I had killed. Pain had ended.



Mark Rudkin:

WINTER RESORT, BRITISH WEST INDIES

His Royal Highness and the Duchess had left, he with his painful shyness and labored small talk, and his wife with her cold, crystalline charm and exquisite clothes. Though they always tried to be natural and to put one at his ease, the Royal couple usually created a certain aura of constraint and uncomfortable formality. Their departure acted as a signal for the party to break up. The guests politely drifted off to their waiting cars, and soon there was nothing left of the party but the empty glasses and the ashtrays full of butts.

Scott Seyton, with whom I was staying and at whose home the party had been given, sat with me in the kitchen for quite some time, drinking beer and eating scrambled eggs. We talked about the party, the people, the Duke's various little faux pas. Finally the horizon started to turn grey

in the Northeast, and the palms and poincianas were beginning to stand out more clearly against the lightening sky; the sun rises quite early in Nassau. Scotty was feeling pretty high, and suggested that we take our bikes and go out to East End to watch the sun come up. I liked the idea; so we started.

Bay Street, the main street of Nassau itself, changes into a bumpy tar road as it goes east, following the shoreline and underlying the main ridge of the island. We took this road out six miles or so to where the island ends in a rough scramble of rocks and coral, half immersed in the shallow sea. As we went along groups of dirty mongrel dogs would dash out of the shacks of the poorer colored people, bark like mad and then

sneak back to their filthy hovels. Already the island was beginning to wake; enormous old colored women, smoking corn-cob pipes, were walking slowly towards town, great baskets of papayas, mangoes, sapodillas and soursop on their heads, to be sold in the blazing hot streets that morning. To the left, out on the water, people in battered old dories were pulling in their nets, hoping to catch enough goggle-eyes to peddle from house to house. The younger colored men were out, walking along the road in sullen, dirty, silent groups, apparently on their way to their underpaid, overlong work. We must have seemed awfully silly to them, wearing as we were our mess jackets and patent leather shoes for some laughed unpleasantly, and others just turned away silently as we passed.

To the right of the road, up on the ridge, the stately masses of palatial houses were beginning to gleam whitely in the early morning light; this was Rum Runners' Row, a series of enormous homes built in the roaring twenties when Massau was the center of all the illegal liquor traffic on the East Coast of the

United States. Some of these houses are empty and already falling to ruin, but many are still kept up in great style by the original owners, whose prohibition-fostered fortunes have outlasted the era which created them. As we reached East End, the sun was just appearing, shooting brilliant bolts of crimson and rose through the massive grey clouds sedately rearing their heads above the eastern horizon. The light soon streamed over the water,

changing it suddenly from a still, colorless expanse to a sheet of turquoise and gold flame. The vivid rays of the sun seemed to dispel clouds as well as the cool of the morning, and the day dawned fine and clear, promising that the temperature would quickly rise to the hundred degree mark. The sand flies started coming out from the Casuarina trees which line the road at that end of the island, and we turned back, pedalling slowly. We stopped off at the Royal Nassau Stiling Club for a swim before going to bed.

I walked, a few days later, down Bay Street. I had a fitting that morning for some suits being made for me. I passed a shop window where I happened to spot a pair of Staffordshire figurines; I went in, found they were very cheap compared to what one pays in New York, and bought them. When I left the shop, I was, as ever, struck by the noise, color, and smells of downtown Nassau; every object moving or still, reflected a measure of the tropical sun's blinding light. The heat was

almost suffocating, and the air seemed to shimmer over the sidewalks, which were so hot they burned one's feet right through sneakers or shoes (I never could realize how the native's manage to go barefooted). The streets were full of bicycles, pedestrians, cars, battered trucks, ponderous black taxis, crowds of small children—and donkey carts. One of these carts was being driven by an old, bent colored man; on the cart was insecurely settled a large water cask. In Nassau, there are very few wells, and water is scarce for the natives, who carefully accumulate it during the rainy seasons. Suddenly a large limousine turned into the street, and the startled donkey lurched to one side. The cask fell, splitting open like an overripe watermelon; the water meandered towards the gutters, mixing uninhibitedly with the filth and oil of the street.

I looked up at Government House, serene and lovely behind its brick and wrought-iron enclosure. The gates, I noticed, were guarded.

Summer

As the stars shine tonight my heart drifts upward Adding its momentum to the magic of their attraction Cleaning itself of the dust collected Merely by existing here, where the dust lies deep.

The voice of the campers swells and curls around the hill

And speaks in accent untinged by the ways of the adult.

And I can understand why God chose to be a Father . . .

There is sweetness in the voice of the Youthful,

And Love

You can hear the beauty of the moonlight upon the mountain in the sound of their singing.

My heart sings in answer as it soars higher toward the stars
Which I can now hear
Singing
In much the same accent as the Campers.

WILLIAM STUCKEY

Geoffrey Bush: SPRING MORNING

Donald swung open the door to the kitchen and walked in. He was tall for his age, which was fourteen, and he had light brown hair and a thin face. For the last few months he had been walking self-consciously, because he felt that everyone was watching him and he had begun to be not quite sure what his feet were doing. He fell into a chair and looked at his mother's back as she ironed. He started to tap one foot on the floor, and his mother said without turning around, "Please don't do that, Donny."

Donald pursed his lips and crossed one leg over the other, where he could tap air in silence. "I wish you wouldn't call me Donny," he complained finally. "I'm almost as tall as Father."

"All right, Donald," said his mother in a tired voice.

"Mother," said Donald after a pause, "I don't have anything to do."

"Why don't you go swimming?"

"I don't feel like it."

"You haven't played with your electric train for weeks. You used to love to."

Donald winced. You played when you were young. "I'm sick of the electric train. Anyway, it's kid stuff."

His mother staightened up, brushed her hair back, and sighed with relief. "It's nearly time to see the 10:40 go by," she said, unhooking the iron. As Donald stood up to go, she added, "I met Mrs. Arnold at the drug store the other day. She said her nephew died of pneumonia a month ago. Do you remember him? He was in your class two years ago. I forgot to tell you. Wasn't his name Roger?"

"Yes," said Donald, "his name was Roger. I remember him a little."

She called after him, "Keep your feet dry! It rained last night."

Donald started off down the hill to the railroad crossing, on what had been a weekly trip for five years to see the 10:40 express to New York go by. He walked with his hands in his pockets and his eyes on the ground, but without seeing where he was going. It had never occurred to Donald that any one he knew could die, and he was observing himself with interest to see what he would do.

Since he was being watched by himself, not merely by others, he felt doubly self-conscious, and to impress himself with the importance of the situation he said, "Hell." He liked the sound, so he said it again: "Hell." When the hero of the movie he had seen three nights before had heard that his best friend had died while defending the hero's sister against African fuzzy-wuzzies, he had stared into the distance and repeated softly, as if he could hardly believe it, "Robert is dead." Donald looked at a far-off elm tree and said aloud, "Roger is dead."

The sound of the words broke the illusion. Donald forgot about the movie hero and about observing himself. After the actor had been filmed with a spear going through him, he had probably got up and gone to lunch. But Roger was dead. Dead: it had a queer sound, like the dull thud of a sandbag falling on cement. Donald could scarcely be sorry, since he had known Roger only slightly and had not seen him for two years. Donald remembered him as a large,

awkward boy who had sung a boring comic song whenever he had got the chance. A pantomime had gone with it: Roger pretended he was a fat man who had lost his dog, and sang, "Oh where, oh where, has my little dog gone?" when actually the dog was at his feet all the time, which the fat man had too big a waist to see. As Donald walked on down the hill he felt himself becoming afraid, and wondered why. Roger had been intended to bore people by pretending he was a fat man who had lost his dog. There was an empty hole in the air, where Roger ought to be singing his comic song. The order of things was going off the rails.

Donald thought why hadn't it been he who had died? Why hadn't it been his mother or father? He started to figure out how old his parents were, and felt the fear tightening in his chest.

Donald was glad to hear a creaking of wood up the road behind him. He looked back and saw Mr. Stone, the farmer who lived next door, seated comfortably on top of a load of hay and slowly catching up to him on his hay wagon. Harnessed to the wagon was Mr. Stone's old brown horse, which was blind in one eye.

"Morning, Mr. Stone," said Donald.

"Hello, son," said Mr. Stone.

Donald heard the 10:40 whistling off in the distance and saw that they were almost at the crossing. The sky was a blinding deep blue, the leaves were bright green, glittering in the sun with last night's rain. A butterfly darted past with a glimpse of yellow. Some thrushes were singing in a birch tree. On the left side of the road a clump of daisies were playing happily in the wind. The fear was in Donald's chest again. Weren't they afraid, too? Couldn't they see death, the way he did, hanging over everything like factory smoke? One wheel of the hay wagon was jolting toward the daisies. Donald watched it crush and mangle the stem of one. On it, and on the others, left still swinging in the wind, was the same silly smile.

After a minute they were at the crossing. Mr. Stone halted his horse to wait for the train—a small black square at the end of the long straight length of track to the left. Donald followed his

custom of sitting on a tree stump about seven feet from the track. He looked up at Mr. Stone. For the first time it occurred to him that Mr. Stone was not immortal; once Mr. Stone must have been young, and in a few years he would be dead. Donald tried to imagine him as a young man, but gave it up. There he was, sitting serenely on a hay wagon doing nothing. Wasn't he scared? Didn't he know he was going to die? Why didn't he do something about it?

"Mr. Stone-" said Donald suddenly.

"What, son?" said Mr. Stone, peering at the train.

"Aren't you—aren't you scared?"

Slowly Mr. Stone considered all the possible causes of fear. At last he said, "Nope. Horse is used to trains. Won't jump."

"But suppose you die sometime?" said Donald desperately.

"Ain't worryin'," said Mr. Stone.

Donald turned away toward the locomotive, which was growing larger and larger. Donald had never sat on the stump while a train went by; he always got off and stood back when it was a few hundred feet away. He remembered reading about a man who had taken a picture of a train coming head-on: he had jumped clear, but had been drawn under the wheels by suction. The locomotive was rushing at them through the crash and clatter of the metal and the shrieks of the whistle. Donald seemed not to have enough strength in his body to shove himself off the stump, and if he got off now, Mr. Stone would think he was afraid. Donald wondered if he were going to be sucked under. Then he would be dead, along with Roger, and there would be empty holes in the air where Roger ought to be singing his comic song and Donald sitting on his tree stump. The locomotive was almost on him. A queer little man seemed to be hanging on to the side of the engine and frantically swinging his arms. It was the engineer waving to Mr. Stone.

The locomotive towered over Donald for a second and then had passed, and he found himself still sitting on the stump. As they rushed by he stared at the white faces in the windows. Then the train was gone, and there was silence. Donald

looked around him and was glad that he was still alive. Two hundred yards back up the road the daisies, with death all around them, were still laughing. He saw the tail end of the express going behind a hill and thought of his electric train disappearing into a tunnel of plaster of Paris, and of himself directing it with a push button.

Mr. Stone was clattering over the tracks in his hay wagon. As Donald slid weakly off the stump he felt he had to say something to fill up the gap, but he couldn't think of anything appropriate. "O hell," he said. "Kid stuff."

Progress

The snow is white,
Soft
As new cotton,
Lightly, whitely swathing
The wounds of Earth.
This God-sent veil
Of silent-falling star-flakes
Smooths over gaps and scars
With gentle care,
Till silver Earth
Sinks into silver sleep.

The snow is black With grime, Machine-made. Man's "progress" Smirches But cannot surpass The velvet beauty of snow. Envious factory smokestacks Pour their sooty ashes, Pour their sparks and embers, On the glistening mantle. Autos pass, Spattering the snow With dirt of a hundred highways. Grease of dark garages Streaks its bright luster.

The breathless hush
Of Earth new-clad in snowfall
Is broken; a city comes
To life,
With roar of motors,
Growl of gears,
And clash of steel on steel.
The snow is black.

Jeff Corydon, 3d

Richard Moses:

THE NAUTICAL LIFE

I was sitting on one of the forward mooring winches, watching the giant unloading shovels gouge huge craters out of the ore load in the hold. The heat was oppressive, and it was an effort even to make a movement in the dust-clogged air. I took a cigarette out of its damp package and lit it. It tasted bad. A reddish-brown line was visible on my turned-back shirt cuff, and, as I mopped my forehead, I discovered that my perspiration was the same color. I got up and moved into the shade of the fo'c'sl. In the distance, a train sped on its way—toward home!

"This is a hell of a situation," I thought. "Here I am, less than two hundred miles from home, but I might as well be in China." My mind was a curious jumble of the trite phrases with which poets and radio writers describe home. Apple pie, evenings by the fire, Sunday morning church—all those things ran through my head and for some reason struck me funny. The sobering thought was that these things would be exactly the ones I would miss for a while. I was not at all sure what I was getting into, and I remembered vividly the stories I had read of the rough life of a seafarer. Sailing the Lakes had sounded fine when Dad suggested it, but, now that I was starting out, I wasn't too sure I liked the idea. Somehow, I couldn't picture myself in the long voyage home.

A gang of burly Negroes, armed with shovels and covered with the now familiar red dust, brushed past me and disappeared down a hatch. I lit another cigarette, which tasted no better than the first. I threw it overboard.

The noise of the shovels was beginning to deafen me, when a tremendous, overalled figure loomed in front of me. Perched on the back of his head was the cap of a Coast Guard officer. I stood up. "You the new deckhand?" he asked, in a voice which soared above the sound of the machinery. "Yes, Sir," I answered, trying to find something to do with my hands. I thought of saluting, but decided against it. He gave me the once over with a gaze that made me wonder if maybe I had forgotten to put on my pants. "Mate wants to see you." He jammed a pipe in his mouth and stalked down the deck.

I didn't even know who the Mate was, let alone where he was, but there was no one to ask. Bringing my full power of logic into play, I reasoned that his room was probably somewhere on the companionway marked "Mates Hallway." I started cautiously toward it, scraping my shin on the high metal doorsill leading into the passage. I was having a little talk with the Lord about my damaged limb, when I collided head-on with something that sounded like the Chattanooga choo-choo. As I helped him up, I had an awful feeling that the short, panting bit of humanity in front of me was the Mate. It was.

Fighting back an impulse to make for the open deck and take my chances with the shovels, I introduced myself. What followed next is not very clear, but I do remember that he had some words I had never heard before. He shoved open a door and puffed into his room. I followed. "So you're the new deckhand, huh," he accused (in the same tone in which he might have said, "So you're the guy they caught stealing the anchor, huh."

"Yes, sir," I replied, feeling the need for apology.

"Zyp told me all about you." Mr. Zyp was the Personnel Manager who had hired me. "Well, you're here, now, and you'll work, just like every one else. This is no damned pleasure yacht." I retreated a couple of steps. I wanted to go home, but, with the dogged determination of a martyr to all landlubbing civilization, I stood my ground. Special consideration was about the farthest thing from my mind, but I was too scared to say so.

The Mate continued, "You're just a deckhand, a lousy seagull, not no damned millionaire's son." I expected someone to appear to clap irons on my legs and show me to a seat on the third tier of oars. "You work eight hours a day." I breathed a sigh of relief. "And you take orders from anyone that gives them to you."

I shuddered. However, this at least clarified my position. I had only slightly less authority on board than the Captain's cat.

"Let me see your papers," he growled. I nervously handed him my Seaman's book, and he

shoved the ship's manifest at me. I signed, saying a little prayer that there was no clause in it about walking the plank. At that point, I was scared to ask, for fear there was. "Now get your working clothes on. We pull out in an hour, and I'll want you standing by." I fairly leaped out the door.

Feeling considerably better about the whole thing, I walked out on deck again. A young man who looked like a pocket edition of Clark Gable approached me. He too was in civilian clothes, and he smelled heavily of alcohol. I judged that he had been in town on shore leave. "Got a match, bud," he asked, in a way which was more of a statement than a question. When I told him I was all out of them, he unconcernedly took out a silver lighter and used it. I was a bit surprised by the action but he didn't seem to notice it, and so I let it pass. "New deckhand?" he queried, waxing conversational. Without giving me a chance to answer, he went on, "Sucker! This is the rottenest life anyone could possibly lead. I hate to see a nice kid like you start out on this stuff. I was like you

once, and now look at me. I've sailed these lousy scows all over these lousy lakes for five years, and where has it got me? What am I?" He had me there, although I was rapidly developing a few theories on the subject. "A lousy wheelman, standing up there taking orders from lousy Mates who don't know as much about sailing as you do. And, as for the Captains, brother, you really picked the prize duck of the fleet. This guy Ashby isn't worth the money they spend to feed him. 'Battle-Stations Harry' they call him. All he does is sit around and pull in a big payroll. He never even shows his face in the pilot-house, except to sleep in the chartroom when we're in the rivers. Boy, I wonder what things are coming to when guys like that are running ships." He came up momentarily, for air. "Say, what did you say your name was?" "I didn't. It's Ashby, Harry Ashby, Jr." As I walked away, he was gazing indecisively at the water, a hundred feet below.

I went below to change my clothes, feeling very nautical at the prospect of exchanging my grey civilian suit for the khaki uniform of the

Lakes seaman. Something seemed amiss, and I found out what it was when I got below. The deckhand's quarters, which were supposed to house three, had a single occupant — me. I was not exactly delighted at the prospect of doing three people's work, especially since I didn't know the difference between a spar and a bowline. My period of self-sympathizing

was interrupted by the voice of the Simon Legree of the Lakes, our Third Mate. "Hey, you seagull, get the hell up here on deck. There's work to be done."

Feeling quite salty, I shot back a hearty aye-aye and hurried top-side. The Third, a frustrated man of questionable ability, seemed to realize that he was doomed to finishing his career as a Third Mate, and so he picked on those under him with a sadistic glee. Seeing that I had all the earmarks of an eager-beaver, he determined to make it clear that he already knew twice as much about sailing as I could ever hope to know. This was, at best, a dubious accomplishment, since I had already decided that I knew about as much about this thing

as I wanted to know, which was nothing; but he was bent on impressing me with his abilities. One of his pet ways of doing this, I had been warned, was to make new men look foolish by giving them assignments equivalent to finding a left-handed monkey wrench.

Consequently, when he told me, first of all, to go back to the engine room and get the revolution slips, I was wise to his game. I was darned if I was going to let him fool me, and so I went on with the other things he told me to do, ignoring completely his first order. I was busy taking the hatch cover off the coal bunker, when he came back and asked me what I had done with the revolution slips. Deciding to go along with his gag, I told him I hadn't got them yet. He let fly a short volley of expletives and told me I had damned well better get them right now if I knew what was good for me. I thought he was carrying the joke a little too far, but I humored him to the extent of going down to the engine room. I stood around down there for a while, watching the black gang prepare to get under way. Finally, one of them asked me what I wanted, and I explained my mission, expecting him to burst out laughing. I started to interpose a remark to the effect that I knew it was a gag, but what would I tell the Third? But he had turned and walked away.

Without a trace of a smile, he returned and handed me a sheaf of papers, clearly marked, "Revolution Slips." I weighed the chances of escape by jumping overboard, but they seemed slight, and I returned to face my taskmaster. He didn't say anything at first—just stood there glaring at me, too furious to speak at the time I had wasted in carrying out my first order. I gave him a sick smile, but he just looked at me—and turned purple.

Off to such a fine left-footed start, the rest of my night was like something out of an abolitionist newspaper. Under the apparently mistaken impression that Honest Abe had liberated the slaves, I labored and he looked. I cleaned up, washed down, unshackled, secured, and practically reconstructed every square inch of that ship. I did every conceivable thing short of swimming out ahead of it and pulling it along with my teeth. At midnight, my playmate decided that I had had enough indoctrination and told me to knock off. I was too weak to throw the marlinspike I had in my hand, and so I just thanked him and dragged myself to my bunk.

The last conscious thought I had of the evening was that I had not appreciated home nearly enough.

Easter Morning, 1946

Wind pushed, the papers dance with quick staccato moves, Are caught by outstretched lamps that stand like lonely Sentinels upon the street.

The pavement's inky black reflects the glare that lights The scene,
While houses range in regimented rows,
Brick upon stone in repeating patterns neat.
The haunting cry of wind sighs in despair,
Re-echoes up the halls of time.
And at this moment rise the dead,
Cry once for long lost life, and then are gone.
The street's glare grows dim,
As once more crows the cock.
And in a man-made world denied to Christ,
In misty tears arrives the dawn.

EDWARD CARTER

John Freeman:

WALDEN:

A Report on Practical Practiced Philosophy

Thoreau's Walden, as a great contribution to American literature, stands in a class quite by itself. Of the works of Transcendentalist writers, Walden alone represents at once the truly transcendental method of reason and the outcome of actual experiments in a way of life. It must be considered that Emerson, many of whose ideas we find embodied in Thoreau's "philosophy," did not seek to give his theories the soundest practical proof; he did not build foundations under his "castles in the air." He was a thinker. Thoreau was a thinker, an explorer, a practitioner . . . and a very sensitive human being besides, for in forming his convictions, although there are many times when his differences from others never seem to occur to him, he does not fail to take into account the necessities and restrictions of Man. He observes: "I found in myself, and still find, an instinct toward a higher, or, as it is named, spiritual life as do most men (?) and another toward a primitive rank and savage one, and I reverence them both."

The transcendental or connective method of reasoning is, with Thoreau, almost a way of seeing. That is, he has the ability and tendency to lead quite naturally from the material to the moral aspect of something under consideration. In this sense, then, his conceptions transcend the customary barriers between the physical and the abstract; his thought has a dualism which unifies everything the more solidly in his mind. He follows trains or lines of thought farther than is normally done in daily life by most of us, and, because of this pene-

trating habit as much as for any other distinction, Walden exists for many readers as an exceptionally stimulating work. It gives a feeling of breadth, of scope, and of power. Its ideas are imbued with the gift of continuity. Examples of this peculiarly penetrating trait may be found almost at random in the book. Note, for instance, the descriptions of Nature and common objects which repeatedly lead without break into the symbolic or moral aspect: from a discussion of the color of ice, through a comparison to mists, arriving at a thought on Purity; the analogy drawn between the rise of a long-encased insect, from dormancy in a log of wood, to the spiritual awakening of a soul not heretofore receptive; the comparison between impressionable soil (the Earth's surface) and impressionable intellect (the mind of Man); and so forth.

There is every evidence that Thoreau, in his daily life, whether he was fathoming the pond, seeking his direction in the woods, or observing wild animals, carried out his process of thought in the manner just outlined. Existence became, therefore, an interesting condition for him; he lacked no imagination wherewith to make virtually any material experience a source of spiritual enrichment. His error, if he has made any, is in his assuming (by failing to deny) that other men could understand, as he did, the "meaning" of the things which happened to them. I doubt if Thoreau entertained hopes of reforming the world; his "enemies" were actually not enemies at all, since he

treated them far more like pets or entertainers, and often had the kindliest feelings toward them. Thoreau probably gave very little time to the thought that other philosophies might be as rewarding as his own; he was too absorbed in the progress of his own life. He would possibly have made an annoying reformer; so thanks be that he placed responsibility for reform within each individual, rather than half-expecting, as many do, that coercion can provoke men into ways more ideal than those contemporaneously observed.

But if it is impossible for every one of us to live as Thoreau lived for a time, we can still profit from his experience, since the singular happiness of the Walden experiment is amply mirrored in the book itself. There are pages, often almost unbroken, of sheer poetry, so natural in its magic that it seems to flow unconsciously from a normally poetic intellect; to match these, there are moments of angularity and awkwardness, cryptic or unclear sentences, spots where the polish has worn thin or lacks entirely. This very common criticism would imply, perhaps, that Walden is an uneven book, to which the reply must be made that it is and it is not, depending on the approach. Stylistically it is not consistent; its admirers will say it is "varied". The important thing is not always the style, however—it is the purport, the force which really dictates the style. It seems to me that Thoreau's "message" is uniform, if not uniformly interesting. He has set out to perform a task not easily limited or defined, that of recording experience, outward and inner. His elevating experiences come out, in consequence, elevating; his narrower and less tolerant observations become even narrower and less tolerable. Since he is continually expressing a kind of opinion—the outlook which conducts his train of thought from reality may be defined as opinion—his success with a given reader depends in no small part upon the opinions of that reader, if he happens to have any. The impressive things about the book remain impressive: the transported nobility of the author's purpose, the frequent beauty of style, and the natural interest of much of the subject matter itself. It is the pocket guide to practical Transcendentalism, for sensationalists the story of a man who "dared". Its independence and originality

make it refreshing and purgative of the emotions and thoughts, because it dwells on a high plane in a crisp and rarified atmosphere; it seems to say: here is a man who found a way in life in actual practice . . . perhaps you don't agree with him, but certainly you can't help admiring his initiative . . . would it not be rewarding if every man could put aside his fetters, in some way or other, and gain similar success in some similar experiment?

The secret of Walden's success may be defined, loosely, by indirect methods; that is, one needs but to point out the general tendency of people to admire someone who appears to be happy without the things they consider essential to happiness. How could he do it? they ask wonderingly . . . and suddenly may come the realization, however faint, of farther horizons . . . "there is more day to dawn. The sun is but a morning star."

Thoreau's theories are more tangible from an intellectual point of view (i.e., more easily comprehended) than Emerson's. This is because Emerson deals exclusively in abstractions, whereas Thoreau leads to them from the familiar realm of actuality. Hence the concepts of the Over-Soul, Self-Reliance, Justice, and so on, which become so often frustratingly tedious or merely pompous and inflated in passages of Emerson, spring to the consciousness from a completely different point in Thoreau, where they are not even mentioned by their academic names, but come disguised as woodnymphs. After reading Walden, I found that I had really explained the application of these abstractions with a minimum of parable and obscurity, and that, on the contrary, their significance in terms of actual life had for the first time been brought out by experience. Thoreau could not use the Transcendentalist dogmas beyond a point where they coincided quite naturally with his own life's discoveries and conclusions. He was what might be called a philosopher of practical approach, in whom a-priori thought is tempered by actual perception of the physical. This involves the senses, although never basely. Thoreau's application of Transcendentalism begins with actuality and ends with the Eternal; it is neither static nor confined. It forms the basis for a simple life in which literal transcending brings about a fuller and a more enviable result.

Thomas Abruzzo: CONSUMPTION

My Dad and I had just got off the boat late that afternoon. After registering at the hotel, we went across the street to have dinner. The restaurant was small, and the food very bad. We would eat the rest of our meals at the hotel, I supposed. Dad was going to return to the hotel to see what was happening in the lobby. He would buy a newspaper and then probably go up to his room to read. I was a bit tired myself, but I wanted very much to walk about this strange, new city. I said goodnight and left him at the door of the restaurant.

I buttoned my collar closely about my neck, being careful to lay it smoothly across my shoulders and to have the front lie neatly over the button. I then tightened my belt a bit; my trench coat spread out pleasantly. In spite of myself I gradually became conscious of the fact that the tips of my trousers just touched the backs of my shoes, my light-colored socks only showing when I

stepped forwards and left my other foot stretched out longer than necessary. I was also very much pleased with the crease in my trousers, considering that they had been packed very tightly all

day in a hand-bag. Being awfully conscious of the figure that I cut strolling along, I wondered if anybody had noticed me. I felt a little irritated because I had just passed a young girl, and I was sure that she hadn't even glanced at me. After a while I saw a British sailor sitting with his girl on one of the benches just in front of the gay, Victoran wrought-iron railing. They were sitting there silently, maybe thinking of each other, maybe not. Perhaps they were in love; I couldn't tell. I wondered if the sailor wasn't just a little jealous as I walked by . . . just a little afraid that he would lose his girl. I guess they hadn't even noticed me,

but . . . still, I hoped he was a little jealous, anyway.

I was drawn towards the other end of the boardwalk. There was a small, white candy stand squatting in its own light. Two huge orange-like structures were mounted behind the counter; one girl was there to operate them. Glasses were neatly arranged in pyramids, one on either side of the enormous oranges. A cash register waited impatiently in the middle. Slabs of white paint reflected the yellow-white light given off by the two naked bulbs. Eve-throbbing light! I felt sickened by the conscious cheerfulness of the place. After hesitating a moment, I said, "Donnez-moi une glace, s'il vous plait." With a slight smile she replied, "What?" I felt uncomfortable, but replied, "Oh, I'll have some ice cream and cigarettes, please." Paid her quickly, and left. As I was going away, I realized that a young girl had gone to the counter for an orange drink. I glanced back, and

I thought she was rather pretty. I slowed down and stopped, fixing my eyes on a space. I had never really been bad before. I wondered what mother or dad would think. I also wondered what

it was like. Oh, don't be so damned stupid . . . but, then again, it must be fun. I stood there for some time enjoying the possibility of my turning around. Then I took a cigarette out and walked on. I had a difficult time lighting the first one because I was not used to smoking. I felt a strange freedom when that awful tasting smoke filled my mouth and burned my nostrils as I exhaled.

A light and transparent darkness lay about the city. On the horizon line there seemed to be many sunrises, crowded together making a pale area flare up into the lower-sky, or singly, only tingeing the grey-blue . . . except that the light was not warm

like the sun; it was the cold radiation from a shipvard at work. From where I was standing on a high stone bluff, I could look down at the houses and streets living by the river. The lampposts along the streets cast a cold paleness on the houses. As I looked down I felt how difficult it was to distinguish between the outside and the inside. I felt that there was an essence of "insideness" wherever the lampposts threw their yellow-white light. If I went down into that street and opened a housedoor, I would step into the outside. That was a queer thought, wasn't it? I could almost see myself going about the streets down there . . . I was on the steps going to that restaurant over there, or on that other small street. I was completely free. I had become detached from myself. A wonderful feeling of intense anxiousness was within me. I knew very well that it would never be fulfilled, but it was with me now, penetrating the space down there. Suddenly. I was startled by a man's voice.

"Nice night out, isn't it?" I turned towards him and said, "Yes, but it's getting a little cold." "It'll start to snow in a couple of weeks." I did not want to appear unfriendly; so I demanded, "I suppose you get a lot of snow up here in Quebec?" We went on conversing in sounds. He was

from a small village down the river and had come to visit a friend who worked in the hotel. He used to work there too. A waiter, or something, I suppose. He didn't like the country so much, especially in winter when there was a lot of snow. He would much rather move around a bit, but now, of course he couldn't . . . with his family and all, you know how it is. Finally he said, "Let's go have a drink somewhere." I quickly replied, "Oh, no. Thank you. I really don't drink. Thanks a lot anyway." Strangely, the only thing I could think of was who would pay for the drinks; was he going to treat me? "Well, you can have some beer." "Really I don't like beer at all. Besides, I had better be getting back to the hotel, my dad's expecting me." He looked rather disappointed and said, "Oh, that's all right, son." I hurried away, while he looked into the streets below.

Thoughts! I thought of the girl at the candy stand and laughed at myself. I couldn't even feel bitter for my wonderful anxious feeling was all gone, now. I was tired, but I didn't want to go to bed; so I kept strolling. I dropped in at the little restaurant and had a sandwich. Then I went back to the hotel.

Cherubino

Cherubino, you, who are so young and gay,
Love the Countess; or do you think that she
May soon succumb and with you act the play
Of empty passion, hollow harmony,
Or lend her kisses, so desired, to you,
Her page, and borrow happiness and grace
From one who loves her only to pursue,
Who only feels the pleasure of the chase?
No, no! She knows that you are but a boy,
That if she smiled and listened to your plea,
Your laughter, charm, and all your childish joy
Would quickly turn to dumb perplexity.
But look again, mon cher, and be consoled;
A wrinkle mars her cheek; she's growing old!

MARK RUDKIN

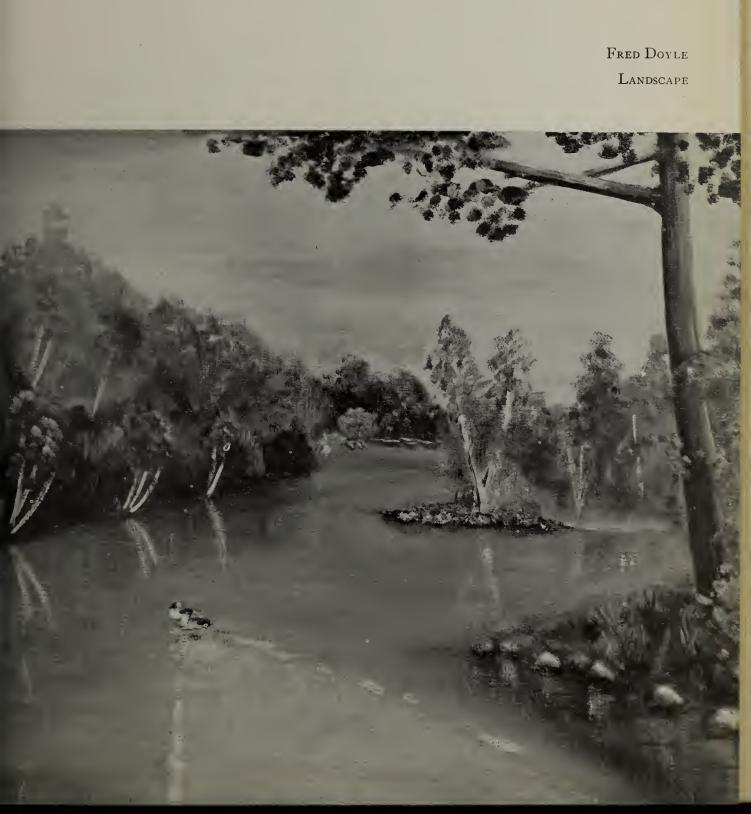


CHARLES SALTSMAN

Long Island Sound



Whit Budge Nova Scotia





John Cowley

SEATED FIGURE

Walter Aikman: YOU TRY

To most people the grey squirrel is a harmless, gentle, beautiful creature. He is pointed out to children as a pleasant and industrious fellow whose life would be a good pattern to follow. Thornton Burgess called him "Happy Jack", and Thoreau called him a neighbor, but it is my opinion that the grey squirrel is a malignant rascal. I came to this conclusion several years ago when it was my misfortune to try to exterminate some of them. It so happens that my mother is quite an enthusiastic amateur ornithologist and has placed "feeding stations" on all of the tress around the house and keeps them full of goodies for her little feathered friends. Soon after these free lunch counters were set up, the squirrels began a systematic, premeditated emptying of every food box. No sooner would one thief be driven away, than another would appear and continue to steal where his comrade had left off. Matters went from bad to worse, until it was almost impossible for a self-respecting sparrow to keep body and soul together. It had been our practice to pound heavily on a window to drive these robbers away, but after a time, even this was not effective, and when I drove my fist through a large bay window, it was generally decided that we must change our strategy.

"Walter," said my mother in desperation, "would you be willing to annihilate these trouble makers?"

"But Mother," I responded, "they are poor, little animals that have to stay alive in winter also, I couldn't bring myself to ——"

"I will give you one dollar for each one you kill."

"But they don't mean any harm," or, at least,

so it seemed at the time. "They are dumb beasts."

"One dollar and a half."

"Why it would be murder!"

"Two dollars."

"Yes." And so it happened that I, like Judas, signed away their life for some dirty pieces of silver.

Since I had no idea of the highly developed intelligence of my opponents, as yet, still considering them innocent of evil intentions, I decided that poison would be the easiest means for both of us. They would eat the prepared food and then go off and die a "painless" death, and I would not be incriminated with a group of tell-tale corpses; neither of us would be troubled. I got a mixture of arsenic trioxide and cyanide, treated some corn with it, and placed this well seasoned food on one of the "free lunch counters". I watched several of them eat, but growing tired, I decided to count the rest of them as dead and collect my money.

Later that day when I was coming from skiing, I noticed that Rover, a large great dane belonging to one of our neighbors, was playing with something. Thinking that it was a stick, I called him over and was about to throw it for him to "fetch" when I noticed that it was a grey squirrel's tail! Rover passed on that very night, a strange death, for he always seemed so well; it must have been his heart. Would you believe it? That squirrel, when it saw the dark boat-man approaching, had deliberately fallen where unsuspecting Rover would find his remains, and be killed. These were the kind of low, cowardly tactics that my opponents were using. No, poison would not work, for if the Rover incident (as it was later known) were re-

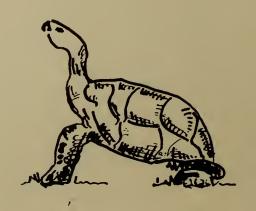
peated, I might find myself facing a court and receiving the sentence that rightfully belonged to a dead rodent.

Beginning to suspect what a momentous task I had before me, I planned to trap them in a "dead fall". This apparatus is made of a heavy stone, or piece of metal that is suspended above a baited trigger which causes the stone to drop when the bait is touched. My victim was grey, and it had a bushy tail, but I am afraid that Miss Nelson's angora cat was not what I had intended to find beneath the stone. Whether or not the squirrel forced her into the trap, I cannot say, but they must have been responsible for the shocking occurrence, for the idea was "fool proof". Poor Miss Nelson was heart-broken over Tabby's disappearance; these villains would stop at nothing.

I was now fully aware of their evil intentions, and I was ready to do my worst. I made a "box trap" which would catch the brigands alive, and then I intended to put them in a bag and kill them with exhaust from the engine of a car. I caught one easily, too easily (it must have been planned), and took it in to display to the family as a testimony of my victory. I opened the bag, but to my surprise, nothing was in it. Yes, the squirrel was out of the bag. He was first seen crouching under

a chair, but when he realized that he was exposed, he leaped up to Uncle William's frame and dropped his tail over the old man's face (the wretched beast was even ridiculing our forebears). His position was unprotected here, and so he exchanged it for a few seconds of cautious meditation behind a pot of African violets. We closed in. Still undaunted, he made a furious charge full into our faces, uttering cries like a cornered Jap, and rushed for a cave — a dark recess made by a silver teapot, and a pile of wedgewood butter plates on the top shelf of the china closet. A flame thrower would have been the proper weapon for getting him out, but a few shots from a rifle sufficed to render him and put the butter plates ineffective. The "box trap" was also proven useless, for the squirrels would not enter it.

Yes, the squirrels still continue to molest us. Their numbers are increasing, and soon they will be so numerous that people will be afraid to walk in the streets unarmed. I have shown you that they can think, for did they not ridicule my ancestor, attempt to get me put into prison, and take the life of Miss Nelson's poor cat; but if you still do not believe that they are malevolent and a real menace to the world, try to fight them yourself, and if you succeed please tell me, for we are in great need of help.



Giles Constable: GRAND LAKE STREAM

The mail truck wound slowly along the sandy road that cut through the forest. When it came to the branch that leads towards Grand Lake, the postmaster drew up with an "O.K., soldier." I threw off my pack and jumped out with a hurried "Thanks." I watched the truck disappear around a curve in a flurry of yellow dust. Then, after adjusting my pack, I walked along the old corduroy road up over the hump that divides the two lakes and then down the long stretch to our camp. I was happy. I kicked the sand with my moccasins and waded through the knee-high grass, watching the grasshoppers and mosquitoes fly up in front of me.

As I neared the lake, the evergreen forest of pine, hemlock, and spruce changed into beech, ash, and birch. I passed through the swamp lands that are purple with blueberries late in July and the clearings covered with grass nibbled short by the deer. This was the place for me. I crossed the log bridge over the Little Amazon and threw a match into the water to watch the small trout rise. Here I could begin over again. I knew it. I was pretty damn lucky.

It was spring. I felt it all around me.

Spring's not "the season" up here. That's autumn, when fat men with red faces, wearing plaid shirts, with knives strapped to their belts, come from the cities to hunt. But spring's "the season" for me. Now the birds come back after wintering in the South. The trees get back their leaves, and the foliage is brightest and greenest. With loud cracks and booms the ice on the lakes breaks up. And the water is once more ruffled by gusts of spring breeze, smelling of moss and hem-

lock and wet earth. But in the woods, which are bursting into flower, I can still see patches of snow in the sheltered spots, forming a backdrop for a clump of violets or wood sorrel.

Spring was everywhere. I smelt, and heard, and saw it all around me.

It was hot when I reached camp. Everything was as I had left it, even the pegs for the hammock. I dumped my pack out onto the bed and arranged the cans on the shelf and threw my clothes into the open closet. I went down to the lake to get a bucket of water. At the shore I paused a moment and looked over the water. At first it was very quiet. Then I heard the croaking of the bullfrogs far away. We had called them the Grand Lake Symphony Orchestra when we were here before. We would never be here again. I watched the old bald eagle fly towards the forest. I was glad to see him again. The surface of the water was covered with feathery salmon flies. A trout rose with a sudden swirl and a splash. My heart tightened. I was back at last.

I ate one of my sandwiches before going to bed. I undressed slowly. The insignia on my shirt looked out of place here. I wriggled down between the blankets. Suddenly a loon called. I sat up, sweating. Then I lay down again, laughing softly to myself. I was tired.

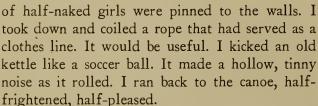
The next morning I got up late and went down to the lake for a dip. The water was cold. It was warmer in July—"pea-soup," we had called it. After breakfast I dragged the canoe off the trestles. I patched the holes in the canvas with a lump of resin, which I melted with a match. My fingers were dirty and sticky. I scrubbed them with

sand. I was excited as I pushed the canoe into the water.

I paddled slowly, listening to the little gurgle at the end of each stroke. It was good to get into a canoe again. I put my hand into the water and caught at the lily pads.

I went over to the old loggers' camp. I wanted to collect some scrap iron for a still-fishing anchor. The camp had been deserted for more than ten

years. The tar paper that covered the cabins was peeling off. High grass choked the doorways. I went from cabin to cabin picking up old horseshoes and bits of pipe. Everything seemed to have been left in a hurry. Magazines and old clothes were strewn on the bunks. Pictures



I paddled down to the sand bar at the end of the lake. There were tracks in the sand. Some were very large. I wondered if they had been made by a moose. A brown peat stream ran into the lake here. I scooped up some of the water in my hands. It was much colder than the lake water. There would be good fishing here in the evening. Then I portaged over to the next lake in the chain. The canoe was heavy. But I went as quietly as possible. Deer were sometimes, to be seen walking in the water or browsing near the shore. Once I had seen a fawn, covered with pretty spots, its spindly legs still a little wobbly. I had crept up to within a few feet of it, but when I put out my hand, it had darted shyly back into a nearby hazel thicket, from which it had eyed me while I had put the canoe into the water and paddled off.

During the afternoon I wandered along the cedar-lined lake shore and sat down on a lichen-covered rock baked by the sun. Suddenly a pair of blue jays alighted in the birch trees over my head and scolded at me. I looked at them: blue crested

birds, outlined against the green of the trembling birch leaves with the turquoise sky behind. I felt weak for a moment. I thought I'd never seen anything so beautiful in my life. Memories came flooding back of a spring morning long ago at home, when I had been waked up at half-past five by the insistent tapping of a blue jay cracking a sunflower seed on the bird table outside my window. I had got out of bed, crept over to the window,

and peeped out. There had been a few exquisite moments while I crouched there, until the spell had been broken by a slight movement. The startled jay had looked up, stared a moment with coldly inquisitive eyes, its head cocked to one side, and then had flown away to

scream abuse at the disturber of its breakfast—and I had suddenly realized how cold I was and leaped back into bed, shivering.

That evening I fished the pool down near the sand bar. It was good to get a rod into my hands again, to feel the line straighten out behind and then swing forward in a graceful arc. I caught a few little ones and two eight-inchers. As I was paddling home at twilight, when the pine trees on the horizon look like tiny dark bottle brushes, I watched the eagle flying slowly towards the forest. Suddenly an osprey, heralded by shrill war cries, dived down in a swift attack on the robber tyrant who stole its fish. The eagle avoided the onslaught by turning on its side. But the osprey climbed hundreds of feet in a few seconds, and now, joined by its mate, prepared for another attack. I waited tensely. Now flying hastily towards the dark border of the nearing forest, the eagle just escaped the ospreys this time by sinking to a few feet above the water. The ospreys flew up for a third attack, but even in the few moments that they hovered before diving, the eagle reached shore and took refuge in a pine tree. After wheeling once more, the ospreys climbed into the sky until they became mere black specks and finally disappeared.

I paddled slowly back to camp.

Roger Salomon: THE ALABASTER CITY

Come to New York, the citadel of peace and plenty, the symbol of the promised land. Where will you stay? Oh, there are myriads of hotels—the Plaza, Pierre, and Piedmont—the chic, the expensive, the cheap and drab, the old and new—myriads of hotels. But there are myriads of people. You say "I'll show my taste, my individuality, and choose some small and simple place."

"I hasten to assure you, my dear sir"—the manager is speaking — "that half our guests are permanent residents. Have you a reservation, sir?" He stops. The fact is clear: only a thousand others had your idea, and taste, and individuality.

But let us pretend that you have arrived. You have come from many places, from the steel cities and the fields, from the cotton gin and combine, from the grey waters of New England and the blue of the Pacific. You come reflecting the attitude, mood, and customs of your locality. In fact you ARE your locality—a brightly colored rivulet that joins the muddy stream surging between the high stone walls.

New York, you will learn, is as much a feeling as a place. Patterned by man, it, in turn, shapes him in its own image. It is speed—the screeching subway train that night or day blows damp, cinderfilled air into your face. It is power—the steel and concrete that climb above the streets to fight for the sunlight. It is size—a domineering hulk that crushes nature with mills of stone and attempts to crush its natural laws.

New York is, furthermore, a mood—the collective mood of seven million hopes and fears, joys and sorrows. Come, stranger, to Broadway: to the Gay White Way of the American people; to life,

to fun, to gaiety. As you walk among the raucous crowds, you will see a color scheme. Above the streets a neon Betty Grable traces an unending dance along the rooftops. The blues, the yellow, the crimson of pirates' sashes glow darkly as they raise their wooden arms to parry the blow that never comes. Passion is common above these rooftops. Great twelve-foot sneers attest the hatred and violence that seventy-five cents will buy. Above the people, too, is the flickering white light of the news flash. Atom bombs and wars, plots and plans, great men pass by on ticker tape. Occasionally someone stops: a head arches above the crowd. Yet only for a moment: the human mass picks the reader up and moves him on.

But life moves among the streets, stranger, and not among the rooftops. Here, too, is color: red and white marquees telling men where to laugh and cry. "Have your money ready;" "money"; "money" scream the ushers in gold, the ushers in blue, the green men, the violet men, the men of a thousand liveries, who walk up and down the street and beat their arms to keep warm. "Standing room in the outer lobby only," shout the ushers. There are but two hours more to work. "Form a single line to the rear," shout the gayhued men, stamping their feet with the cold.

The lights, and sounds, and hurrying throng are not for you, stranger. You must go behind the stone and glass, behind the glaring reds and whites, into another world.

The stage is quiet. Tobacco smoke, like dirty fog, wanders in among the colored beams that light the gaudy curtain. The talking stops; the seats no longer thump. The crash of orchestra: the

twisting, writhing, spinning swirl of dancers: you are entranced. The actor enters in gorgeous borrowed clothes, speaks borrowed words, and leaves by some trick door in realistic plasterboard.

You must leave now, stranger. This world is but four hours long. The hero and the villain have bowed across the footlights and now retire, once more to don their street clothes. You and they, by different exits, push into the moving mass.

Are you lonely, stranger? Are you lonely among the red and white marquees, the tawdry-gilded shop fronts, the multitude of clerks, and bums, and painted women, who keep the turnstiles in endless revolution? There is a man decorated—for Algiers, for the Rhine, for Okinawa. Follow him into a murky cubbyhole that some New Yorker calls his own. "My property, my shop," the owner cries, as the moving multitude pass in light and shadow on the wall's chipped and splintered paint. "Your picture, sir: why certainly, sir". The soldier steps behind the bar—a cardboard bar—on which sits a bottle of the finest whiskey—again in molded cardboard with a fancy plastered label. The soldier

wraps his arm around a dummy girl—firm and hard, and cold to one who has fought beneath the Eastern Sun. "Smile, smile, smile; hug her closer, soldier," says the little man beneath the black draped camera. "Look happy, soldier, happy. Where you from? Ah, a Texan, aye. That's it: smile, smile. Now! Here's your picture, soldier. The folks back home will love it. One dollar," says the little man, "one dollar". The soldier ambles out among the crowd—the gay, the noisy, the loud and happy crowd. Are you lonely, stranger?

This is New York: the light, the noise, the little men who live their million little lives and die together. "This belongs to me," they shout, as dancers move in endless pantomime to and fro among the rooftops. The ticker tape blinks on. Below it, a plaster Liberty (Temporary, to be sure)—holds a hollow arm above the Square. A woman sings beneath the statue: "America, America!"

"Thine Alabaster cities gleam, Undimmed by human tears." Do you believe that, stranger?

Graduation, 1946: An Argosy

So lies the ship of fifty broken oars and fallen mast; Incoming tides lap at her ribs with Carrion-feeding tongues; And she sighs with the wind, And she groans as the storms Break lustfully into Her treasure of oblivion.

The waves come and scatter tiny slivers of greying wood; And sand buries the keel As quicklime buries an unwanted carcass; The sea sends its destroyers, And little shells dig into the black cracks; Sun, Moon, and Stars bow low As they hasten her death by their power; And the Golden Bowl is smashed at the fountain.

GEORGE SCHIFFER

Gilman Collier:

SALLY

It was a very poor picture, and I was horribly bored. It was one of those cheap musical comedies which somehow or other always seem to fail miserably in their purpose and leave only a sickening upon the senses. I was all alone that night and had nothing else to do, this being the only available form of diversion. So I came, sort of knowing what was in store for me but not caring particularly one way or the other. It was the only thing to do, and I was undergoing the consequences for doing it. The picture seemed interminably long, and I suffered through every minute of it. I thought that it would last forever. But it didn't, it all ended very suddenly.

Then the house lights went on. The bright young couples all left their seats and swept into the ballroom in a confusion of colorful dresses, perfumes, and jovial chatter. I watched them till the last smiling, youthful face had disappeared around the corridor. But I did not follow. I had become completely apathetic, even callous, to my surroundings. Alone, I had withdrawn completely into myself and felt myself no longer a part of the world which surrounded me. I got up listlessly and went outside. The brisk night air refreshed me. Outside the theatre I walked, I know not where, it seemed like many miles. I wandered aimlessly, taking the cool and refreshing night air in large, deep breaths, and slowly felt some semblance of normal emotions returning to me. Even my thoughts cleared a little, but I was nevertheless somewhat surprised when, still unconscious of time or space, I suddenly found myself in front of the theatre again, in the very same spot from which I had set out. I re-entered and discovered that the dance was still in progress. But by now I felt refreshed and a part of the physical world once more; so I decided to go in and directed my footsteps toward the dance hall.

I threw open the enormous, greatly embellished doors and was struck by the conglomeration of light and color, sound, odor, and fantasy. The tremendous, richly ornate chandeliers brilliantly illumined the entire ballroom, and their great light sparkled and gleamed upon their pendent crystals. Below, the lightly moving couples danced in a swirl of dazzling color and flashing jewelry. Brassy music blared through the thickness of the atmosphere heavily laden with perfume and smoke. I moved slowly among the dancers, seeking a partner for myself, but there appeared to be none. The couples seemed exactly paired, and I was the extra. I searched the entire ballroom. There was no one. I was still alone. Completely depressed, I began to withdraw into myself again, and slowly, as if lost, I headed toward the doorway.

But suddenly I stopped short. There, standing alone directly between me and my exit was a girl of truly incandescent beauty. Our glances met and fixed; we felt irresistibly drawn to each other. We rushed into each other's arms and began to dance, closely, gazing intently into each other's face. I tried to explain to myself the inexplicable attraction I felt to my newly found companion, and I could sense that she was pondering the same question in her own mind. Finally I said, quietly, "I guess it's just sex." Without changing her expression or glance, she replied thoughtfully, "Yes, I guess it is."

A new world of priceless and inestimable treasures had burst upon me with such suddenness that in my elation it took me some time to comprehend that the music had stopped; the dance was over, and the couples were returning to the theatre

for the second feature. I asked my companion if she would sit with me during the picture, and, upon her assent, we followed, hand in hand, the other couples, as if drawn by their magnetic color and gaiety, back to the theatre.

The second picture was much superior to the first. I was very comfortable now. My partner sat to my right, and we held hands across the arm rest.

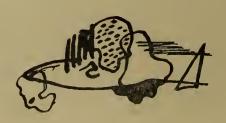
Presently we began to talk, quietly. As we had not done before, we introduced ourselves, and told each other something of our lives. Somehow, they sounded wonderfully alike, and we drew pleasure from every word of our conversation. She asked particularly about my name; she asked had it always been that. I replied that it had, she said that it was very strange—she seemed to recall me by another, forgotten name, long, long ago. Perhaps we had known each other in distant ages past; perhaps that was the secret of our great attraction. She then asked me about my given name and I explained to her that this was my mother's maiden name, given to me as my first. This seemed to satisfy her, and our conversation ended. When I looked upon her, she seemed lost in meditation. I was struck by the beauty of her long, wavy, red hair, and her clear and sparkling blue eyes, her delightfully pug nose, and her well-formed mouth. Her entire countenance impressed me with a beauty of warmth and cheerfulness, and also of quiet repose and deep thoughtfulness.

I sat thus admiring her for I know not how long, when suddenly she turned and asked me for the time. I told her. Then she said that she had to leave immediately in order to catch her bus. I begged her to stay longer, pleading that we were so happy together and that she could take a later bus. She replied that she had never had a finer and

more satisfying evening, but that this was her bus and she must take it. I offered to escort her home, but this she declined, and allowed me to take her only to her bus. So we left the theatre quietly and walked without speaking, to the terminal. Then, at the appointed time, the bus arrived. We felt a mutual desire to kiss, but this was, of course, improper in a public place. So, by tacit understanding, we said a simple farewell. Then she boarded, the driver shut the door behind her, and the bus pulled away. I watched it until it disappeared from my sight.

I went directly home, feeling more completely satisfied and happy than I had at any previous time in my memory. I went to bed immediately, and lay awake for a long time thinking of the girl who had come to me, not only as a friend and a companion, but also as a saviour. I rejoiced in her. Then, gradually, my thoughts became more and more blurred and indistinct, and finally I fell into a sound, wholesome sleep.

I awoke early next morning. The sun poured brightly into my room, and I could hear the songs of birds outside. I thought of my beloved immediately and was happy. I thought of when and where I might meet her again. And then the terrible revelation dawned upon me: I did not know where she lived or how I might reach her. I tried to remember her name, but even that had left my mind. I tried desperately every means at my command to bring it back to my memory. I thought of the name Sally, but I do not think that it was hers; nothing else at all could I summon to my recollection. I was seized very suddenly with anguish and remorse. My moment of supreme joy had come, and gone, and once again I was alone and completely within myself, a stranger to the world which surrounded me. I never saw her again.



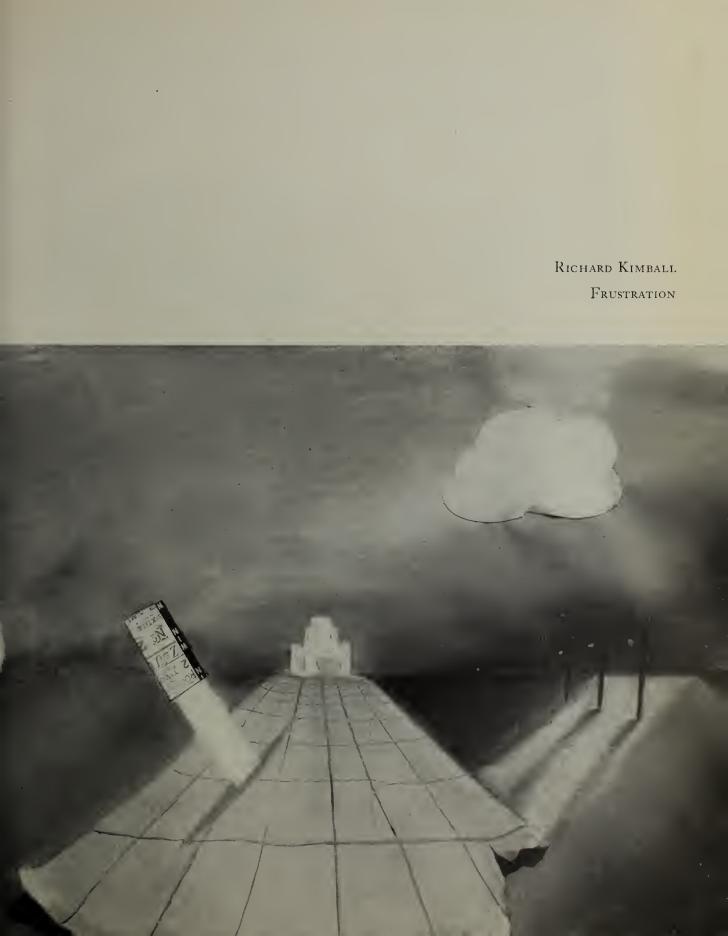


Edward Hudson

Cowboys



Earle Goodenow
Collision





Mark Rudkin

GEORGIAN

Peter Flemming: ON A HILL

I lie in the soft grass, and from my hill I watch tiny white clouds and dainty birch leaves and dandelion seeds pass by as I drift softly on this worn merry-go-round beneath my shoulders. An unseen matinee audience of overawed stars and planets approves my performance, and the prompter, the sun, floods me with warmth and asks me, "What more do you want?" I wink at him, and the meadowlark echoes, and a purple-finch ends it with an exultant trill. From a young branch clad in awkward stems and leaves, a sleepy squirrel cries and chatters, but it is siesta time for him, and he slips beneath the foliage.

Down in the valley a cow cries out at a fly, then eyes a buttercup and chews at her cud. There the dogs bark, too, and chase after cats, but the weary-backed drudge horses make no sound. Down in the woods a flicker rips out his startling trumpetnotes and bites off a mouthful of bark and bugs. He wakes up the sparrows, who sing out to the rest and rouse up the warblers and all of the drowsy afternoon flock.

A slight breeze comes up and sniffs at my hair and brings the plaintive moan of the nuthatch. The mighty crow bustles over, exclaiming the time, and the blue-coated jays punctuate the minutes with sharp piercing coughs and scale-covering notes like a youth changing his voice. I am startled by a gleaming object of flame flashing in front of the sun and am pleased to know it as the exuberant cardinal. A robin, a deep blush on his breast, flutters away from me, startled by such an object placed thus on his hill.

The prompter tires and fades and reclines behind the hill. The chimney-swifts circle around and around over the valley, excited by the sounds and smells of evening. Many score tree-swallows fold up their wngs and wait for the night, seeking the wires by the dusty road. A starling jerks down the hill, and the proud red-headed-woodpecker settles on his perch. The mockingbird cries his good-night, and the vigilant bat slinks in the black. The world is asleep, and I follow suit, and the stars sparkle merrily on the way home from the matinee show on the milky way.

The river joined the sea
And then was lost
In never-ending breakers' foam

Then silently the fog Crept in to fill The vacuum left by ebbing tide— And all was still.

HARRY HALL

David Nathan:

WE HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR BUT TIME ITSELF

What is there in the soul of man that forces him to search for various ways of inconveniencing himself? The life of the Neanderthal man was amazingly blissful. He arose at any time he wished, slapped the wife and children good morning, and went out to search for dinosaur. If Mug wanted to meet Ug at a certain place so that they could have a little chat, Ug was flatly told that if he kept Mug waiting, there would be blood on the prehistoric soil. Ug, in return, answered that Mug was seven different kinds of fool, if he expected him to suit his convenience. After an exchange of a few swift blows with stone hatchets, the two friends would probably meet each other as previously planned. If Ug wasn't there when Mug arrived, Mug would wait for a little while with true caveman patience. Time was not even considered. It was a matter of self-respect.

Today "civilized" man has added the system of time to confound his life and destroy his happiness. How right were the Lilliputians when they accused Gulliver of using his watch as his private God! We moderns, one and all, are still searching for the same goal, a new way to save time. Machines, schools, and even humans are molded toward that end. We live, eat, play, and sleep to the tune of a steady ticking.

Here at Andover is the perfect example of my point. The sciences, classics, and English all are subordinated to the great god Time. A never-ending ringing of bells is heard from sunup to sundown. I hate the feeling of living like a'robot. Up automatically at seven, breakfast at seven-fifteen, and so on, through the day, with Samuel Phillips tower on my left hand, and the Memorial

Tower on my right. They stand like horrible spectres, and, peering through the gloom, sadly, solemnly, and jarringly beat out the time. Masters gaze in visible agony at their expensive wrist watches praying that they may not miss a second of the precious fifty-three minutes allowed to them. They hold that time dear to their hearts, because, whether they are able to put their point across in fifty-three minutes or not, that is the time they get, no more and no less.

Speaking of the fifty-three minutes allotted to our masters—why has that amount of time been chosen, why not fifty-four, or an even hour? The reason is as curious as the time in question. How many people realize that they have been given just seven minutes to get to class, because somewhere in the deep and dark past an unknown man, dressed in black and wearing a homburg hat, discovered that he could walk leisurely from Williams Hall to Bulfinch in exactly seven minutes? Who was this man? Where did he disappear to? That is a mystery that will in all probability never be solved. At any rate he left to us a heritage. It is possible for a man to walk from Williams Hall to Bulfinch (supposedly the longest walk on the campus, although it takes me much longer to go from George Washington to Samuel Phillips) in exactly seven minutes to the second. I was highly incredulous of this statement after I made a trip to Williams Hall one fine morning at eleventhirty. There, as the bell at Samuel Phillips began to clash, I saw the little kiddies pour out of their sanctum sanctorum and head at top speed for their various appointments. It was a pitiful sight, for they knew that they could not make it

on time no matter how hard they tried, as they were not built as the man in the blue suit who had set the pace for them. Their short legs could not carry them over the distance in the required time. As they reached the main road with barely two minutes left, I saw them break into a lastditch trot, but after the rather unnourishing breakfast they had had to put down in five minutes, it was hopeless. Grimly and sadistically the cruel hand of the clock made its last lunge for the number six. It made it, and the chimes of the Memorial Tower began their long, drawn-out dirge. The little boys stopped dead in their tracks. They looked at one another. One emitted a stifled sob. All of them had committed the worst offense in Andover. They were late to class. I would have kept on watching them to get more reactions, but I had a class too.

Upon further research about the campus, I have found that the most flagrant bit of time worship is shown in the Commons. Hungry or not, at seven-fifteen, twelve-thirty, and six, Andover eats. Was there a man in the beginning of the world who noticed that he was hungry then, and, therefore, put down an edict commanding that all people should eat at those times? Are all

people built exactly the same, with identical habits and customs? No! Shouldn't the individual's rights be considered above all? I think so. Of course, to suggest a buffet table constantly laden with good things to eat so that a *student* might eat when he feels like it, would shock the average

man because he has been brought up in such a stupid and narrow-minded way. A military man would cry in anguish at such a thought, for, after all, his favorite dream is the sight of all the people in the world dressed exactly alike, marching in perfect order, with the sign of the clock on their sleeves.

I have often wondered what it would be like if an edict against time were to be put on this country. Time itself would be no longer considered. The petty worries that we let plague us now would be completely forgotten; and petty worries they are. If we let ourselves be carried into a state of complete helplessness at the thought of missing a train or not making a class, then life becomes a farce, and the finer things forgotten and disregarded.

When are we going to get on to ourselves? When will we start to realize that for almost one hundred and seventy-five years here at Andover, and from time immemorial on this earth, we have been wasting time while we worry about saving it, for the only perfect *timesaver* that man will ever see is the period in his life whn he completely ignores it?

The other day, I tried to completely ignore time. I took off the watch that was given to me so that I could tell light from dark at Andover, and then, after putting on my oldest clothes and packing three peanut butter sandwiches in my book bag, I took a hike to the top of the highest hill in the Sanctuary. It was truly a beautiful day. Every bird in the woods was singing to his heart's content. As I listened to them filling the woods with gentle melodies, the world slipped away from me like the removal of a cloak. I was free from all the trival ties of this time-conscious chaos in which we live. Slowly I pulled a sandwich out of my book bag. As I threw myself on the ground

and began to munch lingeringly, I thought how lucky I was to be able to enjoy myself in this bird's paradise. As I said, the weather was indescribably beautiful. The sun, beating on my weary breast, seemed to sooth the ticking that had been going on in my brain for sixteen long years.

The wind rustled through the branches of the trees, and almost frightened me when I heard a rhythmic beating somewhere in the woods. I sank back in relief when I perceived that it was only two branches hitting against one another instead of the workings of a tremendous watch that some cruel prankster had diabolically left there. I pulled another sandwich out and regarded the sky with an intense look. The sky looked back at me with an impassive stare. There was a wonderful, carefree feeling growing in me by leaps and bounds. I had thrown off the shackels of the humdrum and had solved the very problem the

solution to which I had been searching for for so many years. It was true. The only way to get rid of the overhanging horror called time is to completely ignore it.

It was when I reached for my third sandwich that it happened. The tinny Samuel Phillips bell began to sound off. Memorial Tower pealed off the hour with great gusto and finished with its five solemn beats that filled the ear with splitting sound waves. Every time mechanism from a wrist watch to a church bell in the fine old town of Andover began to emit all the ghastly sounds known to man; whistles, sirens, and even horns were heard. It was five o'clock, and the world was not going to let me forget it.

Cursing helplessly, I struggled to my feet and clambered down the hill.

Song of the Prisoners Who Die at 3:30

Sing for us, we die at three-thirty. Remember us, the prisoners, with faces unshaven and dirty.

We remember the captive's futile hopes when we were taken

Here. We sit on the ground making Holes with the twigs that we squash

Like cigarette butts. You sit and just watch

The holes, and the calves of the guards to the side of you.

You remember your orders and the details of getting through
To the advantageous position. You were scared when you drew the straw

And found that it was short. You moved off into the raw

Of early morning. Then there was all business and a little thrill

In the association of certain facts and piecing together of ideas on the enemy hill.

There was ever alert thinking;

Now we sit here stupidly drinking

Our last light with hard faces and no glamour. We are dirty bearded men.

Will you remember us? In our ken

We hold the exact number of people to whom we, as living men, are indispensible

As thinking beings. They number five, and now, indefensible

Against this hour, we are going to die for them.

O holy diadem of God! Our lives

To our wives,

The smell of whose hair —

God! Is that fair

To my mother, for another?

And the clothes-bestrewn boy's room.

And dad's hand firmly in mine when I left.

And I am leaving my son bereft

Of any parent! The Lieutenant

Will remember us, and hang some pennant

In the recess of his memory of unshaven men and dirty

Who lie around these bitter hills waiting for three-thirty.

FRED ADELMAN

David Pettit: IMAGE VIRTUAL

Probably the ugliest building in most small towns is the depot, and this depot was certainly no exception. Only one light burned outside. It was scarcely enough illumination for such a dark night but enough to show the hideousness of the structure. I was standing about a hundred feet away from the station when I heard a loud, screeching noise. It stunned me temporarily. After I had sufficiently recovered, I realized that it was only a whistle signaling the approach of a train, a freight.

The train came to a stop. Two men descended from the caboose and sat on a bench under the light. They smoked a cigarette, then started to inspect the freight cars. The distance between them and me was such that I could overhear their conversation. "Well, back to the old grind," one said. "Wonder if we picked up any of those damn tramps this time?" The other man carried a flashlight and peered into each car. He especially noticed one, the door of which was open. He hoisted himself up into the car and disappeared from sight. Shortly he came out and tugged at the door. Unsuccessful on three attempts, he and his companion walked on inspecting until they came to the caboose.

"Why doesn't the train start?" I thought to myself. Had I not been so apprehensive, I would have laughed at the futility of the inspection. Several minutes passed and then the train jerked forward and slowly started to move. I hesitated a moment and then jumped on the box car with the open door.

I walked, actually crept, with my arm outstretched in front of me. The night was so dark that it was impossible even to see my hands. Arriving at a suitable spot, I sat down and pulled my coat over me for protection. Of course, the uncertainties of my surroundings only added to my nervousness.

The train wheels were grinding and scraping against the rails with a loud, monotonous tone. The sound reminded me somewhat of the music played by the juke-box back home. It seemed strange now that I used to like those Saturday night community dances. That all was before. Everything had changed since then. Yes, everything seemed to have changed.

I thought about the dance that I had attended not so long ago. A girl came up to me and asked me if I wanted to dance. "No, thanks, not now," I had replied. As if I ever would want to dance again!

The whistle shrieked. By the hollow sounds under the wheels, I could tell that the train was going over a bridge. Then a strange thing happened. I heard another sound, a weird noise, as though it came from inside my car. On hearing the noise again I became very frightened. I was sure that I was not alone in the car. I recognized the sounds as footsteps. They creaked against the floor of the car and came slowly but periodically nearer and nearer to me. Soon the noise came so close that I was sure that someone was standing directly over me. Fear had paralyzed me so that I could hardly move a muscle. The sound stopped and the only audible noises were the wheels rolling swiftly over the tracks and probably the beat of my heart. Only once before had I been so terrified.

I wondered why this stranger wouldn't speak.

Was he planning to kill me? "Speak, will you. Speak!" I shouted. I was actually afraid that he would and in fear of what he might say, but something had to relieve my suspense. To my utter amazement the stranger spoke. The tone more than the content surprised me. Calmly and mysteriously he said, "Let me tell you my story." I was beginning to understand now why he was so secretive. It was evident that the man was insane. Nevertheless, I was relieved and asked him if he would please tell me his story. I felt that I must humor the man, but I must admit that I was curious.

"I knew that you would want to hear it. That is why I am here!" he exclaimed rather childishly. A tone of fear came over his voice as he said, "I was almost hit by a bomb." He paused as though for emphasis and then continued. "I was a soldier over in France and I was almost hit by a bomb. I went to the hospital where they treated me for shell shock. They sent me home and I found out that I wasn't quite as good as my old friends. Why? I was still a sick man. I could never forget the bomb that almost hit me. The noise of the explosion only a few yards in back of me is still in my memory. Why did the bomb have to come so close to me? Why, I ask you, why?"

He was becoming quite hysterical and I did everything in my power to calm him, but I could see that my words had no effect. He calmed down enough to say something about the casualties of war, but I was unable to understand him as he was in tears. As I have said before, the car was so dark that it was impossible to see the stranger, and the few facts that I knew about him came from the tone of his voice.

He went on to say, "My best friend was killed by that bomb, the one that almost hit me. It was terrible, terrible; do you hear me?"

He started to cry strenuously, and I decided not to stop him. I really didn't know what to do. After several minutes he became more rational and gradually normal in tone. When I was sure that he had recovered, I asked him why he happened to be on this freight car. He said that he wanted to be by himself, away from his old friends. He told me that he would return to his home as soon as he again became well. He did not know where he was going, but he had enough money to last him for some time. I suggested a good vacation.

"By the way," I said, "my name's Bill. What's yours?"

The whistle blew loudly, and I was unable to understand clearly his reply.

"What did you say?"

No answer. He had apparently vanished as mysteriously as he had come. Strange, though, I was almost sure he said his name was Bill.

XIV

The haze came slowly, encircling the world, Like a veil, shadowy, grey, dropping down From the heavy mottled sky; it gently swirled Along the dim deserted streets of town, And soon the road-lamps' yellow, bleary eyes Were hidden in the moist and thickening cloud Of mist. A lonely wandering seagull cries Out from the port; a ship's foghorn gives loud, Hoarse hoots as it enters the dark harbor. The rain water runs from black roofs of slate And drips from mouths of gargoyles on the tower Of the church and the bars of the iron gate. A passer, wound as if in some grey shroud, Is free a moment from earth's worldly crowd.

GILES CONSTABLE

Richard Morrison: UP IN SMOKE

There were five of us in the room. Johnny, sitting directly across from me, Hank, on a stool by the window, Dave, lying comfortably on the couch, myself, and our host, Mr. Gaboriau. He was a heavy-set man. The fellows on the campus affectionately called him "the Old Man" or "Old Man Theory". He was sitting in a dark, redleather chair.

I was tired that afternoon, and it provoked me to think of the work I could have been doing. But I was not too tired nor too provoked to take advantage of the food offered by our host. As I sat eating some cake, I noticed that the conversation had turned from the literary to the political. This pleased me. I disliked talking about things of a literary nature, for I knew very little about literature. On the other hand, politics was my favorite topic of conversation. Though I seldom entered the conversation, I always enjoyed listening to what others thought the possibilities were in politics for the future. I suppose it had the same fascination for me as fortune-telling has for some people.

Hank was forwarding one of his theories. "In all justice for those who fought for it, I think we should keep Okinawa for ourselves. Think of the lives we have lost getting it, and think of the lives we would lose taking it back from some country which was using it to our disadvantage."

"I can see no point in your argument," Johnny countered. "You wouldn't want to fall heir to the wrath of the Chinese, would you? Remember, they're a huge country, and, once they're industrialized, we'll look insignificant in comparison."

Mr. Gaboriau lit a cigarette.

"I do not know why you are so concerned about China," Hank replied.

"It's not China I'm worried about; it's the Chinese."

Dave sat up and asked if either of them had read the morning paper. It was clear that neither of them had seen it. "Well," he said, "the President yesterday at a D. A. R. meeting remarked, off the record, that the United States had every intention of keeping Okinawa." Dave relaxed again on to the couch. I smiled.

"I think he is a damned fool!" Hank remarked. Johnny seemed a little put out that he wasn't allowed to finish his argument.

For several moments I watched the smoke rise from the Old Man's cigarette and drift across the beam of light from the window. Dave, I noticed, was watching it, too. Hank lit his cigarette. John and Mr. Gaboriau were discussing the French colonial empire.

"I think that bases like Kwangchow," Old Man Theory was saying, "French Guiana, and French Somaliland will eventually revert to the possession of neighboring independent countries or become internationalized. Though I hate to say it, I don't think France is strong enough to retain her empire. Look at Indo-China and the trouble there. France's population is declining, which in no small way affects a country's overseas empire. As far as Britain is concerned, she has achieved something unique in empires. While retaining the empire structure, she has granted sovereignty by degrees to some parts of the empire. In this way, she has kept her trade system."

The room was considerably darker than when

I had first sat down. Johnny got up and turned on the lamp on the table near him. Dave appeared to be asleep. The room smelled heavily of smoke. I was not playing close attention. The lamp in back of Johnny was more of an attraction. I guess the smoke was making me drowsy. The light was fuzzy through the smoke, and the glow reminded me of a motorcycle headlamp on a foggy road. But this lamp didn't bounce up and down. The figures in the room had taken on a peculiar light and shade aspect. The haze was blue.

"Well, don't you believe there will be a great deal of opposition to the Communists in Western

Europe?" Johnny asked.

"Yes, I do."

"I heartily agree with you," Hank said, "but what makes you so sure that Europe is going Communist?"

The heavy-set figure of the Old Man moved in his chair; he drew leisurely on his cigarette. As he spoke, the smoke, streaming swiftly from his mouth, swirled in front of the lamp.

"From my own personal observations, I find that France and the Low Countries are easily adaptable to Socialistic enterprises. Of course, the whole situation depends on De Gaulle. Though he has approved many Socialistic enterprises, he is essentially conservative. But such is politics. Furthermore, we can discount his recent treaty with Russia when we consider his economic dependence on the United States. For, as Beard says, in his theory of economic determinism, nations and groups are driven by force to what appears to them to be the best bargain. And, as I have said, I don't think France is going to go Socialistic to the extent that Moscow would like her to."

"Speaking of economic determinism, I think the principle applies to a much wider field. For instance, American politics," interrupted the smoker by the window, whose mass appeared vaguely through the cloud of smoke, "No voter will bite the hand that feeds him."

"Mr. Roosevelt, for instance?"

"Yes."

This aroused a chuckle from several of us.

"I'm more inclined to think that Germany is the key to Europe at the moment." It was Johnny speaking.

"Germany is a void, a vacuum," Old Man Theory explained, "and as the ancients believed that nature abhors a vacuum, so we shall abhor this one. Every force in Europe will rush in to exploit this area. Russia on the east, France and Britain on the West. There is where the next war will be if there is to be one!"

"Isn't that rather fatalistic?"

"No, not at all. It is history."

"I feel that the atom bomb will change the

course of history," Johnny plugged.

"No more than the introduction of gunpowder did in the twelfth century," replied the Old Man, puffing vigorously and emitting clouds of smoke. "It will change our method of warfare, the tools and distances involved, but little else."

"That's a hell of a lot," I thought to myself.

"I am, however, convinced that the bomb will lead to a series of inventions and discoveries which will change our whole conception of space-time. What that will mean, I do not know. We may be embarking on a Wells fantasy. But the bomb alone is of little practical value beyond that of war." The Old Man seemed very earnest in this last remark. Having drawn deeply on his cigarette and exhaled, he sat back and watched the smoke billow out in front of him.

"I can see your point," Johnny remarked.

"I am never sure of a thing until I see it or know it's true. What the consequences of the human mind are, I don't know."

I got up and asked if I might be excused, as I had a great deal of work to do and it was getting late. Dave got up and followed me out. As we were going towards our lodgings, I asked Dave what he was doing all that time when he was so quiet. I was expecting him to tell me he was asleep, but he said, "Watching the smoke."

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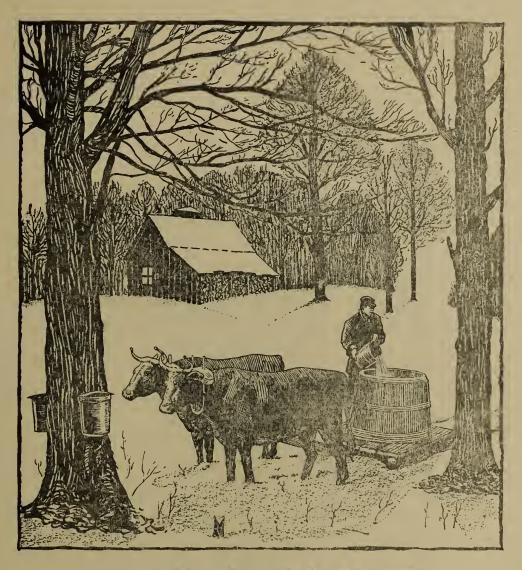
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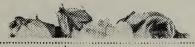
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THE MIRROR

PHILLIPS ACADEMY, ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS

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WINTER, 1946

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Reflection

The smells that come from the bakery shop Are powdered puffs of spice, And they mingle with those of the chimney top In twirling spectral flight.

The pastries within the window-sill Dwell in clouds of white,
But the smoke upon the window
still
Is gray and smokes the white.

WILLIAM L. STUCKEY, JR.

The Protégé

Fred Adelman

Joey picked it up and sleeved it. He looked around the counter, interested in the bit braces, as he had been told. Nobody seemed to care whether he was there or not. But where—why was the pounding? A searing sensation came up the middle of his chest and seemed to pour out where the pounding was. He walked through the disinterested, bustling crowd to the door. Out. The air was cleaner, but there was still the searing welling up and pouring out at the fissure, hastened by the pounding. "Don't look around," they had said. "People don't know or care about what you do. They care about themselves." It was reassuring when they had said it. It was true. Nobody noticed him. People don't care.

He rounded the corner. He turned then. The street was crowded with hurrying shoppers, but no human being had concern for him. All were intent on their own missions. He continued on and finally met them in a doorway. They took the calipers. They didn't have to take it. They could have told him, "You keep it, kid. It's the practice." They took it because they knew how to make a kid feel he had been working for something. "Now, you go home and rest up, kid. Have a good rest and take it easy. And don't worry about somebody coming. Take it easy. Have a good rest, and we'll use you tomorrow." They left him, and he walked home. He told his mother he had gone to a fellow's house after school.

They did not tell him they were going to take him out with them the next night. They knew he would be too excited over it. They knew, though, they could teach him to control himself. They knew that by being easy-going and smooth and unexcited the kid who idolized them would be that way, too.

They took him out on a job the next night, the two. They thought he was ready to see how the big stuff was done.

They all drove in silence down the main street, turned a corner, and drove the car up to a large



G. F. Pelham

service alley behind the main stores. They waited for the passers-by to go out of the way before they backed the car into the alley and pulled up before a large delivery door. The passers-by ignored them. The kid remembered when he had been walking along a busy street one night while an alarm was ringing. The shoppers, as they walked by, looked down the side street from which the noise came, with a quizzical expression, but none complained or sought the police. Finally, two policemen did appear and walked down to seek out the difficulty, but he had walked on, highly amused.

Now, however, he was not amused. He tried to calm himself by thinking of the two unhurried policemen. While they worked at the lock, "Geez, do you have to make so much noise? People are lookin' down here from the street."

"Nothing to worry about, kid. It's when you start getting panicky and begin to stare around that you attract attention. Now those people—how are you coming?"

The other did not look up from the lock. "Any minute."

"Take your time. Those people out there, kid, are curious now. They look in when they walk by and they wonder what the noise is at this time of night. But after they pass, they won't care any more. They'll be too busy about getting home for supper or worrying about buying a head of lettuce or not. Then, when they read the papers, about the break here, they think back, and they wonder why they didn't see what was coming off. It's human nature, kid."

The chain clanked free, and his companion drew the door open. The kid followed them in, and they walked through the back of the store, up the office steps. Upstairs he could make out dim shadows of towering crates. They were dimly silhouetted on the windows by the street lights.

"Office is over here," one said.

"Shh!" The kid's sound was immediate and automatic.

"It's all right, kid." One must have turned around. "Nobody here."

"It's over this way," the other said. He turned on a dimmed flash. They began to pull out desk drawers noisily. They stuffed bond papers into their pockets and then turned to the safe. One produced a small electric drill.

"Plug over here," the other announced. He took the male plug and attached it. The kid stared in the half-light, fascinated, while the man with the drill fitted a fine, thin bit to it and set to work at a point just below the lock. The unoccupied one explained, "He drills a hole just big enough to fit a hypo needle. Then we inject a little nitro, apply a cigarette lighter—" His friend was doing this. There was a dull THUD! and a clink as though a small nut had fallen inside. The kid was too fascinated to be scared.

They attacked the safe, putting what they sought into a small traveling bag. Then they pre-

pared to leave, putting out the flash, and the kid walked slowly before them. Soon they followed. He was more confident now but not quite sure where the stairs were. He brushed against cardboard packing boxes. They moved from him and toppled with a staccato BUMP! BUMP! BUMP! down the stairs. They struck a wire below, and a horrible clanging filled the air.

"O. K. kid!" they shouted above it. "Quick now. Down the stairs and out!" The three of them reached the door, and one jumped ahead and kicked it open. It swung out and banged against barrels lined up outside. They stepped out to the car. The kid froze. "There!"

Standing in the entrance to the alley were outlined three policemen. The two leaped in, and as the accelerator coughed and gave life to it, the car roared ahead while the kid threw himself behind the barrels. Viciously his head banged against one; his hands scraped and were bitten by the rough, glass-strewn gravel.

There were three quick shots, a roar, and then the protesting scream of tires, and the crash and clanging collapse of a plate glass window.

Between the barrels he could see people running past his alley slant-wise to the corner. He lay hunched against the barrels and the building wall on his right. He heard street noises and the confused shouts of many people, but none came down his alley. He forgot about the thumping and the searing. There was more of a crazed fear and an awful realization. He turned and sprinted through the darkness to the other end of the alley. He made his way home, keeping in the looming shadow of the protective buildings. And the one thought kept running through his numbed brain, "They do care. They do care. They do care," repeating itself all the way.

Change of Heart Jeff Corydon, 3rd

I guess I've always been kind of an independent kid. I've heard so many ideas on how I got that way I hardly know what to believe. Mom's mother and father claim I inherited it from my Dad. And Dad's parents, I remember, used to say I took after Mom that way. Maybe a better explanation is the way I was brought up at first. When I was very small I used to stay with my rich aunt a lot of the time, because Mom and Dad had a trailer and used to travel around the country on business trips. Sometimes I didn't see them for months at a time. But I had plenty to do, with school during most of the year, and camp in the summer, so I didn't mind their going away too much. Now and then I'd get a letter or a package from them, and all of a sudden I'd feel pretty lonesome. But then my aunt would ask me if I wanted to play a game of cards or see a movie, or something, and I'd say yes and forget about being lonesome.

I used to like my rich aunt better than all my other relatives, because she gave me all sorts of things, and let me do whatever I wanted. My grandma always picked on me when I stayed with her. She made me go to bed early every night, and let me go to the movies only once a week, and when I did something just a little bad, she got awfully angry. Grandma used to shout at me sometimes, and once, when I went up to the attic after she'd told me not to, she spanked me so I could hardly sit down. I cried and cried, but she didn't pay any attention, so I finally had to stop. My rich aunt never spanked me or acted cross, and when I cried she felt sorry for me. That's why I used to like staying with her.

I was ten years old, and wearing long pants, when Mom and Dad sold the trailer and began to stay home a little more. Our house is a big white one with green shutters. Right now it needs to be painted, but when we moved in, it was brand new and stood out from the rest of the houses on our street. I'm glad I don't live on Brookside Road, which is three blocks away from us, because all

the houses there are new, and white, and look sort of the same. Our house, though, is the only white one on the street.

Of course, I was glad to be home, but still, it's a thousand miles away from Chicago, where my aunt lived, so I couldn't see her any more. Once or twice I planned to run away from home and visit her, when Mom and Dad made me do things I didn't want to. I even had a little jar of food which I kept hidden in one of my desk drawers in case I decided to leave suddenly. I got this idea from a movie I saw where some convicts were planning to escape from Devil's Island and hid a lot of food under the floor-boards of their cells. As it turned out, I never did use this food. But there were several times when I felt like running away and lacked only a little more courage.

Once Mom bawled me out for something I just couldn't understand, and I ran out of the house and slammed the door to show her how mad I was. If I ever felt like running away, it was then. I went straight down to the drugstore and sat in a booth all afternoon sulking and drinking cokes. I counted my money and figured just how far it would take me, and tried to decide which way I would go.

Well, if it hadn't started raining after an hour or so, I think I might have gone, but it looked so wet I made up mind to give Mom another chance. I did stay away until past dinner-time just to give her a scare, and then went home, but only after promising myself I wouldn't speak to her until she apologized for the way she'd treated me. I ate dinner in the kitchen alone, that night, because Mom and Dad and Sis were done by then, and I didn't enjoy the meal very much. I couldn't help imagining I was in a strange place, far away from home, and I felt goose-pimply all over.

I didn't say a word to Mom that night or all the next day, except to make sure I got fed at mealtimes. The next evening, though, I got a bit tired of this way of showing I was mad, and broke down and said I was sorry for being so stubborn. I don't think I really was especially sorry, but I certainly was sick of not being able to talk to Mom. Anyway, she said she was sorry, too, so my pride wasn't hurt too much.

Well, as I say, I've always been an independent kid, but only a few days ago something happened that's made me wonder a little. I'd just turned thirteen recently, so of course I expected to be treated like I was in my teens. It was plain to me I was growing up fast and deserved a little more freedom than I'd been used to formerly. My parents didn't seem to realize this, though, and kept babying me and telling me what was right and wrong like always, until I got really mad, and made up my mind to show them I could take care of myself pretty well.

What I want to tell you about is how I tried to show them, because in the end I only showed myself, and now I'm kind of worried. You see, every Monday night I have a piano lesson with a teacher who lives about a mile away, and after the lesson is over it's pretty late, so Dad picks me up in the car and drives me home. He and Mom always have told me it'd be too dangerous for me to walk home alone. Well, when you're thirteen you naturally aren't a kid any more, so I told Dad after this I'd save him the trouble of driving over and walk home myself. But he had other ideas, and told me I'd better wait for him to come and get me. This made me mad, and I decided to make him understand once and for all that I wasn't as helpless as he seemed to think.

I finished my lesson early, that night, before Dad got there. I told the teacher he wasn't coming at all, and set out for home alone. For a minute I wanted to go back, because it was raining something awful, but I knew I wouldn't get another chance like this, so I kept right on. It was very dark. There was no moon and just a lot of dark clouds in the sky. Besides, the teacher lived in a sort of country section, where there were only a few houses, and the paths were narrow and muddy, and the street-lights far apart. It occurred to me I was pretty lucky to be thirteen, because if I were younger I might've been really frightened.

From the first, I heard all sorts of noises and

saw funny-looking shadows. But soon I began thinking about what caused them, and even scared myself with some of my thoughts. Maybe that tree ahead was hiding a man who'd jump out on me and carry me away. I'd heard say there was a mad dog running wild in the neighborhood; perhaps it — but that was foolish. I jumped as I heard a dog howl a little way off. Then something brushed against my leg, and I got awfully scared and looked down quickly. A ragged piece of paper was caught on my pants. I tore it away, angrily, and tried to laugh, but I couldn't.

Suddenly I thought I heard footsteps behind me—soft, cautious footsteps. I looked around and saw no one, but the footsteps kept on. I walked faster, and my unseen follower did the same. I slowed down, and he did. I could feel my heart pounding in my throat; it was hard even to breathe. I began to run through the mud, not daring to look behind, and almost fell over a cat that ran out of the bushes and crossed the path. But as fast as I ran, my follower stayed right behind me, unseen and frightening. Finally I stopped, out of breath. When I raised my foot wearily to go on, the mud clung to it for a minute, and let go with a snap that sounded like a footstep. I realized then what my "follower" really was.

By now the rain was falling heavily and had soaked me to the skin. My clothes were all wet and sticky, and you know how awful that feels. I trembled at every crash of thunder, and counted the seconds until the next. The shadows were closing in; all the queer noises of the night were rushing upon me at once. My heart was trying to force its way out my mouth. I started to run, and didn't stop until I got to our front door, which I pounded on with all my strength. But the door was locked, and no one came to open it. I sat down on the porch, and hid my head in my hands, and cried like a baby.

I was still crying when Mom and Dad got back and found me there, and I didn't stop all the while they were bawling me out, or even after I'd been put to bed. I just lay in bed and sobbed, and wondered how it'd be when my Mom and Dad were gone for good.

Outward Bound

I have set my sail for a city beyond The horizon.

A truthful Star will guide me to its Harbour.

I know not where that seaport lies, And calms and storms

Will, for a time, stay my ship. But That Star is there,

And at the tnd of a long voyage I shall see, at dusk,

A lighthouse, twinkling in its port.

F. STORY TALBOT

Please Don't Feed the Animals John Wilkinson

Abundant life, reaching down from low benches, displaying its budding limbs, resting list-lessly in a quiet pool, scampering about pent in by a wire cage, lurking menacingly behind a rock, sleeping soundly in a pile of woodshavings: all this is to be found in the Biological Observatory at Morse Hall.

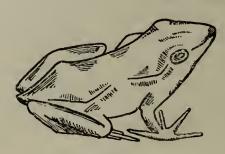
In the center of the room is a hexagonal pool devoted to the aquatic family. The frogs around the edge of the pool and the turtles mounted on rocks in the center seem like iron statues, for they don't betray a single motion. The bright colors of the goldfish, the only things that seem to be moving, are magnified by the dull brown of the bottom of the pool. At one end of the room are the aged turtles. In a narrow pond, picturesquely surrounded by dark green ferns, a large turtle lies like a stone slab on the rock bottom, and an old box tortoise sleeps soundly on its muddy bank. The painted turtle, with a splash of orange on its breast, is the only one showing signs of life.

One day Mr. Follansbee was helping a mother rat through the ordeal of giving birth to a litter. The new borns were heaped among a mass of confused hairy white bodies, and were practically being maimed by enthusiastic friends and relatives. Whenever Mr. Follansbee removed one baby from the cage, another appeared to take its place, and finally he managed to scoop up about seven of them in his hands. They were pitiful little respirating red balls. After laying them on the table, he grabbed several adult rats by their tails and began to examine the possible mothers. When he had found the true parent, he tossed her in the wastebasket and turned his attention toward the young.

Following his custom, he put one of the babies in the snake cage, to help carry on the life cycle. Soon the entire family, minus the father and the child that were fed to the snake, were reunited in a smaller cage.

In the meantime a dramatic scene was being performed in one of the snake cages. A green tree frog was being held at bay, wedged between some rocks, while two snakes closed in. The rocks formed a sort of a cave, so that one could not see what was happening, but the effect was none the less terrifying. One snake, by the force of its body, moved a three-pound rock a fraction of an inch, bringing more pressure to bear upon the victim. With their heads concealed beneath the rocks the milk snakes lashed their tails like whips against the sides of the cage. Piteous squeals and croaks issued from the hidden den. Their bodies coiled and uncoiled viciously as the snakes fought over their terrified prey. Then one emerged the victor. It held in its mouth in an iron grip a round green creature wriggling and squealing in a struggle of death. Dark red blood fouled the serpent's mouth as it remained still and let its victim writhe. Maroon blotches now covered the green body from which life was slowly ebbing. The snake swallowed its prize whole and let the bulge travel half the length of its whip-like form. Then it slithered away into its bed of woodshavings to digest its dinner.

The white rats bore this incident bravely; the frog on the lily pad remained unmoved; and the turtle blinked its eyes and slid off its rock into the water. The lazy old tortoise slept through the whole affair.



Haying Weather

Geoffrey Bush

Over in the west near the top of the hill the clouds were crowding silently together for a thunderstorm. The whole sky was gray, but the black rain clouds were gathering around the hillat least it looked that way from where the hay wagon stood, halfway up. It seemed to Michael, standing knee-deep in the load of hay waiting for his father or the Fords' boy to pitch up a forkful, that if you started up the two hundred feet to the crest of the hill you would run into the clouds before you got there. The heat and moisture in the air made it hard to breathe. Everything was in a dull, shadowless light, which Michael decided was bluish gray. Since Chubby the horse was standing almost asleep, and since the last bird had stopped singing half an hour ago, Michael and his father and the Fords' boy seemed to be the only things alive on the hillside. It was like working alone in the hot hayloft, with the pile of hay forcing you up against the roof.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Walker cheerfully. "Sure is hot. Getting ready for a big storm, I should say it is. Wouldn't you say so, boys?" He heaved up a forkful of hay and stumbled forward, holding it over his head to push it up on the wagon, his red face shining with sweat under his hat. He kept on talking, partly smothered by the hay. "Looks that way to me. What would you say, boys?"

"I guess it is," said Michael. He got hold of his father's forkful with his pitchfork and arranged it to fill a hole in the load. He tried to spit out the dust in his mouth, and rumpled his black hair angrily to get the hay out of it. His father walked back to another pile of hay.

"Well, Jake, wouldn't you say it was getting ready for a storm?"

"Looks that way," said the Fords' boy, laughing hoarsely.

"Yes, sir, looks that way to me."

Michael leaned on his pitchfork and stared down the hill and across the valley. The Fords' boy carried a forkful of hay up to the wagon. "Hey!" said the Fords' boy. "Wake up."

"Dreaming about all those pretty girls at the dance last night, Michael?" said Mr. Walker, winking at the Fords' boy. "What's that? Dreaming about all those pretty girls?"

"Haw-haw!" said the Fords' boy loudly.

"You know, Jake, I used to dream about some pretty girls! Would you believe that, Jake?"

"Haw-haw," said the Fords' boy.

"There were some other parents at the dance," said Michael. "You and mother would've liked it."

Mr. Walker grunted as he lifted up a forkful of hay. He started toward the wagon. Then he said, "Well, I guess there's nobody like Sally, ain't that so, Michael? Nobody like Sally, is there, Michael?" Mr. Walker's wink at the Fords' boy was lost behind the hay that he was carrying. "Ain't that so, Michael?"

"She's all right."

"Haw," said the Fords' boy.

Since there was no more hay near, Mr. Walker stood back and looked critically at the hay wagon. "It seems to me that's about all we can take this load, don't you think, boys? How's it up there, Michael? Need any more anywhere?"

"No. It's O. K."

"All right, then. Tell you what, Michael. We'll be making another load or so before supper, if the storm don't break, so why don't you fill up our milk bottles at the spring while Jake and me bring the wagon down to the barn. How'd that be, Michael?"

Michael jumped down from the hay wagon, got the empty bottles from under a tree, and walked quickly away. For a while he could hear his father and Jake laughing and talking behind him. As he walked across a field to the woods where the spring was, he noted that the clouds had not changed much. Half-consciously he was listening for the first thunder, and watching for the first shiver of lightning. There was an uneasy rustle running through the long grass.

"I'd like to paint it," said Michael to himself.

When he got into the woods he began to walk slower, whistling and swinging at the bushes with one of the milk bottles. In a minute he came to the spring and knelt down in the damp grass beside it. When he was putting the cap on the first bottle, he heard a noise at his left, and looking up he saw Sally walking toward him with a bottle, her hair all loose and tangled from pushing through the trees.

"Hello, Sally."

"Hello, Michael." She smiled, and sat down next him, not quite touching him. "Getting water for your father?"

"Yeah. And for the Fords' boy. He's help-

ing us."

"What were you whistling?" asked Sally.

"When?"

"Just now."

"Oh. Smoke Gets in Your Eyes."

"It's a nice song. They played it last night."

"It was a good dance."

"Yes, it was," said Sally, leaning back on her elbows.

"I tried to get mother and father to go," said Michael, "but mother felt tired."

Sally looked at him carefully. "That's too bad," she said.

Michael leaned over and filled another of his bottles.

"How are they?" asked Sally.

"How are who?"

"Your mother and father."

Michael looked up puzzled. "They're fine. Why shouldn't they be fine?"

"Oh, I don't know."

They were silent a moment, listening to the low bubbling of the spring.

"Michael?"

"What?"

"What do you want to be when you're grown up?"

Michael pushed the third bottle under the water, and sat up and frowned across the spring at a pine tree.

"You won't laugh?"

"Of course I won't laugh."

"I'd like to be a painter."

She turned and looked at his face, but he kept on staring at the pine tree.

"Why do you want to be a painter?"

"I don't know exactly," he said. "I'd just like to paint things. Every so often when I'm looking at something I start figuring how I'd paint it."

"May I see your pictures?" said Sally.

"Well, they aren't very good. I haven't done very many. I don't have much time."

"All right," she said, smiling at him. "Don't even your mother and father know you want to be a painter?"

"I haven't told them."

Sally snapped a twig with her fingers. "Maybe they'll want you to keep on working at the farm. I guess it's hard to make a living by being a painter."

"I guess it is," said Michael. He dug at the earth with a milk bottle. "What do you want to be when you're grown up?"

Sally turned her bottle around in her hands and looked at the label on the other side. "I don't know," she said. "I don't know what I'm going to be."

They sat silent for a while, feeling the approach of the storm.

"Sally?"

"Yes?"

"Would you like to go to a movie Friday night?"

"I'd love to."

"I don't know what it is. Maybe it isn't any good."

"I don't care specially what it is," said Sally. She got to her feet, and Michael stood up beside her. "So long," she said, smiling.

"So long," said Michael. He watched her walk away, admiring the way her skirt swung around her straight brown legs and the way she held her head, and then he started down the other path to meet his father and the Fords' boy.

Mr. Walker stood in the doorway of the barn with his pitchfork in one hand, looking up at the

hayloft. He wiped his forehead with the sleeve of his overalls.

"Well, boys, I'd say that was a good job done. A good job done." He grinned at Michael and the Fords' boy, who were leaning against the wall. "Never thought we could get in all that hay before supper." Mr. Walker drew a deep, happy breath, and slapped Michael on the shoulder. He turned and began to walk across the cow yard to the house, with Michael following. It was a little single-story house, painted white, with dead flowers in the window boxes. What Mr. Walker was saying trailed off into mumbling and then stopped. He pulled open the front door, and stooped under the lintel, and as he went in the shadow of the doorway darkened his face.

The yellow shades were pulled halfway down, and the cross-pieces of the window frames, black against the shades, looked like bones showing through skin. From another room came the clatter of pans. Michael sat down heavily on a chair, and his father peered about in the semi-darkness, head and shoulders bent, as if he were still under the doorway.

"Martha," he called, "where's the paper?"
"Where it always it," answered a tired voice
from the kitchen.

Mr. Walker found it in a pile of old magazines on the table in the center of the room, and sat down in the fat brown chair, frowning through his spectacles at the paper held up open in front of him. They could hear Mrs. Walker moving around in the kitchen.

Finally the banging of plates stopped, and as the signal for supper she opened the door between the kitchen and the livingroom. Michael and his father went into the kitchen. Mrs. Walker was sitting stiffly upright at the head of the table, with her thin gray hair tied into a tight knot at back. They sat down, and one after the other passed their plates. When all three plates had been filled, she said mechanically, looking down at the warmed over beans left in the bowl, "I'm sorry there wasn't anything better."

They ate without speaking, each one listening to the other two scraping their forks and chewing their food with a watery crunching. Mr. Walker said at last, a little awkwardly, as if he were making conversation with someone he didn't know very well, "Got in most of the hay this afternoon. Didn't think we'd be able to."

"I hope you can get the rest tomorrow," said his wife. "May be raining presently."

Michael finished his baked beans a few minutes before his parents, and sat fingering his fork. Then he said, "I saw Sally today."

"You did, eh, Michael?" said his father. He winked at his wife, but she didn't see it, and he went back to eating.

After that no one said anything during the rest of the meal. Mr. Walker went out to finish some jobs in the barn. Michael and his mother washed the dishes, and went to bed.

Michael lay on his back in bed and looked at the opposite wall, dimly outlined in the darkness by the light from the barn. Under the sheet he gave a convulsive kick of happiness. "She likes me!" he whispered.

He rolled over to one side of the bed, and lying on his stomach with his chin in his fist, he looked out the window and across the cow yard. Under a naked light bulb hanging from the ceiling of the barn, his father, facing the house, was slowly pounding new holes into the straps of one of the harnesses. His father worked late every evening. Michael had seen him before and had wondered sometimes why he always faced the house. Michael listened to his mother walking about in the next room. He heard the creak of her bed and the click of her light switch. His father glanced up at the house, and then, just as if he had been waiting for the light to go out, he put away the hammer and hung up the harness. That was a funny thing to do, waiting to come in until his mother was asleep.

Now that he thought about it, Michael remembered that almost always he heard his mother turn out the light before his father stopped work. He listened to his father come in the house and go into his mother's room, careful not to make a noise or say anything, so that he wouldn't disturb her. Suddenly Michael thought, Maybe they don't

feel like talking to each other.

He lay for a long time looking out the window and thinking. Then he rolled over on his side and said to himself a little desperately, "I've got to stop thinking and get to sleep. Long day tomorrow, pitching into the loft."

The opposite wall was lit for a second by silent lightning. The storm was getting closer.

Poem

The rain leaves streaks and spots In sculptured smudges Upon the window pane As Like As Snowflakes—that melt Like snow Or disappear Beneath the hand of man Who invented glass And soap Who might Be wiser some day And trace the patterns On a window pane With his finger.

WILLIAM L. STUCKEY, JR.

Experiments in Aristocracy

Notes On J. M. Barrie's The Admirable Crichton Giles Constable

In The Admirable Crichton, J. M. Barrie tells the story of a group of people who undergo a certain experience; he shows the type of people who were in this group before the experience, how each reacts during the experience, and how it has changed them when it is over. Thus, in some way, Barrie reflects in his play the struggles of human emotions and desires.

The play consists of the experience of Lord Loam, a superficially democratic peer, and his family, who are wrecked on a desert island with their butler, Crichton, a perfect servant who abides implicitly by the rule of "doing his duty in that walk of life to which it has pleased God to call him." In England, therefore, he is a strong supporter of the existing social system; on the island, however, he realizes that it is useless to continue this system and relies on nature to pick the real leader of the group, who proves to be himself.

When the party is first wrecked, and Lord Loam realizes that Crichton may become the leader of the group, he makes a vain effort to assert his authority, but, failing in this, he acknowledges Crichton's leadership, and the party lives in a happy society with Crichton—the "Gov."—at the head. When the group is rescued and is taken back to England, however, Lord Loam again becomes the master and Crichton the butler. Barrie has thus raised the problem in the reader's mind of what would happen if the artificial barriers of modern society were removed. In his solution to the problem, the author shows that true democracy and true aristocracy are synonymous, for Crichton is both a true democrat in his belief in the infallibility of nature and more of an aristocrat than the weak Lord Loam in his honesty and leadership. Barrie also shows from this experience that society, far from being firmly bound, is really fluid, for while in one generation one group of people would be the aristocracy if the present social barriers were removed, in the next generation other men would take over.

The second way in which Barrie reveals human character in this play is in the two incidents that are the turning-points of the experience on the island. The first incident occurs when Lord Loam begins to suspect that Crichton may be the real leader of the party, and, urged by Lady Mary, his proud daughter, questions Crichton on the subject; and, when this man practically admits that he does not think Lord Loam a suitable or wise leader for the party, the whole group, outraged at this audacity, leave Crichton sitting by the fire stirring a pot of stew. After a few minutes, however, they creep back around the fire, hungry and cold, and thus they tacitly admit their defeat and recognize Crichton's leadership. In this incident, Barrie shows that in natural surroundings, nature itself is all-powerful. For, in spite of their artificial social pride, the members of the group return to the pot and the fire (and Crichton) at the urging of their hungry bellies and cold feet. By this reasoning, Crichton also argues that, while in polite society epigrams are in place, on a desert island they should be banned. Even more important, this argument provides the basis for the group's acceptance of Crichton as leader, for they realize that, though England's existing social system has made Lord Loam the master, here nature has made the wiser and more skillful Crichton the leader.

The other crisis in the action on the island occurs after the party has been living happily together for about two years with Crichton as leader. The once proud Lady Mary—now called Polly—has just been proposed to by Crichton, and her father has joyfully agreed to the marriage. All the members of the group except Crichton are merry—making. Suddenly a ship's gun is heard, and the party dash down to the beach, only to see the ship

steaming away from the island. There is but one hope left: to fire the beacons prepared for just such an occasion, and Crichton stands there with his hand on the lever. On one side, if he does not fire the beacons, is respect, leadership, love, and the prospect of a happy marriage. On the other side, there is a low position and the loss of Mary, but a preservation of his self-respect in the knowledge that, as he puts it, he "has played the game." In spite of Mary's pleas, he fires the beacons; the ship returns; Daddy, as Lord Loam has been called on the island, again becomes a peer of the realm; Gov. again becomes Crichton, his demure butler; and Polly becomes, as Crichton says "in the speech of his life", "my lady." Barrie thus proves that Crichton, basically a democrat, is also an aristocrat, for with truly noble courage he never deserts his principles, though in abiding by them he practically ruins his potential happiness. But he remains calm in the knowledge that in the same way his beloved nature had made him leader on the island, she has now again made him Lord Loam's butler in England; and thus, although circumstances seem to conquer him, he really conquers them and emerges triumphant over the seemingly triumphant but really weak Lord Loam.

The third way in which Barrie reflects human life in The Admirable Crichton is by small actions and speeches and by personal comments inserted before some speeches. When Lady Brocklehurst, for instance, the mother of Mary's fiancé, says that people who begin a sentence by the phrase "The fact is " are usually lying, she reveals a knowledge of human character, for when a person is not telling the truth, he tries particularly hard to make it appear the truth. Another human touch is introduced when Mary's two sisters try to use the grief of Tweeny (a kitchen-maid who was wrecked with the group), occasioned at Crichton's proposal to Mary, as a spear-head for their own sorrow. By way of personal comments, Barrie makes a cutting criticism of a certain type of sentimentality when, after Mary has expressed the wish to be of some use in her married life, her fiancé replies in a melodramatic tone, "Noblesse oblige", for which he is promptly and properly dubbed "the ass" by Barrie.

Barrie has therefore reflected and intrepreted experience in three ways: first, in the general character of the experience; second, in the major action-crises in this experience; and third, in specific incidents, in themselves unrelated to the experience.

A Trip South

Andrew Wilde

As the long train sped on its way towards Florida, Jim, in a compartment with his parents, looked back over what had happened the past two days. It seemed just a few hours ago that he had been called home from Junior High School to learn the awful news.

"Something terrible happened today, Jim," his mother had said to him as he entered the door. "Your grandfather died suddenly — we are all leaving for Florida tomorrow."

He had been excited at the thought of a long trip, which would take a full day by train, but of course he had realized they were not going for enjoyment. "I've always wanted to see Florida," he had thought to himself.

Eating supper that night had been difficult. Once he almost forgot what had happened and after starting to speak enthusiastically about the basketball game his team had won, he ended his conversation abruptly. It was funny, he reflected, how his parents had seemed almost perfectly at ease, talking about their plans for the coming day. "One would think they'd be upset too," he thought.

On the following morning, they had all eaten breakfast together just as if nothing had happened. "Mom and Dad were a little quiet, though," he remembered. "They were probably thinking of the trip."

Now they had been traveling south for over twenty hours, and Jim was not very anxious to end his journey. When they arrived, everyone would act sad and he wouldn't be able to enjoy himself any longer.

He began to think of his granddaddy, "Like everyone else was probably doing." He thought of all the things his granddaddy had done for him—that swell wagon which he had built. It would last him a long time. "Look, Dad, an orange grove! I've never seen an orange grove before." His father did not answer. He was not paying much attention to the scenery. "What was I thinking about? Oh, yes, the cart—and granddaddy." He had also built him a bird-feeding station. "The

birds will certainly enjoy that this winter."

At last the train began to slow down, and the porters started to assemble the baggage at the doors. Jim sighed and gathered his reading material together.

When they got out, they were met by his grandmother and his Aunt Mary. They were dressed in black, and there were tears in their eyes. Jim began to feel sad, too; his grandfather had died. His parents embraced his relatives, and after a few moments of silence, they all started talking about trains and the weather. He couldn't see how his parents could talk about such trivial matters at a time like this.

After they were all settled at the hotel, and just when Jim was beginning to wonder how he was going to spend his free time the next few days, his parents surprised him by asking if he wanted to go for a boat ride across the bay.

"Sure," he said, "if you want to."

In fact, the next two days were just a series of sight-seeing trips, excursions, and pleasant walks. "I'd almost be enjoying myself if it weren't for my thoughts about granddaddy," he said to himself. "I sort of wish Mom and Dad would be a little less active. They should be sad and think about granddaddy more. I can remember when he used to—Oh, there's one of those funny pelicans." His eyes followed it as it flew up into the sky with the rest of the birds.

There were birds all around him, the sky was full of them. Small terns followed erratic courses, changing their direction in a split second and never flying straight for any length of time. Farther up he could see the larger sea gulls which flew and glided in large circles. They seemed to know what they were doing.

The next day was Sunday, the day of the funeral. He hadn't slept well the night before. He had wondered what the funeral would be like. He had never been to a funeral before.

The funeral home was a beautiful one. As they drove up, Jim said something about the lovely

grass. His parents didn't hear him. They stepped out and the car pulled away, leaving by a different gate. Things went very quickly after that.

After a short talk with the minister, they entered a cheerful-looking room which was almost completely separated from the room with the

coffin and the altar.

"The room should be darker than this for a funeral," he thought to himself as the service began. Then, unconsciously, he looked at his parents. Tears were flowing freely out of their eyes. All of a sudden he felt confused and ashamed.



THE PAINTER

J. H. GRINNELL



LANDSCAPE

Matthew T. Abruzzo, Jr.

A recent work by the winner of the First Prize in the national exhibition of What Teen-Agers Are Painting, held at the Dayton Art Institute, Dayton, Ohio



STILL LIFE H. W. BUDGE

A recent work by the holder of an Honorable Mention in the same exhibition



Sнот Put

C. J. Koehler

Bull-pen Pitcher

Richard Moses

Most of the guys had stopped in Columbus to play an exhibition tilt with some Army Joes, and the rest of us—the cripples and most of the hurlers and backstops—was taking the day train home. Red, the big-time operator of the club,

made a deal with the conductor, and five of us moved into a drawing room on the club car.

We was sitting around having a few beers and talking about how we should have took both games yesterday from the St. Louises, and Red, who wins the first game, was saying we should beat them out for the flag, when Al asks who is working today against the Armies? Big Max says that Joe, the bull-pen pitcher, is twirling, and maybe he wins one today.

Every one thinks this is very funny, and they are giving a large Ha! Ha! But this is really not very funny, as Joe's situation is a very sad one indeed.

Joe is a nice little Wop and a very good

bull-pen pitcher, which is a guy that spends every game in the bull-pen and warms up when things get hot for the starters but almost never gets in, as there is always two or three relievers who go in before he does. If a club is winning more than it loses, a bull-pen pitcher don't work much, and just then we are taking some few more than we drop. Joe is a bull-pen pitcher for five years now, and never is anything but, as he is a scatter-arm from way back and can't do anything about it.

Red, who is eyeing the pins on a doll in the club car since we come in, finally stops his artistic observations and says, "Do I ever tell you the story about Joe and the horse?" Most of us do not know nothing about Joe's private life, and we

say no, he is never telling us.

"Well," Red goes on, his eyes back on the doll, "when Joe first breaks into the big time, he is supposed to be a very great find indeed and he is pitching no little and somewhat, until Frankie gives up hope on his scatter-arm. One day, he is pitching and there is a doll in the stands that thinks he is very cute indeed, and so she is staying after the game to tell him so. She is a very pretty doll, and Joe is a young kid and he is very flattered by it all. He takes her out to dinner and finds out that she is a very dumb society doll who does not know a shortstop from a line drive, but, as I am saying, she is also very gorgeous and thinks Joe is



cute.

"Joe takes her out every night we are in town after that, and when we go away, he is calling her long-distance every night and mooning around every day. The next time we are back home, we have no game on the first day back, and we have a good road trip, and so Frankie gives us the day off. Joe does not report for practice next day or the next, which is not like Joe, as he is a very serious guy that never breaks any rules. Finally

ne shows up and Frankie asks him where the hell is he for three days? Joe says he is very sorry but he is away being married for three days and can't tell nobody because his mouse's old man is not keen to have her tie up with a ball player. They are not even telling him yet, as they want to break it to him slow.

"For the next few weeks, Joe is thinking he is Walter Johnson or somebody, because he wins four and loses none, and every one thinks it is swell because they like Joe. But Joe's mouse is none too popular with us, because she is always dressing like he was a millionaire, instead of a five-G's-per twirler, and snubbing our mice at the games. One day, I am warming Joe up before the game, when his mouse comes up to the rail by the bull-pen, with one of those big dogs with hair in their eyes. The mutt is yipping and howling, and she tells Joe that Bouncer wants the ball. He tries to tell her Bouncer can't have the ball, but Bouncer keeps yipping and howling, until Joe has to give him the ball to shut him up. He looks at me and gets very red, and he loses that day.

"About a week after Bouncer gets the ball, Joe is supposed to twirl again, and he comes into the clubhouse before the game looking very sad indeed. I know Joe pretty good, so I ask him what is the matter? He says his mouse's old man is finding out about her being tied up with a ball player and is cutting her off without a cent, which is too bad, since he has ample legal tender. Joe loses another one that day.

"Pretty soon, he is beginning to look sad all the time, and his arm gets worse and worse. He does not play twenty-one with us any more, and he is always careful so as he don't go over the top on the old expense account. Now we all know that he is only getting five G's per, but some few people are living very comfortable on less than that, and so we wonder what is the cause of all this scrounging? So I go up to him again and ask him what is the matter, and this time he is telling me that damned horse is the matter. Of course I am thinking that he is losing much currency on the ponies, although I do not think Joe is the gambling type. I tell him maybe he better lay off now that he is a married man and all, but he says no, it isn't the

running kind of horses that is bothering him but the plain, riding kind, like you see in the movies. I ask him what the hell is he talking about, and he is telling me as follows.

"When his mouse's old man is hearing about his ever-loving daughter running off and marrying a twirler, he is so sore that, as I am saying, he is disenharnessing her without a cent. The doll does not mind the money, because she thinks Joe makes plenty anyway, but she is crazy for horses, and she wants the old guy to leave her keep her nag, which Joe says is as pretty a hunk of horse-flesh as you ever see.

"Joe does not want the horse, since he is never riding even a merry-go-round pony, but he loves his doll very much, so he doesn't say nothing. He keeps it at a livery stable in a very fancy part of town, since it is used to fancy places and Joe does not wish to let it down. But when he finds out that the nag is costing him a hundred clams per month for food (which ain't hay to Joe but is to the horse) he is getting a large shock. He tells his mouse he cannot support her and the horse too, and the horse will have to go. But she cries and carries on so that Joe says all right, they will take it home and keep it in the garage. This sounds very reasonable and easy to Joe but he does not know what he is getting in for, because playing nursemaid to a nag is a full-time job.

"The horse comes to live with them, and pretty soon Joe is having to get up at six every morning to feed him and then is spending all his free hours at home in the garage. When we go on the road, he is having to pay a man to come in and do it for him, and so he is not playing any more twenty-one or eating like he usually does, because this hayburner is taking all his pastry away. Joe is in no shape to play ball after he is having a hard morning with the nag, and even after double-headers, he is having to go right home and take care of him.

"Finally he can stand it no longer, and he tells his mouse the horse is got to go. She starts to bawl again, but Joe is sticking to his guns this time and keeps saying the horse is got to go, irregardless of what she is saying, or how much

she is crying. She says she is going first and he is mean and unreasonable about her beautiful horse. He tries to tell her that he can't nurse her horse and twirl too, but she is already on her way home to her old man, and so she is not listening.

"Joe is still in love with her, but he is too proud to crawl to her, and so he is alone all the time and she is home with Papa. He sees her picture in the papers all the time at parties with some society guy, as she is no longer Mrs. Joe, since her old man is having it all called off, because she is under twenty-one.

"Anyway, he is never any good since she is leaving him, and he probably loses today."

The doll in the club car winks at Red, and he gets up and goes in and sits in a chair next to her. The rest of us are just sitting there, not saying nothing and looking out the window.

To Pete

Pete, there is so much to say,
So many thoughts to swathe in the clumsy cloth
of words.
You will receive none of them.
You will leave,
Search the happiness that lingers behind a fog
And with the mist slips away, away
Into the burning sun.

Perhaps there is no fog
No mirage behind
But I, the pessimist—more friend than pessimist—
Shall wonder whether
You've grasped that thing within the vapor
And can never know.

But go you must and
We shall drift apart without dramatic sorrow—
Gnashing of half-grown molars—
The letters shan't be many
The memories, too, will falter.

The vapor, the image Will lead me someday, as you And we shall meet, content, At last within the sun.

WILLIAM L. STUCKEY, JR.

An Unprofitable Servant

Giles Constable

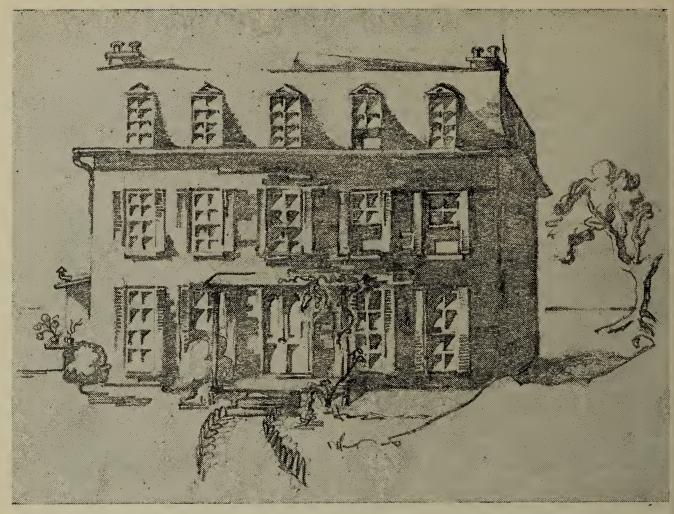
At five o'clock, Professor Diller buttoned his raincoat up to the neck and adjusted his galoshes, for the doctor had said that at his age he ought to take good care of himself. He closed the door of his office at the university and walked over to Speicher Hall to deliver his report. Although it was not raining hard, he walked briskly, and he greeted none of the professors or students who were hurrying by, for, as he had always told old Kelsey, "they were all rather inferior people." As he passed the Lab Building, he happened to glance up and noticed that there was no light in Frey's room; he remembered that Mr. Warren had told him that Frey was ill. "Just as well," he had said then; "Frey isn't the sort of man that ought to be on the faculty, a wild, immoral person!"; and now he repeated this to himself. "Like father, like son," he muttered as he thought of how he had strongly recommended that Forbes should get the Halsey Prize instead of Frey's son; and he prided himself on the fact that his recommendations carried great weight with the university officials.

He hurried up the steps of the Hall, shook himself, and went inside to give his report to Miss Hutton. He stopped in the passage when coming out and took out his spectacles to read the notices on the bulletin board. He never learned anything from this daily reading, he knew, but it was one of the habits that hung on from his assistant professorship. He read down-Hemingway to lecture, no half-holiday Wednesday. Suddenly he stiffened, for there in front of him was a notice stating that Frey had been awarded the Halsey Prize. He stepped back, as if some one had struck him across the face with a glove. How stupid of the typist to make such a mistake, he thought; he found it a comforting idea: of course it was a mistake! How could it be anything else? He took his glasses off slowly and put them back in their case, and stepping outside, began to walk home. It had stopped raining, and the students were streaming out of chapel after evening prayers. As he looked

around, another surge of doubt came over him: it wasn't like the university to make mistakes like that, and he remembered now that at least once before his recommendation had not been followed; though that was just by accident, he tried to reassure himself.

He bowed stiffly to old Miss Guthrie, seated as usual in the rocking chair on her porch, but this politeness sprang more from habit than from courtesy. He noticed how pale and thin she looked and remembered how she had been rosy and plump when he had first seen her. That must have been forty years ago, just before his father had died. His mother had also died a few months later; and he had been left to occupy alone the great, grey house of his childhood, with the lace-curtained windows, sloping mansard roof with tiny, dormer windows jutting out, the tall, cool hall, the musty attic, filled with the family daguerreotypes and heavily carved Victorian furniture with its faded upholstery, remnants of his grandmother's time, the red-tiled conservatory, where his mother had kept geraniums and rubber plants, the great, sprawling wisteria climbing over the front porch, and the lilac-filled garden behind.

In 1911, he had been appointed assistant professor, and the next year, partly on the strength of this promotion and partly from a sense of duty to his parents, he had married the daughter of one of his father's oldest friends. They had visited Niagara and Lake Champlain on their honeymoon, but he hadn't been particularly interested and had hankered to return to the university and his teaching. In spite of this ominous beginning, his married life had not been unhappy; as a matter of fact, an outsider would probably have called them a "dear old couple"; but they had never been particularly intimate, never told each other any of their little hopes and fears; he remembered how, during the War, he had never told his wife about his brother, who had been sent over with the first American Expeditionary Force and had been killed



F. C. Thomas

in the Second Battle of the Marne in '18. He recollected how they had argued as to whether Harvey should stay at home and go to day school or go away to St. Mark's; but then how they had both felt hurt and had blamed the other when Audrey had been so emphatic that she wanted to go away to Smith College. Harvey was an engineer now, working for a construction company somewhere down in Florida; they heard from him occasionally, and he seemed happy and working very hard. Audrey had married and lived a few miles away; she used to come to visit them every now and then; but she had never brought her baby to show them.

Diller had been appointed full professor when old Kelsey died in 1923. He had given a little

party in honor of his promotion, but it hadn't been a great success because his wife wasn't used to entertaining, and the conversation had flagged; and then the new maid had served the beans just swimming in water; after that, they had done very little entertaining, beyond having old Mr. Warren or Miss Guthrie, and occasionally one of his students, in for a cup of tea. He had had the house redecorated, but he hadn't changed it much, for he had hated to see the work of his grandmother destroyed.

In 1927, he had thought of retiring, but he had not been able to bear the idea of having nothing to do, for he had a deep distrust of hobbies, and had kept on teaching. They had taken a house at Ipswich that summer, however, for the

first time in their lives. That had been a mean summer for north shore visitors, though, and he had nearly caught pneumonia bathing in the sea (which he ought not to have done at his age, anyway, his wife had said); and they had returned home in disgust, resolved never to undertake such a rash experiment again; and they had stuck to this resolution. After that they had led a stagnant sort of life, not unhappy, and yet not really happy, not bored, and yet rather tired of life.

When Professor Diller had started teaching as an instructor in '96, the first few years had been hard work, he remembered, for his education, particularly in French, had been virtuous but academic, and he had never exactly cared to visit France, although his aunt had urged him to go with her several times. "It's strange," mused the professor, "how small a thing can change a whole life." For he realized that, if the university had happened to have an Italian instructorship open when he had applied, he would probably now have been a professor of Italian instead of French. He remembered how old Kelsey, then an assistant professor, had told him about the newest teaching methods, and how he had accepted them implicitly, not so much because he approved of these methods but because he had thought it wiser "to be conventional" - "at this stage of the game," he would add. During the '20's, he had supported many of the new progressive-education ideas, but he had not put them into effect in his classes when he had seen that the college planned to remain conservative. "At my age," he had explained, "I really think it is wiser not to take the risk." Likewise in '26, when he had been offered the headship of a department in a new and rising university, he had decided "not to take the risk," and a younger man had taken the position.

Diller had never been particularly friendly with his colleagues, largely because he subconsciously felt himself superior to them on account of his long service at the university and on account of the fact that he thought that he had remained undefiled by his steady conventionality, whereas they had been corrupted by their shifting and uncertain lives. His fellow professors had at first resented this attitude of his but later had come

just to ignore him and his superiority. The students had looked on him as "queer" and "a quiet old bird, but a stiff teacher"; the college officials had rubbed their hands in silent contentment at having such a steady professor; and the general public had regarded his hoary locks reverentially and whispered "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" to each other.

Walking up Brooks Street, Professor Diller noticed the dark houses and was reminded of the unlighted window in Frey's office. Frey was an expert mineralogist and one of the professors whom Diller most despised. To begin with, Frey was a foreigner, a German, and Professor Diller looked on all foreigners as most people look on enemy aliens in time of war. Diller would shudder as he thought of "that man" puttering over his hobbies at home or traveling to the West in search of new minerals. "The very idea!" Diller would mutter, "as if he could discover anything new about minerals! Just as if I 'discovered' a new French word!" Professor Diller was not the product of a scientific age. He had also scorned Frey because he had been forced to resign his position at another college owing to disagreement with a theory supported by the head of the department. "Respect thy elders and betters," Diller used to remark bitterly, with emphasis on the "betters." The fact that Frey was later proved correct had hardly influenced Diller. The climax of Diller's scorn for Frey had come when Frey had divorced his wife, a pleasant girl whom he had brought from Germany but who had completely different interests from his. When Frey had fallen in love with another woman, therefore, they had both realized that the best plan was to divorce; and Frey had married again six months later. Now, Professor Diller considered divorce alone immoral, but remarriage six months later was to him absolutely scandalous. He had been so full of righteous indignation that he had actually had a scene before his colleagues at the professors' dining-club.

Diller suddenly turned and gave a savage little push to the garden gate. His feet crunched on the gravel path, and this reminded him to remove his galoshes before going indoors. He picked up the newspaper and sank gratefully into one of the leather armchairs in his study. Here in the

security of his home, surrounded by all the things he believed and trusted in, his mind was more at ease.

He glanced over the front page of the paper, and his eye was arrested by one heading, and reading on, he saw that "at seven o'clock that morning, Dr. Paul Frey, the eminent mineralogist, died unexpectedly of pneumonia." Diller was not really surprised; hadn't he always said that Frey would get what he deserved? In the rest of the article, he read a short summary of Frey's life: how he had been forced to leave Germany before the World War on account of his liberal ideas, and how during the war he had served in the front-line trenches as a medical assistant with the British forces. Diller read how Frey and his wife had worked their way to America, only to find that in this "land of golden opportunity" (as Diller had always fondly believed) one of the most important research scientists in the field of mineralogy was forced to accept a position as assistant professor in a huge state college in the Middle West, a job he lost quickly enough when he ventured to expound a new theory. The article went on to explain how during the 1920's, the boom years, when reputed millions were being donated to foster scientific research, Frey had been forced to teach physics in a small public school, where he had been hampered by his poor knowledge of English and where he had had to carry on his research at night in a sparsely equipped school laboratory; finally, however, the article concluded, his successful isolation of pantonite had brought him fame and an appointment as professor at Diller's college.

Then Diller saw Frey in a new light; he saw him a powerful man, supporting his ideas through adversity and yet willing to admit his mistakes and start over again. Suddenly Professor Diller felt very tired and discouraged. He wearily leaned his head on the back of the chair.

Carefree

Peter A. Peacock

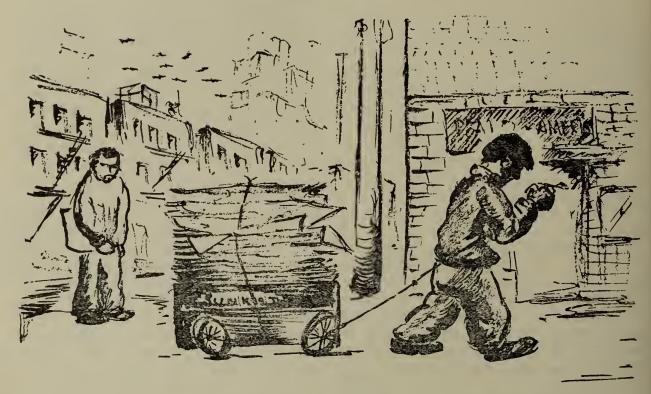
Cold and wet as the night was, Matt Thomas felt carefree and cheerful as he rolled smoothly over the slick roads of the countryside. He had taken quite a few drinks at the party which he had just left, but that was not all that was responsible for his curious gaiety on such a dismal night. Matt's contented smile wasn't due only to liquor; that day he had gotten back his driver's license. Matt had had his license revoked ten months ago for reckless driving and for resisting an officer. Now, as he whisked through the darkness, he made one of those mental promises "never again to get on the wrong side of the —"

He slammed on his brakes as suddenly a small hurrying figure was caught in his headlights. It was useless. His car skidded sidewise and there was a dull crash as his right fender struck the petrified girl. His car jolted suddenly as the tires took hold on the gravel at the side of the road. Even before the car had completely stopped, he was outside and running back to where he thought he saw a huddled form. It was a little girl—a dead girl!

He stumbled blindly back to his car and was even surprised to find that it had lost its warmth and coziness. There was a police station about twelve miles down the road; so he automatically headed his car in that direction, leaving the unmoved body there for evidence. About two miles further, Matt came to with a start, as he smelled alcohol in the car and on his breath. He had been driving slowly and unthinkingly for quite a while when gradually his foot began to press harder on the accelerator. He sensed that he was moving faster, and still gaining speed, but also he again began to feel a certain warmth in the cushions. The dashboard lights and closed windows gave him a feeling of comfort and safety. It was strange, Matt thought, that no one had been near or had heard his squealing brakes; and lucky, too, for with alcohol on his breath, he would have had a hard time making himself believed. Pressing down even harder on the gas, he felt eager to get to the police station. They would believe him: they could take blood tests. But then, his record wasn't one that would reassure a doubtful policeman. Almost before he saw the bright lights of the station, Matt began to dread the sight of them. The nearer they got, the more frightened he became, and the faster he went. The lights swelled up until they almost seemed to swallow him, and then, suddenly, there was darkness ahead, and relief.

Manhattan Bridge

Matthew T. Abruzzo, Jr.



E. S. Jones

When I go to New York City, I usually take the Brighton Express. I have always liked this trip because the train comes up from the darkness into the sunlight while crossing the Manhattan Bridge. When I was younger, I would go along with my mother. She used to let me sit on the window-side of the seat so that I could look out of the window and watch the boats moving on the East River. I was always fascinated by the sight of the tugboats helping the barges plough heavily through the water. Except everything looked so distorted through the wavy haze of heat and smoke which came from the large smoke stacks. Once in a while I would see a solitary puff of white smoke suddenly appear from behind one of these smoke stacks, and I knew that the boat was blowing its whistle. Unfortunately, all the movements on the river were soundless to me, for I could hear nothing but the clatter of the wheels on the tracks

and an occasional shriek as the train took a sharp curve.

Just before the train used to go underground again, it would pass over a small section of New York which was in the bridge's shadow. I used to look out of my window and right below me were the roofs of the five-story red brick buildings with fire escapes running down the front of each one. I remember having seen one time a pigeon coop on one of them and a man standing on the roof waving a long pole with a tattered piece of red cloth on the end. The pigeons were all in one flock, which swooped out towards the river about fifty feet above the roof tops and then circled back towards its coop. If I waited for just the right moment, I could get a quick glance straight up each of the streets as we went by. All of them were dim and silent. Sometimes a solitary black car was going up one of these streets, but it soon turned a corner.

Once in a while I could see the hind end of an ungainly truck as it lumbered through one of the side streets. One day I saw a small boy pulling along a crate to which he had attached some old baby carriage wheels. On top of his make-shift cart there was a pile of newspapers. I wondered what he was going to do with them.

You know, it's funny, but there was hardly an unbroken flat surface in that whole neighborhood which did not show traces of having been used for some advertisement or other. And where the sign had been worn away in some places by the rain and snow, there was an absurd, and sometimes shocking, message. On one of the buildings facing an empty lot there was the promise, "Believe in the Lord, and thou shalt be saved" painted in huge orange letters. On the building right across the street from it there was another promise, "You'll like popsicles, they're good for you," with an immense popsicle being thrust at you by a friendly paper-store man. Gradually the train would come level with cracked windows and rusted fire escapes of the fifth floors, then with the windows of the fourth floors, then into darkness. And I would reluctantly turn away from the window in search of a pretty poster on which to fix my attention.

Now that I have grown up, I can go to New York alone. On the way I usually read my Popular

Science, but while crossing the bridge I always stop reading and look out of the window. Yes, I still find amusement in looking down at the boats on the river or straining my neck to see an aircraft carrier of the *Hornet* class being repaired in the Brooklyn Navy Yard. The tug boats still help the barges up the river, but a little more carefully now, for there are more boats on the river. And as the train comes over land again, I see that they are painting over the old sign. Now it's "Creamsickle" in huge orange letters. Yet that immense popsicle is still looming through. But I suppose they will paint that out tomorrow or the next day. The streets below are quite silent. There are a few kids playing in the streets, but an angry car sends them scurrying to the sidewalks. In some places there are patches of warm sunlight on the sides of the buildings. Suddenly there is a rush of noise and my window is black. Turning my eyes towards the interior of the car, I see a bright red, white, and blue placard. "Be a HEALTHY American! Have Fun! Softball, Skating, Swimming. Sponsored by your City. Any public park may easily be reached by either the BMT or the IRT, or by bus." Immediately I strain my eyes looking into the darkness broken only by a glaring bulb which flashes by with maddening regularity. A feeling of cynicism and awful uncertainty comes over me.

\$4.56 a Day

William Van Cleve

The key clicked once again a tensecond pause and then the final click—7 A. M.—time to begin work. Only four and a half hours before lunch. The telegraph key had resumed its steady clicking. I took my gloves from the table and started out to load the freight for the local. The conductor came into the office.

"Damn it to hell, Lafe, that Springfield dispatcher wouldn't give us a crossing order if there was a train a hundred miles away on this damn railroad."

The agent waved him off.

"Be with you in a second, takin' an order."

I left. I unchained the truck and pulled—awful heavy, needs oiling. I broke the seal on the freight car door and shoved. It was stuck. The brakeman came up.

"Get out of the way, kid, here's the way to do it."

He shoved, then we both shoved, then I shoved and he swore.

"The damn fools that own this railroad are too tight to buy anything new—this car musta been built in 1910."

I shoved a crow-bar in. The door creaked and opened. I unloaded baling wire and bags of salt—the train left. I checked the stock cars in the yard—four 40's, seven 36's, and a 38. Damn 38-foot cars always foul the works because nobody ever orders one. I went back to the depot and listed the stock cars. I took out my seal-book and the metal seal I had ripped off the freight car door. I tried to read the numbers on the seal. It had broken right on the last number—oh, well, what's the difference, I'll never know now, can't waste time on this, gotta hurry if I'm gonna sweep out and wash the windows before noon.

I went out to the freight room to get the broom. It wasn't there—damn that night operator, why the hell does he have to sweep out in the middle of the night—always afraid some dick will eat him out and write him up, he worries too

much—probably be in the nut house one of these days. I found the broom in the office and started to sweep out the waiting room. Wish the guys that chew tobacco would keep it in their mouths.

I had just finished when the agent called.

"If you're not too busy take this telegram down to Julia's."

"Who?"

"Julia, the nigger on down the street from where the Pattons live. On the way back you can go through town and get the mail—let's see, you won't be too far from my house, why don't you run up there and see if my wife wants anything for dinner—when you come back get some change at the drug store and take this envelope to Mrs. Bradley. Be careful with it, it's got a ticket and \$23 change in it."

"O. K."

I started—oh, hell with the windows, I'll be damned if I'll hurry so I can wash them.

When I got back it was time for lunch. I went home, ate, slept for an hour, and got back in time to hear the telegraph key click I P. M.

It was time to line up the trucks for the transfer—three trucks for number 4, one for mail, one for express, and one for baggage, all facing east two for the south local, the two high ones, four trucks for number 7, two of them for 4's mail and two for 3—finished.

The agent came out.

"You got that express truck too near the track, better move it, might kill a brakeman—here, give this track message to the diesel—it's out of Meadville now."

These damn diesels always scare me — gotta hold the hoop lower than for a regular freight engine. I hope he's comin' slow—hell, he's doin' at least 55. I held up the hoop. The brakeman grabbed the string. I turned to face the direction the train was going so the cinders wouldn't get in my eyes. I counted the cars: 112, counting the weigh car—from Chicago to Kansas City and back,

980 miles without refueling—gonna put a lot of guys out of work in two or three years.

It was time for the South Local to arrive. I heard it whistle on the south track. The conductor came into the office.

"Where's our orders? Can we get up the main line? How's 4? We got a helluva load for 4—78 cases of eggs, 56 cans of cream — only 13 cans for 3."

The agent turned around.

"4's out of Meadville on time—you'll have to come up the siding."

I grabbed my gloves and ran out to pull up another truck for 4's stuff—there's gonna be hell today. I worked fast unloading the local. When I finished I heard 7 coming from the north. I started over there. The second trick operator was unloading the mail, so I worked the baggage—someday I'll stop and figure out how I can work the mail and let him handle the heavy stuff.

The crossing bell rang as 4 came in. The baggageman on 7 told me to pile the rest on top instead of taking time to pull up another truck. I jumped down and started to pull the truck to 4.

"Don't turn that damn old truck so sharp—it'll turn over," shouted the operator. "You got it piled too high, anyway, hurry up and get it down to 4."

I pulled hard.

"Don't go so fast," said the agent. "You'll hit somebody."

I slowed down. I stopped the truck at the baggage car door. The conductor chained it and said, "Hurry up and get that stuff loaded—we been here three minutes already."

I jumped up on the truck and started loading.

I threw it in fast for two or three minutes.

"Don't throw those damn old cream cans so fast—I can't get 'em sorted—what the hell's your hurry—ain't you gettin' paid by the hour?"

I pulled the truck of eggs up to the express door. The conductor said, "You tired, kid? You threw those cream cans O. K. for a minute, then slowed down—get those eggs in faster."

I started putting egg cases in. There were three men inside so I worked as fast as I could. It was awful hot. Half the cases—20 more—10 more. With only one case left the operator started to pull the truck away. I tossed the case in. The expressman glowered at me.

"What the hell do you think you're doin'?"

He looked at the bottom of the case to see if any eggs were broken.

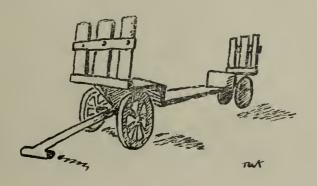
"If any of those eggs are busted, you're gonna be damn sorry—be careful from now on, understand?"

As the train pulled out all I could muster was "Go to hell."

Then I could quit for the day. I had thirty minutes of rest. The traveling Express man told me all about his family. One son, a USC graduate and a 1st Lt. in the army, had been killed on D-Day. The other son, whom he disliked, was a correspondence school graduate who was "lazy, a moocher, and working in a garage." This was the third day I had heard the same story and seen the same picture.

3 came — "hurry up, slow down" — and left finally. I went home.

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November

Cyrus Heard

When the sky is as dismal and dull-looking as a gray overcoat and the ground is matted with a rug of wet, soggy leaves and all nature seems to be dead, then you know that the worst month of the year has finally arrived. Yes, it's November, the month no one likes but everyone has to endure. Almost everything which is unpleasant can be associated with November: head colds and coughs, the first slushy snow, and gloomy, depressing scenery.

Look around now, at a typical November scene. Dark, scraggly skeletons of trees are silhouetted against a pale sky. The cement roadways glisten with wetness, and cars make a hissing sound as they travel over them. The grass, although bright green from constant rain, is spotted with bare brown patches and in places completely covered with rusty leaves. On the sidewalks, gaunt figures, hunched over in brown raincoats, slouch along with grim faces. Even houses and buildings seem to be sad over such circumstances. Their sides are streaked with rain, making the dirt run down like teardrops. Everything blends together to make a picture of utter hopelessness and despair.

I think that probably one of the chief reasons why November is so disagreeable is that it has nothing to offer. It is a month halfway between autumn and winter, but it offers none of the advantages of either of these seasons. It has none of the gay coloring of October, which has trees of red, brown, and yellow leaves that swirl in the air on crisp, windy days. Nor does it have the Christmascard-like scenes of December, with its deep snows, gay atmosphere, and frosted faces. Each month has some characteristics which make it enjoyable, but not November. The summer months have hot days and cool nights. May and June offer flowers and sunshine and the exhilaration of spring. Even March, which certainly has its share of dreary days, at least holds the prospect of coming spring. November, however, brings with it only the thought of colder days ahead and a whole winter to bear.

November is also a month of constant disappointment. Many times, watching the early morning sky, I have seen the dark clouds being whisked away by a refreshing south wind, revealing a hopeful blue which promises a bright, clear day. But suddenly towards mid-morning, the wind changes, a few raindrops splatter against my face, running down my neck, and once again the plague of November weather is upon me.

So the only thing to do during this dreadful month is to forget the surroundings, live a life completely isolated from the outdoors, and bear in mind that November is only thirty days long and must end sometime.

The Dane

A. B. Trowbridge

We met him while on a trip through the Scandinavian countries. My father was leading a group of college students, five girls and five boys. We lived in the homes of Danish students for a month and then took our hosts through Norway and Sweden in return for their hospitality.

He was a very handsome boy, the type that we call typical of the Nordic race. He had long blonde hair and a handsomely proportioned body. His father was a prominent doctor in Copenhagen, and he was studying in the medical school.

When we arrived in Copenhagen, he was standing at the dock looking up at our large ocean liner. When the girls of the group saw him, they knew they were going to like Denmark a great deal. He was the kind of boy who makes a person like him when he first sees him. He bubbled with friendly spirit and fun. When we assembled on the wharf, he met us all with a friendly handshake and a boisterous "Hi there!"

We were soon to learn that Gunar loved anything and everything American. Often he would corner one of our group and ask him all about the newest American bands and dance records. He chewed gum like a fiend, often taking a whole pack in his mouth at a time. He was a very "hot" piano player, and would dash for a piano whenever near one and start pounding out some new "boogie woogie" piece.

In the two months that we were together, I doubt if anyone ever saw Gunar unhappy. He was in his prime while with our college kids, for their gaiety seemed to inspire him to new heights of frolic.

One day we were being shown through the Royal Copenhagen Pottery Factory. We were walking through a section where huge pottery vases were being painted. These vases, being quite fragile, were set on the floor, and the workers had to do their work very carefully. The whole group had been in good spirits all day long, and, as usual, Gunar was doing his share of the frolicking. Sud-

denly he dashed into the midst of the vases doing a ballet. I shall never forget the expressions on the faces of those workers. They were blank with amazement, their mouths hanging wide open. Gunar went "tripping the light fantastic" among the fragile objects and had us all in hysterics. It was some time before Gunar and the rest of us got settled down again and continued our tour. I doubt if the Royal Copenhagen Pottery Works recovered from that visit for quite a while afterwards.

Gunar wasn't as complete a fool as I make him out to be, for he was a brilliant scholar in medical school. The other Danish students said he had a great future ahead of him in medicine, although he would have to calm down a little before he could hope to get many patients.

When our group had completed the trip up into Norway and Sweden, we headed for Göteborg in Sweden to take the liner Kungsholm back to America. Three days before we boarded the steamer, Germany marched into Poland, and England declared war. When we were comfortably settled on the ship, waiting for it to depart homeward, we went on deck to take one last look at Sweden. Suddenly a taxi careened down the dock and out jumped Gunar. He had suddenly decided that he must say goodbye more thoroughly to his American friends; so he had come back to Göteborg to do so. This was the last time we ever saw Gunar, and the first time we saw him sad. As the boat pulled away from the dock, he ran along the edge of it as far as he could go, waving and shouting to us, We could still see him as we went out of the harbor, standing on the end of the wharf waving his goodbye to us.

About a month after Denmark fell to the Nazis, we received a dirty and tattered letter. It had somehow been smuggled out of Denmark and had reached Sweden, where it had been sent on to America. It was written by Gunar about three hours after the German troops had marched into

Copenhagen. He told in vivid phrases how he had been awakened by the dull roar of vehicles in the streets and planes in the sky. He looked out of the windows to see the ugly black crosses winding their way down the narrow streets. It was what Denmark had been fearing for a long time, and now it had come. Gunar put his head in his hands and cried.

The Rainstorm

The shining ranks of raindrops Crowd the angry skies And lay siege to Earth below, with battlecries And tramp of marching feet On every window pane. The air is filled with rhythmic beat As Thor, with beard of flame, Leads forth his legions loud From nimbi drear. He himself, perched on a cloud, Hurls on the earthly sphere His flinty hammer; then, with trust complete, Awaits its swift return. The supernal raiders meet The tranquil sea, and churn His waters into foaming rage, While land her torment bears With somber sighs of anguish, Weary of her cares. Then, at length, the battle wanes; Dies the rhythmic beat Of the marching rains, As the bugler bluebird sounds retreat.

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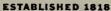






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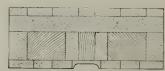
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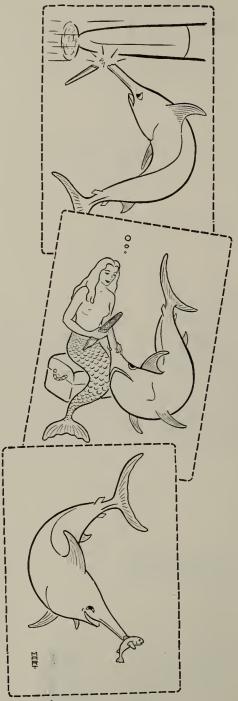
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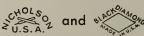
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YOUNG MEN

300

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One of Man's Oldest Materials Enters a New Era of Usefulness in our Everyday Living

In your cupboard and refrigerator are glass jars and bottles of food products (including mason jars you filled from your own garden!). In your bathroom are many glass packages safeguarding products you use for health and beauty. Household products—waxes, polishes, insecticides, etc.—in glass containers lend their convenience in your daily housekeeping.



Glass is an ancient material—man has used it for 5,000 years. Through the ages, in Egypt, in medieval Europe, in colonial America, glass has been treasured for the many ways it serves civilization.

Early in our own century, bottles, jars, window glass, even light bulbs, were made by hand. Manufacture was slow and costly. Many of us can remember our grandmothers carefully treasuring each glass container because of the relatively few products then packaged in glass.

In the early 1900's, miraculous changes took place in the glass industry. The machine revolutionized the making of glass as it had done in the textile and other industries.



Machine-made glass surpassed in quality that made by the old hand methods and also speeded up production and tremendously reduced costs, which permitted bringing the benefits of glass to many products.

Nowhere is the advent of a new era in glass more clearly seen than in glass containers, which each of us uses every day.

Years of research and adoption of scientific methods at Owens-Illinois culminated in the perfection of the Duraglas technique of container manufacturing. This made it possible to reduce the weight of containers, retain adequate strength and produce them at high speeds economically.

Today you see the results of this modern method of making Duraglas containers for all kinds of products you need for everyday living. It packages the rare and costly as well as the common things. Each year new industries recognize the importance of packing their products in glass to offer greatest consumer convenience. Glass carries their products in a container which is transparent, impervious to moisture and almost every chemical.

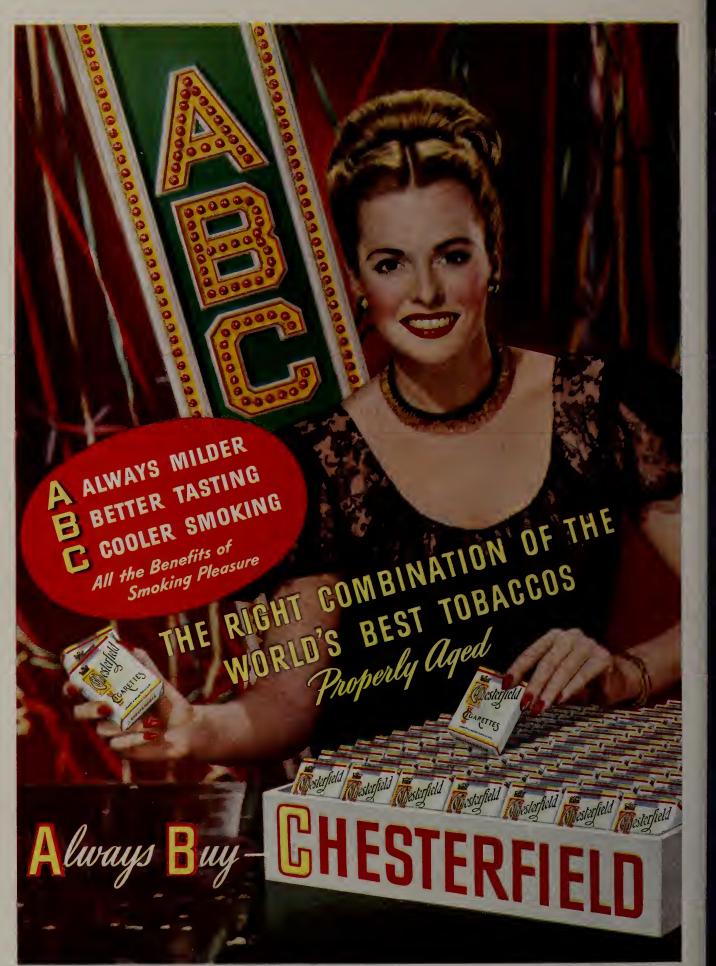
Today's simplified glass containers have been the dictates of the American women and the government.

The government's dictates were of a broad nature, to save critical materials and substantially increase the production of the glass industry. American women desired glass con-



tainers of a shape convenient to handle, light in weight and with opening of such size as to conserve materials and still offer utility in home use. These simplified containers born of wartime necessity will continue to bring women a multitude of products favorably packaged.





MIRROR

PHILLIPS ACADEMY

ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS

SPRING 1947



More people are smoking CAMELS today than ever before in history!

MAYBE you're in this picture; but even if you're not you'll remember the cigarette shortage. You took any brand you could get. That's when millions discovered the cigarette that suited them best was Camel.

Yes, experience during the war shortage taught millions the differences in cigarette quality.

LET POLO STAR Cecil Smith tell you in his own words: "That cigarette shortage was a real experience. That's when I learned how much I really appreciated Camels!"

Yes, a lot of smokers found themselves comparing brands during that shortage. Result: Today more people are smoking Camels than ever before in history. But, no matter how great the demand:

We don't tamper with Camel quality.
Only choice tobaccos, properly aged, and
blended in the time-honored Camel way,
are used in Camels.



According to a recent Nationwide survey:

More Doctors Smoke Camels
Than any other cigarette

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Good plumbing is of daily importance to your family's health. The quality of Kohler fixtures and fittings makes them an investment in safety, costing no more at first, and relieving you of worry and expense over the years.

Kohler fixtures are pleasing in line and proportion and have a smooth, lustrous hard surface that is easy to clean. Kohler fittings, of chromium-plated brass, have the strength and precision that assure serviceability.

Your Kohler dealer will help you select the fixtures that will serve you best, in matched sets or individual pieces, for bathroom, kitchen, washroom, or laundry. Kohler Co., Kohler, Wisconsin. Established 1873.

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PLUMBING FIXTURES AND FITTINGS
HEATING EQUIPMENT • ELECTRIC PLANTS

THE PHILLIPS ACADEMY MIRROR

Spring, 1947

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Mergenthaler's Ghost

At their machines Linotype operators are taciturn individuals in green eyeshades who are as averse to conversation in their work as riveters on a skyscraper. The operator and his machine are probably the most unsymmetric and miraculous unit in the noisy printing shop. He has the keyboard below his fingers, a nondescript wall of pulleys, gears, and piano wires before him, and to his left

the arms and fingers and gears which automatically set and cast with the lightest touch from him the individual slugs.

THE UNIT of the page is the slug. The mirrored image of the characters raised on it is a line of print like the one you are reading, and when the composer lays the slugs together like tiers on a filing cabinet, they make up the column of type on a page.

The operator, in the silence which isolates him from the commonplace and puts him at one with his machines, presses the key that selects the spacebands or the brass matrix, which is the mother type face. With a twist of a rod, the line of matrices travel to the operator's left. With them in their proper spaces go the spacebands, each thin at one end and thickening out to an eighth of an inch at the other. They spread the line of matrices so that this line of print goes no more nor less than to the edge of this column.

The matrices and spacebands face a slit which runs from the front to the rear of a thick casting disk into the mouth of the typemetal melting pot. The type metal, a molten alloy of antimony, lead and tin, is forced through the pot mouth into the slit. Instantly the alloy solidifies up against the type faces of the matrices and expands slightly. It is a hot slug with characters raised on its edge, having been molded themselves from the matrices.

AFTER THE matrices, spacebands, and casting disk have produced the finished slug, a long arm drops down and brings the matrices to the top of the machine. Having been each ground differently at one end, like a Yale lock, they travel along a curtain-rod device which drops them at the strategic point back down into their proper channel in the matrix magazine. They have completed their erratic cycle; they are ready for selection again.

-Fred Adelman

RUE MATELOT

Donald L. M. Blackmer

LIKE MOST TOURISTS I was out to see all the sights. It was perfectly natural, then, that I should be attracted by the advertisement of the "Narrowest Street On the American Continent." Quebec is a unique city, divided into upper and lower levels, with the upper city built on a large bluff which towers above the St. Lawrence River. Leaving the gay, sunny streets of the heights, I started along the cobbled roads which wind slowly down the side of the cliff to the muddy lower city on the river bank. As I got almost to the bottom, I saw off to my right the small road I was seeking—Rue Matelot.

The first thing I noticed as I approached was a weather-beaten sign, posted on the gray wall of the cliff. Written obviously for tourists, since it was in awkward English and not the usual French, it read: "Please do not give money to the children in order to avoid accidents. By order Chief of Police." This cryptic message puzzled me, for as yet I saw no children and could find no justification for

the sign.

The street itself was barely wide enough for an automobile to pass. Standing in the center, with arms outstretched, I could almost touch the walls on both sides. On the right, smack against the moist, dank cliff, was a solid row of houses shaped to fit the jutting irregular sections of rock. Some of the houses were of decaying wood, covered with peeling, yellow paint or with slabs of rusty sheet metal. Others, more ancient, were less rickety, hewn out of granite blocks, once whitewashed but now chipped, and slimy from contact with the cliff. On the other side of the alley was a similar row of dingy houses, all connected with each other, and often joined by an overhead porch to the houses opposite. The street, made of cracked, low-grade concrete, was strewn with wet garbage and dirt. No light shone in this alley. No flowers bloomed on these window sills.

At first the place seemed deserted, but as I walked along I began to hear children ahead of me. Dressed in their best, for it was Sunday, and playing aimlessly at ordinary children's games, they seemed no different from my own little brothers. When I got close enough for them to see me in the semi-darkness of the alley they left their play and ran over to me. Even before I could make out what they were shouting, the memory of that cryptic sign flashed into my consciousness. "Please do not give money to the children", it had said. "Monnaie, monnaie, mister", they cried. I tried to ignore them but they thronged noisily around me. Holding out their dirty little hands, they sang hurriedly, in a child's monotone, snatches of 'Allouette' and 'Frére Jacques', followed by the eternal cry for "Pennaie, mister, pennaie". Even the littlest, who knew no English, held out his hands, mumbling. Out of the corner of my eye I saw adults, probably their parents, peering shrewdly out of their dirty windows. How much would the rascals bring in tonight? "Don't give them anything", my reason told me, but my emotions,—were they more of disgust than of pity?—were strong.

As I neared the end of the alley, my following was suddenly distracted by a clatter from behind. Coming along the cobblestones was one of the hundreds of calèches—ancient horse-drawn carriages used for sightseeing—that are so common in Quebec. As the calèche approached, the driver, apparently a veteran of this route, flicked his whip toward the group. The couple in the carriage, seeing the children and hearing their cries, gaily opened their pocketbooks and tossed a few coins, en-

joying the resulting scramble. As the calèche rolled by, one of the older boys, surprisingly agile for his stunted and emaciated appearance, managed to swing onto the underside of the fast moving vehicle and cling along until it pulled out of the alley. "... in order to avoid accidents" the sign had said.

I suddenly noticed a girl, about nine years old, who somehow seemed out of place among the others. She was uncommonly pretty, with her black pigtailed hair tied in a blue ribbon, and falling down over her yellow and white dress. Her face was clean and her teeth were not yellow and bad, as those of her playmates had been. Perhaps she was a newcomer to Rue Matelot; but, if so, she had learned fast. She followed along, singing her songs and keeping up a lively chatter, and periodically repeated her ritual for money. She was so appealing that it was impossible to ignore her completely, so I spoke to her, in French, "Pourquoi désirez-vous de l'argent." "Pour

la mettre a' la banque", she answered. Finally pity got the better of me and I reached in my pocket, pulled out some change and handed it to her. Accepting it with a smile, she sang a final chorus at me and ran off—triumphant.

As she left me, I walked out and upward into the sunny streets again. Here too there were children, normal children, untainted by poverty and free from exploitation by naive sightseers and by their own parents. I could again breathe freely, but I have not forgotten those kids. Maybe I shouldn't have given them those few coins, symbols in this setting of decay and corruption rather than charity. No good could come of it. But those children have as much right to develop into sound, honest human beings as we have.

Though I haven't got it, there must be an answer. If man can harness the secret forces of nature, he can surely find a way to let some light into these dark alleys of the world.



UNDERSTANDING POETRY

Walter J. Kaiser

(EXERCISE: Make a careful comparison of the two poems with special reference to the expression and content of each.

-Smeethers and McGurk)

TVEN A superficial comparison of Matthew Arnold's *Dover Beach* and Lewis Carroll's *Jabberwocky* immediately reveals the superior poetic excellence of Carroll's classic. *Dover Beach* fails even to approach the clarity of expression and importance of content found in *Jabberwocky*. A brief examination of three specific details — diction, meter, and ideational content—will serve to substantiate this contention.

Carroll has been scrupulously precise in his choice of adjectival modifiers; Arnold's poem exhibits a sloppy misuse of trite clichés. How much more definite is Carroll's description of the "slithy toves" than Arnold's vague phrase "sweet night air"! With Carroll's words we see exactly what he means; we graphically visualize "toves" slithing all over the "wabe". Arnold, however, leaves us in doubt. When he says "sweet", we do not know whether he means the night air is sweet to the taste, to the sense of smell, or to the ear. Had he been more concrete, using adjectives like saconfectcharine, or ambrosiferous, or melmonifluous, he would have told us exactly what he meant. Elsewhere, Carroll's onomatopoetical sense bursts forth with the exquisite phrase "snicker-snack" as he describes the sound of a "vorpal sword". When Arnold wishes us to hear the sea, he misleads our ears with the soundless expression "grating roar". But finally, the utterly amateurish style of Arnold reveals itself when he tries to describe the waves as they "... draw back,

and fling . . . begin, and cease, and then again begin . . . ". Compare this to Carroll's vividly descriptive "and the mome raths outgrabe"!

A comparison of the meters of the two poems readily reveals Carroll's punctiliousness in prosody. His poem is built around a definite iambic-tetrametrical framework with the sole exception occurring in the last line of each stanza: this line is regularly iambic trimeter. However, this is obviously intentional for it serves to bring each stanza to a decisive close. In Arnold's poem, on the other hand, we again find carelessness. In this case, it is even worse than carelessness: it is utter disregard for meter! He begins with iambic trimeter; in the second line he use iambic tetrameter; and in the next line advances to iambic pentameter. It might appear that there is a definite iambic pattern progressing by one foot each line. However, when we arrive at the fourth line we find the iambuses interrupted with a dactyl, and the fifth line further reveals a spondee! From here on, all sense of meter is utterly lost. We find trochees separated by a dactyl, and spondees are sprinkled throughout the poem. The arrangement of the poem is such a mélange that even the stanzas do not have the same number of lines. The first stanza consists of fourteen lines; the second extends to twenty-three. Even in the meter of the last line, which above all others should be regular, we find an anapestic foot breaking up what should have been a regular iambic-tetrameter.

Finally, the element that makes a poem truly great is its ideational content. In comparing Jabberwocky with Dover Beach, we find here that the true greatness of Jabberwocky manifests itself, as contrasted with the naive idea in Dover Beach. In expressing his

idea that all faith in the world is lost, and the only remaining hope is the preservation of faith between himself and his loved one, Arnold has attempted to be cleverly subtle; but has, instead, proved himself ingenuously stupid. While Arnold erroneously implies that the great danger in the world is lack of faith, Carroll grasps the real threats to mankind: the Jabberwock, the Jubjub bird, and

the Bandersnatch. When such critical dangers as these exist, it is dismaying to find Arnold raising an alarm about so minor a matter.

In this world of inspirationless poetry tritely expressed, it is indeed refreshing to come upon an inspired poem with the vital message and moving expression of Jabber-wocky.

Heritage

Allen F. Moore

The despondency of every one Bound to land is more severe when snow Blankets road and river, and sun Does not yet show.

Then man remembers
That he is part of time; his forefathers,
Their fingers stiff with blue, their shoulders
bent,
Went with self-same bucket to the frigid
wells.

They survived. This he must believe, or he rebels.

The worn red barn left abandoned to the wind,

The gutted orchards where the weed grows blind,

The house forsaken, whispering desolate cry, Are sadder than the hillside where they lie, Whose heart sturdily endured the cold until Spring returned, as Spring always will.

THE NEWS

Alexander L. Blackburn

CHRIS — Christopher Brown could no longer keep the wonderful news to himself! He selected his moment carefully, launched himself across the narrow aisle of seats while the other children in the classroom tittered at his courage, and finally whispered the magic words in the ear of his closest friend, Andy Long. It was indeed wonderful news, for the latter was instantly transfigured into paroxyms of suppressed delight. Chris, meanwhile, recovered his seat undetected and throughout the remainder of geography class managed to control the flood of joyous thoughts and to pretend to Mrs. Pidgeon that, for him, nothing could be more thrilling than the Tigris and Euphrates Rivers. At the end of the period, the last in the fifthgrader's day, Chris could restrain himself no longer. Eager for departure, he neglected his customary look of fond affection at dear old Mrs. Pidgeon, who stood, like the Pharos, bidding farewell to her little skiffs as they sailed out of the harbor and away from the culture of ancient Egypt. He quickly barged to the front of the line, led the class with a rapidity unparalleled in the history of those dingy halls, and was out the front door and safely in his mother's waiting car before the wrath of the Pidge could descend upon his head.

It was a trip of several miles out to the farm where Mr. Brown, a broker in town, stimulated his soul by the natural life and where Chris had been brought up in an atmosphere of seeming natural phenomena. Indeed, it was only to be expected that almost all the earliest impressions of Chris' youth should be of his natural surroundings. Andy Long was the only boy his age who lived anywhere nearby, and Andy was a mile away. Not that Chris was shy of people! He was a

favorite among his classmates at school and even among some of his teachers there, notably Miss Pringle, the art teacher. But of late the Browns had come to the conclusion that Chris should not be deprived of companionship simply because his parents preferred life away from the charivari and noise of the city. With this idea in mind they had decided the week before to provide their Chris with a companion of his own, a dog. They fortunately had located a new litter on the other side of town, where it was Mr. Brown's intention to pick up a puppy for Chris to-day after work at the office. All of which Chris had not suspected, until this morning, at the breakfast table, his parents had disclosed the news. Chris had seemed a little nervous at first, then elated and finally overwhelmingly boisterous. He bolted his breakfast and in between gulps pressed his father to describe the little puppy. He got nothing for his pains but a "You'll see." And now, here it was three o'clock in the afternoon and Daddy would leave the office at four. Chris restlessly turned to his mother in the driver's seat.

"Gee, Mommy," he said, "why can't it hurry up and be four o'clock?"

"I don't know, Chris. I guess because it's three now."

Chris saw the logic of that. He would have to bear the burden of an hour or so. But another tack occurred to him.

"Mommy?"

"Yes, dear?"

"Do you think if I waited two hours, Daddy would give me two doggies?"

"I don't think so dear. I believe one dog is enough for a boy to take care of."

"Oh, but I'll take care of them. I'll do anything for them. Honest."

"I'm afraid not, dear." And so it went for

an hour until Mrs. Brown brought the car to a halt in front of their remodeled farmhouse.

As they climbed out of the car, the sky clouded over and a dark raincloud, like a huge black carpet, rose to herald the departure of the hot afternoon sun. The advent of a storm failed to dampen Chris' leaping spirits or the bright fantasies which suffused his mind.

Everything was alive to-day. The flora and fauna of the thirsty countryside eagerly awaited the rain. A slight cool breeze arose, and sounds which all day had been brisk and discordant were now hushed and strangely sweet. It was as if one symphony were cut short and the overture of another begun. Chris felt himself keenly aware of the music this afternoon. Yet not only were his senses stirred to hear the melody of the things about him, but also to imagine that already he shared these sounds with the promised companion. As he crossed his father's fields, Chris made believe that he was followed by a faithful friend. Together, Chris and his dog listened to the pines restlessly whispering the gossip about the coming storm. Together, they watched a colony of ants scurry to their earthern kingdoms in uneasy formation. Together, they watched a bevy of larks shoot down from higher lands to settle, expectant, in the farmhouse garret. Now was a time of harmony. Unified by the message of the skies, all nature was one, and Christopher, more than ever before in his life, was a part of it.

There was now less than a half-hour before Mr. Brown was due to arrive. Chris, to pass the time, continued his route across the field, entered an interval of pine woods and at length emerged at the bank of a narrow, slow-moving, muddy stream. Here Chris liked to skip stones or, better still, go swimming if his father was accompanying him. But to-day he had a far more intriguing game; he pitched twigs out into the middle of the stream and pretended that his little companion retrieved them. So serious was he and so

intent upon finding suitable sticks for his dog, Chris did not notice the withered figure of an old colored man who sat with a fishing pole in hand a few yards down the stream.

Chris was suddenly startled by a long, low chuckle emanating from a clump of bushes not for away. But when he wheeled around, he recognized the old negro who lived alone across the road on another hill, and who helped his Daddy out occasionally.

"Yo dawg sho am a lazy l'il rascal, ain't he?" the old man chuckled.

Chris didn't know what to say at first. He felt slightly offended by this man who had broken in so abrubtly on his dreams.

"Yes," he answered slowly. And then, gathering courage, he continued, "That isn't a real dog, I guess, but I'm gonna get me a dog today. A perfect dog."

"Well now," the old fellow exclaimed, displaying the better part of a set of pure white teeth, "ain't that sumptin'! Yas suh! Ah recken ah sho would like t'hev me a perfect l'il ol' fish directly."

Chris laughed.

"Yas suh, ah been fishin' this heah stream a right smart o' years an' ain't cotched me nuttin' 'ceptin' one ol' catfish t'ain't wuth eatin." The old man punctuated his statement by holding up a meager string of small catfish. Chris felt a rush of scorn come upon him; he'd seen his father catch big bass in the same stream.

"You're not a good fisherman, are you?" Chris snapped.

The old negro considered this a moment and replied in a kind tone. "Ah sho ain't. Ah been fishin' this heah stream mighty long time, seem like. Ain't nivver seen me one o' dem bass ah hears abouts: jest catfish. Nuttin but catfish. So ah reckoned long time 'go ah ain't nivver gonna cotch me no bassfeller. Ah jest 'spects t'cotch me nuttin' at all. Sho am surprized, though, when ah cotch me one o' dem catfish t'ain't no good. Thet way ah ain't nivver disappointed."

Chris listened for the old man to finish; then, with a quick goodbye, ran up the bank and down the path to the farmhouse again. It was time for Mr. Brown to arrive.

No sooner had Chris reached the edge of the field than the rain began, first slowly and then with increasing power. Chris barely made the front porch in time to avoid being utterly drenched. His father's car was parked in the driveway.

From the instant Chris burst into the livingroom he could tell that something was wrong. He hesitated, then asked anxiously, "Where's the puppy Daddy?"

"I couldn't get him, Chris, I'm sorry. They promised to hold him for me. When I called, I found that they'd received a higher bid for him. Your puppy was gone. We'll try to get you one later in the year, perhaps next summer."

Chris could not keep down his feeling that his father was to blame. He knew it was not true, but the feeling persisted. He turned away from the gaze of his parents and looked out the window at the heavy downpour of rain. His gaze followed the contours of his father's fields, climbed like the cow-itch the broken fence and fixed itself on a small pine wood in the direction of the river. That was where he had left the remains of the news—the good news. Suddenly there emerged from the wood the figure of the lonely old colored man, trudging slowly in the rain. Chris was sorry about the fish now.

PROGRESSION

Kenneth Stuckey

Rest?
And can one rest
And charm
Away
The jadedness
Of the soul?

The aching,
Dull,
Excess of toil;
A slow and painful shuffling
Toward
An always

distant

goal.

Pilgrims' journeys
To a shrine:
A stone
Where He sought
Rest.
They find there
But a stone,
And creep away
Unblest.

TRAGEDY IN THE SKY

James Fenimore Cooper

Sometimes there is a touch of sadness to beauty which makes us wonder about it. To me the most beautiful thing in the world is the sky, and I doubt if the sky would be so wonderful were it not for some of the sadness in it.

A year ago our ship, a baby carrier, was cutting through a rough sea and being thrown about by the foaming swells. The wind, smashing across the barren flight deck, was overpowering, and the sky was a hard blue without a single cloud to mar its intensity. In it our twenty-four planes, single-seated fighters, were circling overhead in groups of four, waiting for the word to land on a tiny surface that was violently rolling and pitching. In spite of the hum of their engines, the roar of the waves, and the howling of the wind, everything seemed silent, because these sounds were so continuous that they made no impression on our ears.

After a while, when it was apparent that the weather would not quiet down, a white flag was hoisted from a yardarm on the tall radar mast. As this was the signal to land, one small group broke away from the rest, and, wheels lowering, it swung in dipping formation past the island structure. Then the first plane, making a wide circle close to the horizon, landed with a thud on the heaving deck. Folding its wings, it taxied forward, and was spotted in front of the safety barrier. As soon as the spinning propeller had stopped, the second plane came in. Then the third, and so on. Everything was going smoothly since most of the planes landed on their first attempts; the others, which were waved off, had to try again. Once safely down they were placed forward or lowered into the hangar

deck below on a huge elevator. All this time the wind and sea were still wild.

Then it happened. A fighter coming in for a landing made a bad approach and was waved off just before it touched. All eyes were on it while with an earsplitting whine it shot straight for the island. Banking sharply, it lost the tip of one wing as it ripped by the radar mast. It staggered, but kept on flying, lumbering painfully through the air and spreading a profound anxiety through us all.

The pilot took his craft up to join the others which were still circling. After flying around for a while, he came down for another try with everyone watching each movement of his plane as it approached. Its wheels hit, but, unbalanced by the loss of a wingtip, it swept over the side of the ship and momentarily disappeared from view. Then with a hollow shattering roar it reappeared, tearing low across the water, wings slanting almost vertically to the reaching waves. Had it hit one, it would have cartwheeled into the ocean, and the pilot would have been killed without a chance. However, he managed to straighten it out. When he did, the whole crew cheered, clapping their hands and jumping up and down with relief as they sweated out the same emotions together.

This time he climbed very high with everyone watching him as he labored higher. Suddenly the stricken plane, flipping over on its back, flung into a spin. Simultaneously a parachute burst open, and the crew went wild with applause, sure that the flyer was going to be safe. As the parachute floated towards us, their cheering stopped, for it was empty. Meanwhile the plane plunged into the sea,

sinking to the bottom with the pilot still at the controls.

Everyone gasped, feeling a little stupid. Then the last few planes landed and were lashed down for the night with their wings folded over their cockpits.

Although most of us had never seen this man, we became acquainted with him during his lone struggle in the sky. His death left us deeply saddened as if it had been that of some real friend with whom we had lived and laughed. Why did he have to fly anyway?

That night I had the mid-watch on the fo'c'sle. It was beautiful outside. The sea was calm after a hard day's tossing, but the swells still gently rolled us from side to side. The moon was full, shining with everything it had. Hovering over the mast, it slipped from one side of it to the other as we lolled back and forth. Below the island stretched the front edge of the flight deck with its planes squatting in silence. I could see three of them from where I was standing, innocent looking death traps, their folded wings and still propellers silhouetted against the bright sky.

Moved by some strange feeling, I climbed the ladder to where those sleeping Corsairs rested. Their folded wings creaking in the moonlight reminded me of a herd of giant crickets. Roaming among their shadows, I wondered what it was like inside a cockpit, and hopped onto one of those monsters. The opening of the plexiglass canopy took a little time, but finally it yielded, and I crawled in, closing it over my head. The next few moments were like a dream. The whole interior was illuminated with a dull green phosphorescence that made thousands of dials and little dots come out all around in a delightful glowing panorama.

Resting my head on the back of the seat, I looked into the night above, where a handful of stars twinkled down at me through the folded wings that rose so high into the air. It seemed as if some kind of music might have been throbbing to the rhythm of it all—the slow heaving of the ship, and the swaying of the moon-made shadows. Gazing into the sky, I found the answer to my question of why this man had flown. Way up there among those stars was an overpowering beauty. He had died for this beauty, and I think I would have too. I felt a funny strain in my throat; everything was too beautiful, in spite of the tragedy.

The sea keeps on heaving; the pilot is still at his controls, and I keep on dreaming. The sky is what I want more than anything else; its beauty, so free in all its naturalness, expansiveness,—and sadness.



SPARK UP WITH SPARKIES

Frederick Hunter Burrell

EVERY MORNING, up until last week, I, and seventy-five million other red-blooded American boys tumbled out of our snug beds and staggered down-stairs to a hearty breakfast of orange-juice, milk, and cereal. Since the day in question, seventy-five million red-blooded American boys stagger downstairs to a hearty breakfast of orange-juice, milk and cereal. I stagger downstairs to a breakfast of orange-juice and milk. This quite remarkable change in diet is related to the fact that on this fateful day, I was slightly less asleep than I usually am.

Upon reaching the breakfast table, I automatically downed my orange-juice and was duly presented with a bowl containing a solitary box. The box turned out to be a package of cereal, the like of which I had not previously been acquainted with. The introduction was quite sudden, however, for as I partially aroused from my belated slumber, I was startled by the printed salutation, "Spark up with Sparkies". The effect on my mind was amazing. The fog surrounding my brain immediately dissipated. With great anticipation, I searched the box for an explanation of these spectacular four words in blue and yellow. I was soon informed that each little particle had, at one time in its career been shot from a gun! Surely any cereal with such a glamourous history deserved careful attention. Accordingly, I proceeded callously to slice the box down the middle, and, with great anticipation, emptied its contents into the accompanying bowl. Gleefully, I added milk to the grains in the dish, shielding my face lest the cereal immediately explode. Much to my disappointment, it did not explode, nor did it spark, as the name suggested, nor did it even pop or sputter. Instead, each little particle proceeded to absorb milk and slowly settle into a gooey mass to the bottom of the bowl.

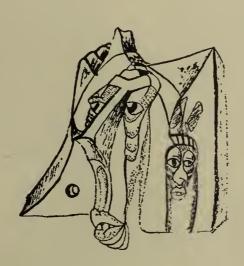
My disappointment knew no bounds. I was practically beside myself, with discouragement. However, after a titanic mental conflict, I managed to control my emotions, and by way of consolation, ate some of the stuff. What I believed would be a consolation turned out to be salt in my mental wounds. Instead of a zestful, flavorsome morsel, the spoonful of cereal which I placed in my mouth was the closest thing which I have tasted to a cubic foot of wet excelsior, forced down my throat. The cereal had apparently swollen, and due to its tastelessness, seemed twice as large as it was in reality.

After two exceedingly discouraging encounters with "Sparkies", I glumly set about examining the wrapper, in the remote hope that even if the cereal did not taste good, or snap, crackle, and pop, it might contain huge (or at least large) quantities of some diverse nutritive elements. This time I was not to be disheartened, according to the wrapper, my little bowl of cereal was abundantly loaded with vitamins and minerals. Among other things, three milligrams of vitamins B1, fifteen milligrams of niacin, and a third as much iron. What a fabulous amount of nutriment this must be, said I to myself. Here, surely, is the excuse for putting this horrible breakfast food on the market. Again I was to be disappointed, for in the lower right-hand corner of the wrapper, I was informed in tiny black letters that this was only three-tenths of one per-cent of an adults minimum daily requirements. After much deliberation, I ascertined that in order to survive, I would be compelled to devour at least fifty-three thousand more of those disgusting little, golden - brown - sweet - as - a - nut kernels of

wholesome, malted rice, shot from guns. The final, crushing blow to my opinion of cold cereals, occurred when one of those unspeakable "Sparkies" contemptuously exploded in my face, and its mission completed, returned to the bottom of the bowl.

From that moment, I have entirely given

up the idea of breakfast cereals for myself. Weakened, as I am, from my encounters with "Sparkies", I find it beyond my strength to enlighten the other seventy-five million red-blooded American boys. *They* will have to find out for themselves.



RAINBOWS

Charles Graydon Poore

A sudden still eclipse,
And soon the afternoon becomes
A greyish monochrome.
A cannonade of clouds
Is heard, too close—
The preface to the storm.
Within, a servant lights a fire
To brighten someone else's home,
While on the shingled roof
The torrent falls.

His master, motionless,
Half slumbers as he thinks about
A town whose single street
Had been so cheerful then . . .
Along the path
Of wreckage of this town
A crippled peasant fights against
The liquid whip of rain and sleet—
Staggered beneath the blast,
He only crawls.

At last the sun appears,
And countless falling prisms cast
A spectrum on the sky,
The weather's armistice
So finely phrased.
The storm's dark aftermath
Is seen in tiny rivulets
That quickly join and multiply
To leave a trail of scars,
Cut cruelly deep.

The clouds float silently,
Enchanting in their formlessness
And fragile innocence.
But if they should break up—
The peasant scans
The rubble of his house
And wonders how he still can hope.
A cryptic sense of imminence
Disturbs, and then deserts,
The master's sleep.

THE CITY OF LIGHT

Robert Ross

THE EUROPEAN WAR had been over about a month when a rumour began its rounds through the detachment to the effect that we were returning to Paris from Belgium for reassignment.

It was in the middle of the bitter winter of 1944-45 that I had left Paris. The misery of the people, who were without sufficient food and fuel, had made the "city of light" seem one of darkness and despair. I remember particularly going into an elaborate, fashionable barbershop and watching my breath make little clouds in the frosty air while a bluefingered manicurist, bundled to the ears, filed the nails of a similary bundled and equally cold patron.

But now it was June, and I had hopes of resurrecting the Paris which at first sight had inflated me like a circus balloon and left me lazily floating about in space until practical considerations forced me to descend. Before this first view of Paris my batallion had been bivouacked in an Idyllic Norman apple-orchard, which had somehow remained free from destruction and the odor of death. Perhaps this isolation was defended by the high hedgerows which surrounded it like the ramparts of a fortress and gave it that personal, intimate atmosphere which one experiences in the highwalled village gardens of France. In spite of the inconvenience of slit trenches and bathing in a basin formed when a shell had struck a singularly icy brook, I had become very much attached to this spot, almost as though there were some ancestral tie holding me there. And I was reluctant to part from it even for the legendary pleasures of Paris. But while our convoy was speeding through one of those well-kept, orderly French forests full of gaily costumed bicyclers out from Paris for the week-end, the

spirit of entering the great city suddenly seized me and filled me with enthusiasm for the adventure. We rolled through the great square before the palace in Versailles with the air of a triumphal procession, and so many of the people shouted and waved that by the time we could see the Eifel tower we were beginning to feel like their personal liberators. The full richness of the setting sun was reflected upon the Palais Chaillot, transforming it into an Olympian edifice of glowing white marble, and it was then that I experienced the delicious floating sensation described before. I was later very resentful when a French lady told me the building was in poor taste, "trop moderne", as she explained.

MANY stirring events, the most important of which was the termination of the European war, had occurred since then. And the rumour of a return to Paris materialized much more quickly than is usual through the "G.I." grapevine. A few days after I had first heard the rumour, our detachment was sprawled on our duffle in the back of a six-bysix somewhere between Soissons and Paris. The day was warm and clear, and occasionally we would see little groups of peasants working in the vast open fields, then a wooded hill with its inevitable chateau and church, and the small group of village homes clustering at its base as though for protection. The almost complete lack of farmhouses was conspicuous to an American. Again we were passing through one of those park-like forests, and although it was late afternoon it seemed that twilight had already come because of the deep shade cast by the tall trees. It was somewhere after Dammartin that everyone began

to peer anxiously ahead with the same eager anticipation which children on a holiday display when approaching the seashore or mountains. A shout went up as we spotted the first Paris landmark, the church of the Sacré Coeur, a small spot of white perched on the summit of Montmarte and scarcely visible over the wide stretch of undulating countryside that intervened. My anticipation increased with the gaining of each new hillcrest, and by the time the tip of the Eifel tower was visible, slightly to one side of the church, I felt as though I had been projected into space and was soaring along ahead of the speeding truck, anxiously beckoning the driver onward. Soon we had sped through the numerous small pastel-colored villages which abound on every approach to Paris. On the Boulevard Rochechouart there was a constant stream of those energetic bicyclists who seem to emerge like a swarm of multi-colored ants on every fair day. We waved with gusto at the numerous pretty female cyclists with their gay apparel and wildly billowing skirts. I nearly fell with dizziness as the truck swerved into the colorful whirl of two- and four-wheeled traffic which gyrated about the

Arc de Triomphe and then veered off into the Avenue D'Iena to the Hotel D'Iena, where the battalion was to be temporarily located.

That evening I rushed frantically about trying to absorb all the memories of an exciting past which lingered about the ancient narrow streets adjacent to the Isle de la Cité. For me, in my highly romantic mood, every shadow hid a François Villon, every gendarme was a D'Artagnan or Cyrano and the gay revelers who passed on their way to some secluded cabaret were young Bohèmes from La Vie de la Bohème. I wondered if the Romans, coming upon the small settlement of uncivilized fishermen who then occupied the little island which was to become the mother of the city, were as enchanted by its atmosphere as present-day travelers are and if they could have visualized this great center of western culture which would one day equal, and even at times surpass, their own Rome.

I remained only another day before leaving for Germany, but, completely intoxicated with the charm of my surroundings, I lived every hour of it with an intensity which never before, or since, have I equalled.





KAYOED

Edward F. Hudson



THE COOLING OFF

MARTIN BOVEY, JR.



Power



ABSTRACT

J. MARK RUDKIN

QUAKER ROW

Raymond Norton

E RAN down the stairs, out the door, and into the sunlight. The others poured out behind him and separated into groups of two or three as they reached the sidewalk. He stopped and turned around to watch for Igi. Pat knew that Igi would be one of the last ones out because he had to come down from upstairs, but he still looked eagerly at the passing faces. Igi's pa had just bought him a new baseball, bat, and glove, and Igi had promised that he'd play with him after school. Pat had been afraid that he'd see Ian Rice come out the door, but nearly everyone was out now He felt relieved to know that Jan had probably played hookey again today. He looked up at the windows in Miss Halloway's room, thinking that he might see Igi there. Everyone liked Miss Halloway because she was so nice—just like a mother. He waited around a few minutes and still he hadn't appeared, so he decided he'd go up to Miss Halloway's room. She said that Igi had gone down the back stairway with Paul Standley. Pat asked her if he had his baseball stuff with him, and she said that he had. Sadly Pat walked down the stairs and out the door. He looked all around the yard and couldn't find Igi anywhere. He kicked the pieces of broken bottle that lay gleaming in the sun. He'd tell him a few things when he saw him tmorrow!

He walked downtown slowly and couldn't help wondering why Igi had gone off with Paul when he'd promised him. He stopped before Carl's Sporting Goods Store and looked longingly at the brand new baseball gloves in the window. Igi's pa had paid five dollars for his. Pat wondered what he'd do that afternoon. He looked in all the store windows and then started down the hill toward home, banging a stick in the old iron fence in front of Mrs. Whipple's house.

At one time the Whipple Mansion had been pointed to with pride by the townsfolk. After Mrs. Whipple's death though, the place had been let go and was now rapidly falling apart. The tall grass and overgrown shrubs seemed to be attempting to reach up and pull down or forever hide the decaying parts from people's eyes.

The ringing of Pat's stick changed to a hollow knocking as he now walked along a series of seemingly unending fences which enclosed a long row of tenement houses, all exactly alike and all looking out solemnly from behind their drab fronts, like Quakers at a prayer meeting. Thin wisps of children played in the street and around the houses, and Pat wondered crazily why the fences had been put there at all. He crossed the street, trying not to step on the cracks in the concrete, and went up to the high solid board fence next to the sidewalk on the other side. One of the boards was gone, and there was just enough room for Pat to squeeze through.

Pat remembered well enough the night that Mr. Ganem's store had burned down. He'd been awakened by the noise of the fire engines, and when he'd looked out of the window he had seen a red glow over the next block and sparks flying high in the air. He'd wanted to run out and watch it, but he knew his pa wouldn't have let him, so he'd stayed leaning out the window until all was silent again. A week later a tall board fence had been put up, and now Pat always liked to slip through the fence, go across the rubble that was once Mr. Ganem's store, and out the other side to his own street.

He squeezed through the opening and picked his way along the inside of the fence. Suddenly he heard something behind him. He stopped and swung around, his heart beat-

ing wildly. He had a funny feeling in his stomach. Before him stood Jan Rice. He had his hands in his pockets and a cigarette in his mouth, and he tipped his head back and looked down at Pat through half-closed eyes. Jan was only a year older than Pat, but he was big for thirteen and about a head taller. He took the cigarette out of his mouth and flicked it away with grimy fingers. Pat knew that Jan was a bully, but he never thought that he'd meet him alone—like this. Pat just looked at him. Jan stepped up to him and stuck his pale thin face in Pat's and gave him a shove that sent him flying.

"Well, if it ain't Patrick Burke," he said as he leered down at him. "And how's your old man? Have you seen him this afternoon?"

Pat felt his face getting hot. "No," he said sullenly. He picked himself up and looked at Jan. He knew he had tears in his eyes. He could feel them, and he couldn't see Jan very well. Jan advanced again.

"Well I saw him," he sneered, "and he was drunk as usual."

He poked Pat back a little with each word. Pat felt the tears welling up, and he burned inside. He tried to look up at Jan, but he couldn't see over the tears.

"I saw him stagger home. I watched him. He pretty near fell flat on his face when he tried to climb the stairs."

Jan let out a harsh course laugh that grated on Pat's ears and made his spine tingle. His shoulder began to hurt where Jan had been poking him.

"He's nothing but a lousy old souse; that's all he is. And. you, you little sonofabitch—that's probably what you'll turn out to be."

Jan gave him another push, and he went flying again. Pat landed on his side, and he felt a shooting pain in his elbow. He clamped his teeth together. The tears overflowed. He jumped up screaming wildly:

"My pa is not drunk! He's not! He's not! He's

He swung at Jan yildly and furiously, not knowing whether he was hitting him or not. Jan hit him in the face and in the stomach and hit him again and again. Pat stumbled back with his hands to his face, and Jan closed in, throwing him to the ground. He struggled, but Jan jumped on top of him and cruelly ground his knees on Pat's arms.

"I'll fix you, you bastard," he shouted.

Pat was screaming, and his face was wet with tears. Jan spit in his face and kept hitting him. Finally he climbed off, stood up, and kicked him hard in the ribs.

"Now go on home, you baby," he said. "Go on home to your lousy old man. He'll need you!"

Pat hardly heard Jan's mocking laugh, but sobbing he got to his feet—stumbled—then ran along the fence. He felt as if some terrifying force were about to fall on him and seize him. He looked back fearfully, but Jan still stood there, laughing, with his hands in his pockets and his head thrown back.

At last he reached the opening in the fence at the other side of the lot. He dashed through, gasping for breath and still sobbing. The glare of the sun blinded him for a second; then he raced down the street. No one seemed to notice him, though his face was dirty, streaked, and bloody, and his clothes torn and disheveled. Sobbing violently he ran up the front steps of one of the tenements which lined each side of the street and burst open the door. The door swung quickly open, but stopped with a thud against something solid. It was the foot of a man who lay sprawled face down in the narrow hallway. His breathing sounded heavily, and he didn't move.

THE WHIPPLES' iron fence gleamed a shiny black in the rain. The water ran in silent streams down the gutter toward the bottom of the hill, and Pat's shoes squished loudly with each step. The drops

fell from Pat's hair and dripped down his neck. One rolled down his forehead and hung precariously on his eyebrow. He reached up, brushed it off, and felt gingerly around his eye. The swelling had gone down, but the pain had given place to a rainbow of vivid colors which nearly encircled his eye. His pa had asked him the next day what had happened. Pat had just said that he got in a fight. He hadn't told anyone at school about it. They'd all laughed at him when he'd walked in the next day. One of the guys had said that Pat looked like his old man after he'd been out on a drunk, and Pat got red and smiled.

The cars went splashing by, and Pat followed with his eyes the marks that their tires made on the wet road. He hadn't played with Igi after school all that week. He wondered what he'd do that afternoon.

Pat crossed the street and passed by the opening in the fence, walking along the outside and around the corner to his street. Someone was coming toward him in the rain. Pat stopped, and his heart came up in his mouth. He quickly stepped into the street and started to cross, but it was too late.

"You in a hurry, Burke, or are ya just yellow?" a voice asked.

Pat reached the sidewalk just as the figure started to cross the street. A deathly stillness seemed to have fallen with the rain, and the street was deserted except for a few ash cans waiting silently to be emptied. Pat had that funny feeling in his stomach. Jan was halfway across the street now.

"Maybe you're in a hurry to go home and see if your old man's stiff."

Pat felt the blood drain from his face, and he had a sinking sensation, as if he were falling and would never stop. He looked around him frantically for something with which to defend himself. Jan was sauntering toward him now, his hands in his pockets and his head tipped back.

"So you're scared, huh?"

Pat retreated a few steps and wrenched free a broken handle of a shovel that stuck up out of an ash can.

"Get away from me," Pat screamed. Again a shrill cry issued from his trembling lips: "Leave me alone!" His heart was pounding so hard he could hardly breath.

"Well what do you know! The little boy's got a big stick. What do you think you're going to do with that?" he jeered.

A few more steps and Jan was upon him. Pat closed his eyes and swung the shovel handle with all his might. He felt it hit something, and then he heard a long sigh like he'd never heard before. When he opened his eyes, Jan lay at his feet. Pat gasped and backed away. The blood was streaming from Jan's face and slowly trickling down the wet sidewalk to the gutter. Horrified, he saw the blood swept away in the silent stream. The houses looked down at him from behind their drab faces, and he turned and fled. His body tingled. He felt as if some terrifying force were about to fall his face. He did not look back, but ran-he knew not where.



BOMBED PORT

Girders, timbers sleeping in a bed of Crumbled bricks. Flattened, blackened, jagged acres. Sickening memorial To blindness. Immense and hollow species of beguiling Peacefulness is roosting on this corpse. Shreds of cloth disintegrate With bitter etiquette Permitting proof by greedy weeds That here life can exist Once more. Omniscient parent, sea of prussian blue Kissing gently weeping ramps, defeated piers. Far above, suspended, still as death, A pure white Gull.

COCKTAIL FOR ONE

How I'd like to drink you the egg nog of your skin

molasses of your hair the sherry of your lips

your eyelashes would tickle as they skittered down my gullet

and a glistening hazel eyeball might get stuck half way but

what could be more pleasant than choking to death on you.

THE SONATA OF TIME

Roland F. Wille

[Introduction]

As I GLANCED at the English Department's list of prize competitions, I happened to notice Shakespeare's seemingly presumptuous premise that "Time Must Have a Stop". I scoffed at the idea then, but I know now that time can have a stop, even though it may be only temporary. I doubt if any of you could imagine Time slowing down to a stop at a place like Andover. I myself wouldn't have thought it possible a few days before, but the simple fact is . . . that it did. Oh, perhaps not in minutes and seconds, but the absence of compulsion, of routine, of social obligations made it seem that way. "When did all this happen?" you ask. Well, it was the first Saturday and Sunday in February, the Prom weekend.

|Statement of the Original Theme]

Andover, on the day before, had been the scene of motion. Even I, who was not going any place or doing anything, could not feel immune to the prevailing current. Boys were rushing about for last-minute appointments, perhaps to pick up weekend excuses in the congested basement of George Washington Hall, to meet Prom dates, to do this, or to do that. For the first time in weeks, seniors had taken their American history tests with a grain of salt. Boys in other classes sat restless, waiting expectantly for those infernal bells that mark the end of a period. Back at the dorm, boys were packing furiously; clothes became less shabby; and The New York Times with its pessimistic headlines remained on the floor, unread.

It is safe to say that the school was running a fever. The doctors said the sickness was merely one of exhaustion and monotonous route. For its cure they had prescribed a release from the school and its strict code of apparently outmoded morality. I wondered whether their diagnosis was as complete as possible, whether it had taken into account the cause of the sickness. I thought it best, though, not to question their professional judgment.

At ten fifty-three, the bells rang for the last time that week. Their reverberations seemed irregular and somewhat hollow — a call to the doctors to gather around and watch the effects of their novel experiment in psychotherapy.

Andover grew weaker and sank into a half-stupor as three hundred of her sons deserted her. She revived for a few hours during the night when two hundred adopted daughters assembled around her bed, but even these departed the next morning, taking with them two hundred more—leaving the school without its characteristic vitality, in a deep and welcome coma.

[Development of the Original Theme]

Saturday morning presented an amazing contrast to the day before. There were no clanging bells at seven-fifteen to start another day of over-familiar procedure. Perhaps that's why I missed breakfast. No one I asked seemed to know what time breakfast really was; few seemed to care. I tried to find my friends in the usually crowded Commons. One lone pair playing a game of ping-pong and two tables of bridge made it seem empty.

And I could actually look around without meeting a suffocating haze. There were a few lost souls like myself wandering about. They all expressed joy at having this wonderful chance to get caught up in school work. They really won't get a thing done, I assured myself in an effort to justify my own inactivity. It just wasn't the right . . . well, atmosphere for work.

I loafed that whole day and most of Sunday. Nothing interrupted the monotony of doing nothing. The whole scene resembled a cold Sunday morning in the winter around seven o'clock when no one is up, everything is quiet. But just as Sunday mornings do not last forever, so my holiday slipped away all too soon.

[Scherzo]

The end came rather suddenly as the patient opened her eyes. The doctors, who had by this time become quite restless, now approached expectantly, watching closely her every motion, as if to catch even the faintest reaction. But the reaction they most sought was not forthcoming.

This is terrible, awful. Here I was having

one gay time at home doing what I felt like, and I have to come back to this! Listen to it. The first book of the Forsyte Saga is due tomorrow at eight, and I haven't even started. Five pages of French at nine. A new chapter in Chemistry and that History! Why, all they do in class is tell us facts we're supposed to get from taking notes. Why don't they tell us something new? twelve pages this week, too. And I forgot, what's the Math? Oh, no, not another three theorems. When am I going to get all the time to do it? Oh, what's the use. Let's get up a game of bridge.

The bells started acting up again at quarter of eight Sunday night. It was all over and from now on, there would be no escape. If one were to judge by Sunday night's activities, my little vacation from reality would certainly be labelled a dream. Perhaps it was, for dreams are temporary, too.

It was obvious by now that the patient had suffered a relapse. As she returned to her previous state of confused hysteria, the doctors merely shrugged their shoulders and wondered wherein they had been mistaken.

Miscegenation

An Indian brave named Half-Moon
Fell in love with a dusky quadroon.
They became man and wife
And the rest of their life
Produced children: red, brown, and maroon.

-Frederick W. Stark, II

DISCARD

Charles Graydon Poore

In the district where residential merges into slum and there are more saloons than tea rooms, stood a stone and dirt-grey building, half lost in a block that held twenty others like it. Suite C, as the faded stencils advertised on the letterbox at the entranceway, was a two-and-a-quarterroom apartment on the third story of this building. It had three windows, all facing toward the sunless south and, across the street, the line of identical structures that formed a phalanx of monotonous imagery.

Inside, a dull yellow paint covered the knobby concrete of the walls. On the floor a colorless carpet showed patches where rough heels had rubbed through its surface and dust and ashes had coated the unknown flowers that once had been its pattern. Overhead, a lamp swung with slow precision in the current of air from the ventilator, and rays from another light gleamed weakly in the direction of an understuffed armchair.

The room was a tone-deadened kaleidoscope, with open drawers full of frayed shirts and bright neckties and patchwork socks, empty tins of beer and pictures of women tacked up for their static fascination, newspapers, magazines, and on one table a pile of small bills in elastic-fastened stacks. These the man who was sitting in the armchair had long before placed in different banks, so that when he withdrew them no one would be surprised, or suspicious. They represented what was left of his war savings.

He got up and went to the washstand and stuck his head under the stream of cold water. He heard the tinny beat of his clock and knew, without glancing at it, that it was late. Well, he wanted it to be late—not that there was anything criminal or cowardly about what he was going to do. He flexed his biceps

before the mirror and noticed how much stronger he was since his four-year enlistment. Too well built now, he had said, to fit into most of his old suits; so he would throw them away, like everything else.

He looked at the photograph of his wife and son, and his mind became curiously leaden. He supposed they were having a good time, visiting her family out in the country. Nearby, on a window sill, he saw the plant he had promised to take care of while they were away, its stalk crushed in shadow and the buds numb like stillborn children. He pulled a small flask out of one of his pockets and washed the leaves. As he poured the liquor over them, they seem to tremble and then sink back into their narcotic torpor. He turned away, sickened.

He remembered how he had come home on a furlough, strangely matured in the uniform with a new chevron on his sleeve, and had asked the girl who was now his wife the question he imagined he had to, to satisfy a transient desire. And they had been married for only a few months when he left. He thought now of the time his battalion had liberated a Sicilian village, of the Italian girl whose arms had stayed tightly around him a little longer than he had expected. He wondered if she hated him after-but was it his fault? She had been what he knew no one else could be, and at last he realized why he called his wife and son by the names that indicated merely their legal relationship to him.

A sharp ring, then another, cut through his meditation. For an instant he was afraid; then just as quickly he checked himself and, after a moment, picked up the receiver.

"Yes?" he said, trying to make his voice sound easy.

The voice was Jack's. It would be—Jack always was getting impulses in the middle of the night.

"No, Jack, I don't think I could."

The voice was insistent. "Listen, you'll be secretary or something and my father says his firm's nearly reconverted and . . ."

"I can't. Sorry." Determination—or was it fear of hesitating—forced him to stop the conversation. He wouldn't let anything interrupt him although, he reflected, it was not a bad prospect. He braced himself. After all, every other prospect had been just as illusory as—well, he hadn't got any jobs so far, not the kind that suited him, at least, and he certainly wouldn't, he kept telling himself, he certainly wouldn't. . . .

He threw a few other things into a suitcase and went out of the room and the apartment, as quickly as he could. Behind him, on the bed his wife slept in, was the inevitable note, scrawled in brutal script, "You'll find me at the bridge where we used to have our picnics—before I went away. I know your family will take care of you and my [crossed out] your son."

On the highway the deep black of the night flashed past him and at the same time appeared to block his way in front. He drove at a moderate speed for a while, but as he approached the place where the sign said, "Come again, soon," he found himself pressing harder and harder on the accelerator, the

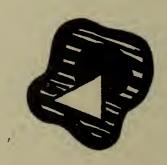
red and blue veins on his neck and hands standing out in feverish relief, until he slowed down to turn into the pebbled dirt road that led to the river.

He stopped the car just short of and facing the bridge, and got out. A placard on a fungus-eaten post in front stated, in storm-smeared ink: "Passage by bodies"—the terminology was unbelievably stilted—"weighing more than 300 pounds prohibited, under penalty of law."

A slow mist was forming, and he felt himself in a dank gauze-like haze, alone with the darkness. He took his pick out of the back compartment and then crept softly to the bridge. A few hard blows and one plank had given away, and within fifteen minutes he had slashed a jagged piece out of the rotten timber. It was that brief. Completely elated, he placed his hat close to the hole, then flung the pick into the river. Now he would go back, turn the car around, and start out—for a new life, he hoped, in some place where no one would recognize him.

Ideas skipped and thundered frantically, joyfully, even sadly up and down in his mind as he thought of how well he had done, how wonderful it was to be independent, the way he had planned. He opened the car door, climbed in, and started the motor. He drove swiftly forward. . . .

Only a few bubbles remained, and they, too, soon collapsed and disappeared.





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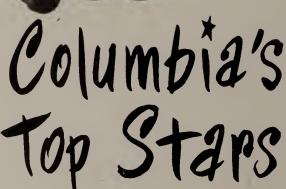
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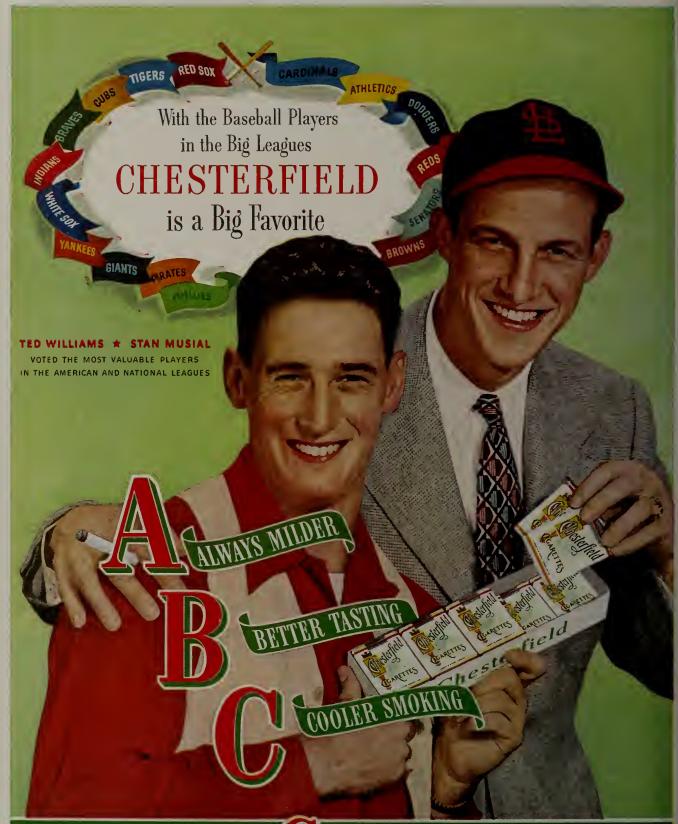
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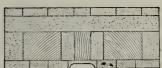
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THE PHILLIPS ACADEMY MIRROR

Winter, 1947

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Illustrations and Drawings:

Martin Bovey, Jr.; Karl Koehler; Pete Ogden; Mark Rudkin; Ralph Drury; John Grinnell; Ted Hudson.

MIRROR

VOLUME 88

Number I

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Gutenberg's Ghost

The Lips

We like our art this year. We especially like the surreptitious young thing drawn by John Grinnell, which comes with 'The Man in the Mirror' by Kim Howell on page 34. Everything depends on finding the lips. We also like the story.

The Features

But we had big editorial difficulties. One question on our minds was, where to get information on Mrs. Max Mallowan, née Agatha Christie, who was, the editor of the Boston *Traveler* told us, just as mysterious as her mystery novels. But when we came to Boston we were allowed to rifle through the *Traveler* morgue, and we came up with a

The Phillips Academy Mirror, edited and published at Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts, is issued twice a year, once in the winter term and once in the spring term. Yearly subscriptions, \$1.00. Advertising rates will be sent on request. Address all correspondence to The Mirror, George Washington Hall, Phillips Academy, Andover Massachusetts. The Mirror is a member of the Columbia Scholastic Press Association.

bigger mystery than Agatha ever wrote. Your grandmother remembers the disappearance of the debutante Dorothy Arnold. Every five years or so it makes space-filling copy for some editor's Sunday supplement. Police have been baffled about it from that day to this. You can read about it on page 13.

We ran into the same kind of difficulties with 'Netherlands Correspondence' (p. 37). We needed a correspondent. Dr. Walter Hasenclever of the German department had stayed at the home of the secretary to the Dutch Prime Minister in The Hague this summer. He said Ton Perquin, the Secretary's 17-year-old nephew, probably would welcome the opportunity to write for us. He wants to apply for admission here anyway. A Mirror editor did some hurried research in the Britannica Yearbook, typed out a two page list of questions in two parts called 'The War Years' and 'Post Bellum' and Dr. Hasenclever airmailed it out with an explanatory letter.

But while the editor waited, he did some more research. He found that the Saturday Evening Post's Ernest O. Hauser had scooped him in a November issue of the Post. Our article arrived on the twentieth of January, and it dealt with conditions inside Holland during the war. Mr. Hauser could not duplicate this. We edited the article and gave it to Dr. Fuess for the admissions committee.

Prize Stuff

Meeting a Mirror editor in Maine, Michalovich, after the usual 'Hail-fellow' salutations, told him that Martin Bovey, Jr., at Summer School, who has made prize-winning prints exhibited all over the East, might lend us some of those prints. The editor wrote to Bovey and got permission to use the one which appears in the center section. Incidentally, the print 'Pals' by Pete Ogden, is another prize-winner from Florida.

(Continued on Page 40)

BIG BOY

Martin Grosz

HIT IT, Papa!"
"Yeah! Come on; make it talk!"

"Big Boy" was carried away as the cornetist tore the lining out of his tarnished instrument. The squeezed notes progressed higher and higher until it seemed that at any moment the cornet would collapse in hoarse protest. The drummer, "Old Man" Cottrelle, from the Delta, banged and rattled his Afro-tin-can battery with increasing violence. "Big Boy" pecked so that his tender guitar strings' resounding throb might be heard through the closing, tense bars of the number. Then a final ecstatic flourish, a grenade-like explosion from "Old Man's" tom tom, and a hissing cymbal clash closed the number.

The cellar club was rather sparsely filled. It was the Christmas season, and near Christmas few people go to hear ancient, deteriorated jazzmen blow their syncopated epitaphs; let alone at any other time of the year. I often spent an evening here, because it was the only place left in Chicago where I could intoxicate myself with down-to-earth, crude, New Orleans music. "Big Boy" Robicheaux had fronted his little "gut-bucket" band here as long as I could remember, and although several of his best sidemen had died, he always found somebody from the Crescent City to replace them without diluting the potency of the group. But "Big Boy" could not play long stands into the early hours of the morning forever. I watched him from my small table. He was bent over during the intermission, replacing a broken string with a glistening new one. His face was leathery, and his ebony hair had an ivory streak twisting through it. His frame still appeared large and powerful, but his shirt was frayed at the collar and cuffs, and his suit was dusty and spotted. His blonde guitar spoke its age. It was scratched and cracked. Some of the white

enamel had chipped out of the inlaid maker's name on the guitar head.

He carefully stepped off the stand and shuffled over to the bar.

"Hey, Big Boy!" I called.

"Yeah." He squinted through his thick glasses over in my direction; then his face softened. "Oh; how's it, Max?"

"C'mon. Sit down; I'll buy you a drink."
He lowered himself convalescently into
the chair at my table. "My damn legs ah
killin' me. I figger I'll have to kill them wi'
some licka."

"What'll you have, Big Boy?"

"Gin."

"Pete! Bring us a bottle of Fleischmann's and two glasses," I called to the chubby bartender.

I lit a cigarette and watched its wisp of smoke weave and tangle with itself. "See you got a new clarinet man," I remarked; "sounds damn fine."

"Yea. Name's Bud Draper; used to play on Fate Marabel's riverboat. I stole him from Woodenhead's band at Economy Hall in Orleans. Been to conservatory. He kin read, harmonize, and do all that sort of stuff at sight. Taught us a lot of new rags and blues."

"Give him a little time, and he'll be fronting his own group," I said.

"That's what I'm afraid of; good clarinetists hard to find these days."

The bartender brought the gin. "Big Boy" ceremoniously took off his glasses and cleaned them with an edge of the red and white table cloth. I noted this.

"How are the eyes?"

He had told me before that his eyes were slowly failing and that he might soon become blind. He cradled the glass in his calloused hand.

"We-el,—the doctuh up at the Clinic says

an operation would keep me seein' maybe three o' foah years mo'. I got seventy-five, an' twenty from my brother in Memphis oughta clinch it."

The boys were filing back on to the bandstand. The bass player wiped his brow. The trombonist tested his mouthpiece.

"Well, I certainly hope it works out all

right," I said.

"Yeah, thanks, Max," he drawled. "I guess I gotta git back to the stand; thanks for the drink." He shoved his chair back, rose slowly, and started for the stand.

"Play 'Perdido Street' for me, will ya?" I called.

"Okay, Max."

The band powerhoused into "Perdido Street Blues" at a jerky medium tempo. The effect was more violent than blue. The cornet's rasping inflections and mordant flights filled the club with a sort of white heat. The clarinet seemed to interject evil and cruel droplets from the molten notes. The trombone roared in anguish. The pulse of the bass and drums fed the inferno with a consistent pounding fuel. This was the "hot" that people speak of when they say "hot music." It was a crackling, intense heat. Suddenly it was extinguished with the lush shuffling guitar tones of "Big Boy's" chorus. His massive hands strode across his ancient guitar, extricating a succession of resounding chords, alive and crisp, but subconsciously blue and heartrending.

A strange reverent silence fell over the few in the club. Each melancholy note rebounded with an unequalled grace and suppleness. "Big Boy's" heavy thumb tugged at each golden string to tie the melodious chords together.

I stayed until twelve o'clock sipping beer and letting myself go completely, to the poignant or spirited music of "Big Boy". It was always poignant even in a mile-a-minute rag like "Milneburg Joys," because of the

realization that after he died I would never hear his artistry again. As I inched up the dark stairs, I turned awkwardly to get a last glimpse of the band. "Big Boy" was singing in his husky, gravel-voice:

"Mah male is white.

Mah face is black.

Ah sells mah coal

Two bits a sack."

The verse echoed faintly through the silent Chicago night, as I scrunched through the snow.

until an icy night in late January. The streets were solid, diamond hard ice. The wind whipped and pierced the hard brick buildings. Down the otherwise bluish-dark street, the orange neon barrel with "Cellar Club" written on it warmed the chilly evening. I stamped the packed snow from my shoes and, taking off my coat and scarf, walked over to the bar. The air was hazy. A trombone solo gurgled through the smoke. "Big Boy" was squinting at the customers through his silver rimmed glasses, strumming powerfully. After a few more stomps and blues there was an intermission. "Big Boy" idled over to the bar.

"Hello, Big Boy. How's it comin'?"
He grinned. "All right, I guess, Max."

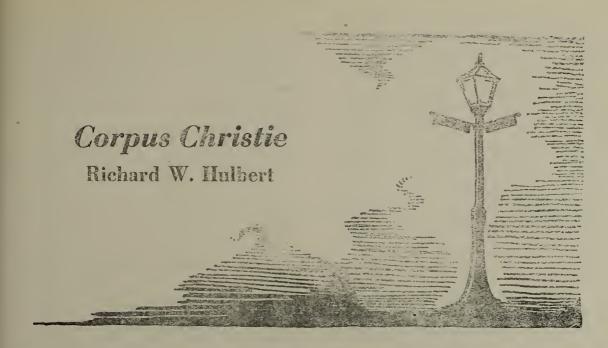
I poured a shot of rye and slid it over to him. "How's about you and the boys coming over some time? I want to cut some records with your bunch and some of Dodd's gang from 'The Three Deuces'."

"I'd like that all right," he answered. "You just tell us when."

"Okay, fine." I looked at my glass. For a moment we were both silent. "Say, how are your eyes? Did you get them operated on?"

"Aw, hell! I bought myself a new guitar. I figger when mah legs cave in, an' mah eyes give, an' everythin' else is gone, I'll still have mah music."

"Yeah," I said, and thought for a while.



made more money out of murder than any other woman since Lucrezia Borgia. She has done this by keeping her murders on paper. Be that as it may, her rank as one of the most accomplished and interesting writers in the field of modern detective fiction is all but indisputable. Someone once described her as the "most prolific and efficient professional of them all", and her list of forty novels and countless short stories includes one of the most controversial detective stories ever written.

The career of this remarkable woman has been an interesting, if mysterious one, for little is really known about her. She was born in Devon in England in the early or middle 1890's, the exact year is unknown, the daughter of a New Yorker, Frederick Miller. Her maiden name of Agatha Mary Clarissa Miller has been further complicated by two marriages. Even as a child she showed an interest in books, and her mother encouraged this literary bent. She wrote her first story, so she says, one day when she was sick and unable to go out. "It was quite easy to think of one but not quite so easy to write it all down." It became easier as time went on.

In 1914 she married Archibald Christie, later Colonel. During the war she worked as a volunteer in a hospital, and it was at this time that her sister complained that it was impossible to buy a detective story in which the murderer was not obvious from the start. This spurred on Mrs. Christie's growing interest in detective stories. She writes that "Toward the end of the war I planned a detective story. I had read many of them, as I found that they were excellent to take one's mind off one's troubles."

Her first book, "The Mysterious Affair at Styles", had quite a difficult time finding a publisher and did not appear in print until 1920. It enjoyed modest success and encouraged Mrs. Christie to try her hand at another detective story. The long series which resulted from this early work have brought Agatha Christie what are believed to be the largest financial rewards garnered from book and magazine rights by any writer of detective fiction alone. It seems strange that only one of her numerous books has found its way into the movies and that one by way of the stage. The novel "And Then There Were None" was the basis for the play "Ten Little Indians" from which the movie was made. It

is unfortunate that Hollywood, with its penchant for "chillers" and "whodunits", has not utilized other of her better works.

Agatha Christie's widespread reputation as a writer of detective stories dates from the year 1926, when "The Murder of Roger Ackroyd" was published. It does not seem to be a literary indiscretion to disclose now, some twenty years after the book's publication, that the murderer finally proves to be the narrator of the story. It is undoubtedly the extreme in the use of the least-likely-person theme, which has haunted the annals of detective writing. The book was the center of a controversy with some critics arguing that the author had not been fair to the reader. All the clues which lead to this startling finish are available to the reader, which is perhaps the most important requisite of a detective story. Once used, though, the device can never be used again. From any angle the book is a landmark in its field, and is quite rightly considered to be, if not her finest, at least Agatha Christie's most brilliant book.

In this same year an event occurred in Mrs. Christie's own life which widened her reputation even more than her controversial book had done. One dark evening in December she decided to drive across the downs near her Surrey home and do some thinking, not uncommon for an author with literary complications to straighten out. The next morning her

abandoned car was found near an isolated quarry in the neighborhood. As for Mrs. Christie herself, she had disappeared without a trace.

The disappearance captured the public imagination all over the English-speaking world. Some newspapers hinted that the disappearance was a publicity stunt, since one of her novels was running serially at that time.

Colonel Christie was quoted as saying that he thought his wife might have vanished as an experiment, for he said she had often argued that an ingenious individual could disappear successfully without much difficulty. This theory was supported by some of her friends, who pointed to her close interest in the disappearance of Dorothy Arnold in New York.

(Dorothy Arnold, daughter of a wealthy family, had left her home on December 12, 1910, saying that she planned to do some shopping. She bought a box of candy and a book at a Fifth Avenue shop. She has never been traced from there to this day.)

The police, however, took nothing for granted in the disappearance of Mrs. Christie. They dragged the Silent Pool, some dark water covered with bracken, near her Surrey home in an unsuccessful attempt to find her body there. The Pool had been the scene of the death of a character in a recent Christie novel.

The theory that Agatha Christie, a well-known detective-story writer, had disappeared to prove that it could be done intrigued the public. Search parties were organized all over

England and hundreds of amateur sleuths joined the search, which soon took on the character of a treasure hunt.

Eleven days after her disappearance Agatha Christie was traced to a Harrogate hotel by a note she had written. She had been staying there under the name of Nancy Neele, a woman from Capetown, South Africa, she and her husband knew.

Newspapers emphasized the disappearance as a publicity stunt with new vigor. Col. Christie, a World War hero, was outraged and hired two noted psychologists. They staked their reputations on the diagnosis that she had suffered a genuine loss of memory.

A little more than a year later she divorced her husband, who soon married the woman whose name Agatha had assumed while at the Harrogate Hotel.

In 1930 she met Max Mallowan, and they were married in September of that year. He

had been assisting Sir Leonard Wooley in archeological excavations near Ur of the Chaldees. Ordinarily Mrs. Christie (she retained the name professionally) divides her time between writing and working with her husband in the Near East, where usually she spends several months a year. She has utilized her knowledge of the Near East in two books, "Death Comes as the End" and "Murder in Mesopotamia".

Undoubtedly Agatha Christie's greatest contribution to detective fiction is Hercule Poirot, her sleuth. He was introduced in her first book and plays a prominent part in many of her stories.

"Poirot was an extraordinary-looking little man. He was hardly more than five feet four but carried himself with great dignity. His head was exactly the shape of an egg, and he always perched it a little to one side. His moustache was very stiff and military. The neatness of his attire was almost incredible. I believe a speck of dust would have caused him more pain than a bullet wound. Yet this quaint, dandified little man, who, I was sorry to see, limped badly now, had been in his time one of the most celebrated members of the Belgian police. As a detective his flair had been extraordinary, and he had achieved triumphs by unraveling some of the most baffling cases of the day."

Poirot is in part at least the antithesis of Sherlock Holmes, who is undoubtedly the most famous of the infallible fiction detectives. Poirot is short and dapper, Holmes was long and lean. Poirot disdains shuffling about on all fours with a magnifying glass, eyes glued to the footprints. The little Belgian relies with conceited faith on the infallibility of his "little gray cells". As is typical of the French attitude in comparison with Holmes' English reserve, Poirot is very emotional. He struts and preens himself like a peacock. He is the champion of theory over matter, depending more on intuition than do many of his prototypes. It is in large measure because he is so different from Arthur Conan

Doyle's creation that Poirot stands out as he does, for to many, Poirot, next to Sherlock Holmes, most nearly typifies the popular conception of his profession.

However Poirot may differ superficially from Sherlock Holmes, Agatha Christie has followed in Doyle's footsteps, as indeed have all detective writers since then. It was Dovle who first shifted the interest to the personality of the detective. To be sure, there were detective stories before Doyle's. Edgar Allan Poe really has the honor of "inventing" the detective story with his famous three stories. To Poe, however, the solution of an analytical problem was the chief interest. For him the fictional detective was but the means to an end, for who better than a detective could do this? It is with the advent of Holmes that we have the detective as such holding the center of the stage. In many of the stories the personality of Holmes is of much greater interest than the situation, for more than half of the fifty-six short stories are inferior, and only the "Hound of the Baskervilles" is top-notch among Doyle's longer stories. In spite of this Holmes has become a household word, as has his companion, the good Dr. Watson. Almost all subsequent detective writers have felt the need of a secondary character to lead the reader astray on false clues and to behave stupidly in general to the greater glory of the infallible sleuth.

A GATHA CHRISTIE has really not deviated from the time-honored formula but within its limits has managed to retain some originality. While her detective abjures the bloodhound tactics of Sherlock, the aged device of a Watson is employed in the person of Col. Hastings, who is one of the most stupid of the good doctor's successors.

The "old masters" felt that romance had no place in an essentially intellectual field, but such has been the magazine demand that in common with many other writers, Mrs. Christie often has a secondary plot which leads to wedding bells on the last page.

The detective story is a very old art, though under another name, probably as old as man's interest in problems and riddles. Mysteries flourished in ancient Tibet and Egypt, and from there made their way to Europe with the characters and situations translated in terms of local ideas. In the Apocrypha there are two "detective" stories, in which Daniel shows to good advantage as a sleuth. Voltaire's Zadig is probably the first recognizable detective. The form had its birth in the stories of Poe and got a tremendous shot in the arm from Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Since the first World War has existed what might be termed the Golden Age of detection. It is in that Golden Age that Agatha Christie has risen to the top.

Fiction detectives can be arranged into three general categories. First there are Holmes and his most obvious imitators. In a larger sense all fiction detectives are copies of him, but many are different personally. The second group would include Hercule Poirot and others like him. Finally, there are the detectives most unlike the Holmesian blueprint, the detectives that Caroline Wells has called the "yawning" detectives. Among these three stand out: H. C. Bailey's Reggie Fortune, Dorothy Sayers' Lord Peter Wimsey, and S. S. Van Dine's Philo Vance. These regard all crime and its solution as mere child's play and they listen politely, trying tactfully to stifle yawns as some unfortunate wretch tells a tale of foul play and murder. Mingled with their sleuthing are erudite comments about art, philosophy and other pedantic fields. Generally they appear bored with the whole business. In Nero Wolfe we have the ultimate in the arm-chair detective.

The whole secret of the interest of the

detective story depends on its rousing the reader's interest. It is to this end that the many detectives with their individual quirks have been introduced. Poirot with his intuitive detection rather than complete dependence on clues gives Agatha Christie a breadth of possibility which now and then she abuses. So aroused was one critic by some incident or other that he remarked that Agatha Christie never played fair with the reader in her whole life. That is by no means wholly true, but it is justified by some of Mrs. Christie's poorer books.

Every now and then she turns out a book that features some other detective than Poirot. Two of these are Miss Marple, a village spinster with an uncanny knack for solving mysteries, and a Mr. Quin. Neither of these has seriously challenged the Belgian. Indeed in general the poorer books are those from which Poirot is absent, for he is generally in top form.

In recent years especially, some of Agatha Christie's books have shown symptoms of ennui, which may be because the author has "gone to the well" too often, for in the past fifteen years Mrs. Christie has maintained a steady pace of two books a year or better. Some of her sharpest critics feel that if she depended less on the intuition of Poirot and observed the ethics of her craft more closely the result would be happier for both author and reader. However, in the last two decades Agatha Christie has ranked at the peak of her profession with an American as well as an English following. And little dapper Hercule Poirot at his best has proven to be one of the most rewarding of fiction's detectives.

Three Poems

William L. Stuckey, Jr.

FULL MOON ON A WINDY NIGHT

The beauty of the night enthralls and captivates the pride of men. And beauty rides on the wings of wind shaming the talk and boast of men into speechless awe that resounds humility.

The green that's in the trees tossing in restless, rustling slumber sounds a rushing rush and rush and whispers in tidal waves that fall and rise in rush, rush, rush.

The moon's a metronome
that plucks a rhythm from the heart,
rhythm silver as the moon,
changeless
as the light that cuts its path among the
trees
to leave
a rhythmic happiness of moon and wind
and whispering trees.

There lies a pattern in the sky!

The effortless masterpiece of ragged cloud blown by the wind, torn by the wind scorned by the wind that leaves the tattered nothing of clouds to be painted—oh fantasy of grays and graying silver!

by the shimmering wand of the moon.

WEARY?

"Weary?"
"Yes, I am weary,
and I shall be for nights and weary nights
upon the end of time.
Weary?
Weariness is mine, a dull,
dull,
dull possession."



PHANTASMAGORIAL

We walk in the night

We walk in the dark of the unknown wondering night

We speak in sadness

The longing of our voices is the stinging howl of the wind that rips its way through bare limbs

We have no desire

Our hope is the wet, poisoned dew, nectar of the night

We are the souls of the evil Our 'fraternity welcomes you.

THE PRINCE

Merrill Orne Young

ORNING once more. The Prince's first impression of the new day was the gray light of dawn at the mouth of the cave and the chill highland air penetrating his thick woolen plaid. He shivered. Lying about him at a respectful distance were the dark forms of six men of MacLeod. The seventh, in the process of preparing breakfast, was moving about outside. "Not much of a breakfast," thought the Prince grimly. The miserable fare of oatmeal and sour mountain berries that sustained these rugged folk was unbearable to him, accustomed to lavish feasts in the rich halls of European palaces. Nothing in these bleak mountains could compare with those sweet Italian summers of long ago.

Summoning his determination, the Crown Prince of the House of Stuart crawled out of his heavy plaid and stood up in the cold, gray morning of the Scottish Highlands. He wondered why he had come here, why he had left the luxury of his father's court. He and his father were lionized wherever they went. And they had enough money—the Pope had seen to that. When he came to Scotland, he thought he was restoring the honor of his line. But it needed no restoring. The Stuarts were respected all over Europe as the kings who had set their faith above their throne. Why should he have returned to this country and to England where for almost a century his hapless family had struggled vainly against a suspicious parliament and a foreign people?

A sound came from behind him. Donald MacLeod was stirring. The poor lad—he was the youngest of the group—had seen three brothers slaughtered at Culloden and his father hanged in Aberdeen for wearing the white cockade. The simple highland men were always impressed by the youth's likeness to Prince Charles. Perhaps it was because of this strange similarity that a sort of friendship had grown up between the two men. Charles asked himself now why men like young Donald were still willing to risk their lives for such a lost cause as he was. He felt the same about the loyalty of these poor Scots as he did about his coming to Scotland. He couldn't understand it.

He had understood the thronging to his standard as he began the triumphant march southward. The eagerness of the clansmen, the joyous faces of his chiefs—he saw them in his mind. The descent from the highlands to the fertile Lowland plain, the capture of Scotland's great cities from the Hanoverian usurper, the march into England. There had been glory for the taking, and a race of warlike mountain men marched victorious on their ancient foes. But now

"Gude mornin' yer Highness." Young Donald stood by him, a smile on his face, cheerful in the cold morning air. "A' hope ye slept weel the nicht, your Highness," he said.

"I did, Donald." He spoke the rough

Gaelic tongue he had learned since his landing at Moidart. That landing had been the beginning of his misfortunes. Oh, why had he come to this cursed place! He groaned aloud. Donald looked over at him solicitously. "Ye're no hurt, yer Highness?"

With a sigh the Prince replied, "No, I'm perfectly healthy, thank you. You'd best wake the others."

He wrapped his plaid about him and fastened it at the shoulder with a great gold brooch. He walked outside and sat down on a boulder at the cave's mouth. Around him was a little glen through the middle of which ran a shallow beck, its surface sparkling under the early morning sun. He had come to this place to seek refuge with the Seven Robbers. Once prosperous shepherds and cattle raisers, they were men reduced by poverty to raiding little mountain hamlets and waylaying whatever travelers came through this desolate country. When Charles came to them, they sheltered him, heedless of the threat of death from an English executioner's dull knife.

This terrifying loyalty! Ever since the disastrous battle of Culloden the Prince had wandered, a hunted creature, from friend to friend, leaving behind a trail of swinging corpses. Yet no one refused him sanctuary, no one betrayed him. Old Lady Anne MacIntosh and a half dozen ancient gillies had held off an army of English and traitorous MacLeods led by the Lady's own husband, while Charles escaped from the castle through a secret passage.

Watching the morning sun come up over the great mountains, Prince Charles wondered.

were on the brow of a high hill, looking for game. Walking along the ridge, the Prince and Donald had talked much. Abandoning his usual reserve, Charles had discussed his anxiety for the future. The time seemed past

when he could have raised another army and retaken what he had lost. The clans were being suppressed. English dragoons were all over the hills. Charles wanted now only to escape, to return to France. But the redcoats were vigilant, and it seemed that he could never get to the coast. Now, gazing at the young face that so perfectly mirrored his own, "If only something could make them leave me alone," he sighed.

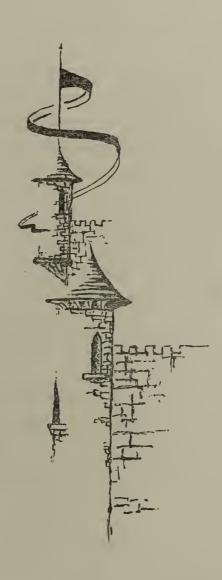
Glancing at the sun, Donald suggested that they get back to the valley. They turned down the hillside and were plodding off through the heather when suddenly over the ridge behind them three wild-eyed highlanders came running. Charles and Donald dropped to the earth and watched the fleeing clansmen. The terrified runners kept looking back up the slope as they raced stumbling on. In a moment a great, bay horse appeared over the crest. Its shouting rider wore the brilliant coat of a King's Dragoon. Others were behind him. An entire troop of murderous horsemen in scarlet tunics. As the fleeing Scots drew abreast of the spot where the two men were concealed, Charles looked at Donald. An awful eagerness was in the young man's face. Turning his face to the Prince, he muttered, "For you, yer Highness, and for Scotland!" He sprang to his feet and ran towards the tired fugitives. Drawing his dirk, he called them to stop. Then the horsemen were upon them. All went down but Donald. Clutching at the waist of the foremost rider, he drove his dagger into the man's side, then fell beneath the horse's hooves. But as he fell he cried, "Traitors! You have slain your king!"

The dragoons reigned horse, dismounted, and walked back to where the bloody body lay. Muttering among themselves they examined the face. Then one drew his sword and severed the head from the body. Laying their injured captain across his saddle they rode off shouting that, thank God, the war was over.

Charles lay stunned. Slowly he stood up

and walked towards the four beaten corpses. He looked about him. Above was the glorious blue sky. He climbed to the top of the ridge. He could see the great, rugged mountains ranged about him. He could see the green glen below. He could see a blue loch far off to the west. He thought of the brave men, the wild men, who had loved these un-

tamed places. He thought of the great clans, he thought of the lords who had followed him. And in one overwhelming burst he saw the greatness of it. Of the fierce highland scenery, of the people whose lives were here. And he understood their love for his hapless race, and he understood and joined his love with theirs for Scotland.



Revenge

Charles Graydon Poore

Dust is a nomad, shunned by all, Who dances on a treadmill seared Black with the scornful insolence Of man—perceiving in its filth His own decay, not yet appeared.

Dust is a hermit, orphaned from
His race. No God will give him aid,
But only rotted followers
Assemble in their wasted state
And as they crumble, with him fade.
Dust wraps the earth in sordid gloom.

With monstrous tentacles uncurled
It grips all those who trample it,
Then squirts corrupting ink and smears
Its loot—for Dust has claimed the world.

PAID OFF IN HATE

A. B. Trowbridge

MANY Americans today are condemning the countries with whom we were allied in World War II for not making any more effort to repay the United States for all the vast tons of war materials shipped to them. These so-called "patriots" are worrying because they feel America did too much giving and not enough receiving in this war. But among the many things these 'patriots' don't realize is the fact that it will be many years before those devastated countries can even begin to think of repaying their own war debts. The main feeling that they have for America today is a mixture of hope and hate. Their hope comes from their belief that America stands for the good and plentiful things of life, and their hate rises from the associations they have had with some American civilians and many G. I.'s on occupation duty.

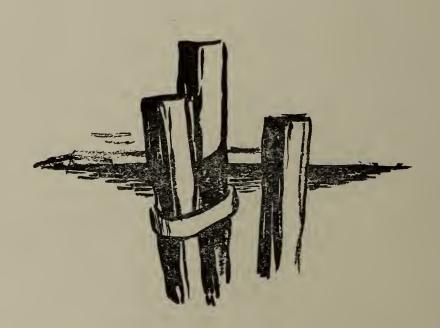
When our ship docked at Le Havre in June, we found a mob of French dock workers, young boys, and anyone else who had heard that an American ship had come in. Immediately some of the civilians began to throw cigarettes, candy, and fruit to these poor people, who scrambled and fought among themselves to get what was hurled to them. To my mind it was a horribly degrading thing to do, for the scene reminded me of so many Samoan natives diving for shiny pennies. But to the French it was an old story, for it again signified that America was the only country to emerge from the war untouched physically. About an hour later the crowd had slowly disappeared except for small pockets scattered on the wharf. There were many German P. W.'s sitting around, occasionally working derricks or driving jeeps at top speed down the wharf and back again. They were well fed by the Americans, given American cigarettes, and paid for their labor.

There were about three or four Germans standing next to a group of French dock workers, who were still waiting for cigarettes. Suddenly an American near me took out a pack of Pall Malls, held it up, and threw it straight to the Germans. The looks in the eyes of those French workers I shall never forget. It was another episode in which the American showed his complete misunderstanding of the situation of the average European. That same man was probably surprised later to see that not all Frenchmen bow down and praise the Americans as liberators.

Many G. I.'s in Europe have some kind of racket in which they either support the Black Market or run one of their own. I followed a Military Policeman one night up in the Montmartre section of Paris because I wanted to see what he did with the carton of cigarettes he had under his arm. He found a customer, took him into an alley, and sold the carton for the sum of about twelve dollars in French francs. Five minutes later he arrested the same man for buying goods at illegal prices and confiscated the property. As the Frenchman looked on in bewilderment, the M. P. sold the carton again. Again he requisitioned the cigarettes. This went on per-

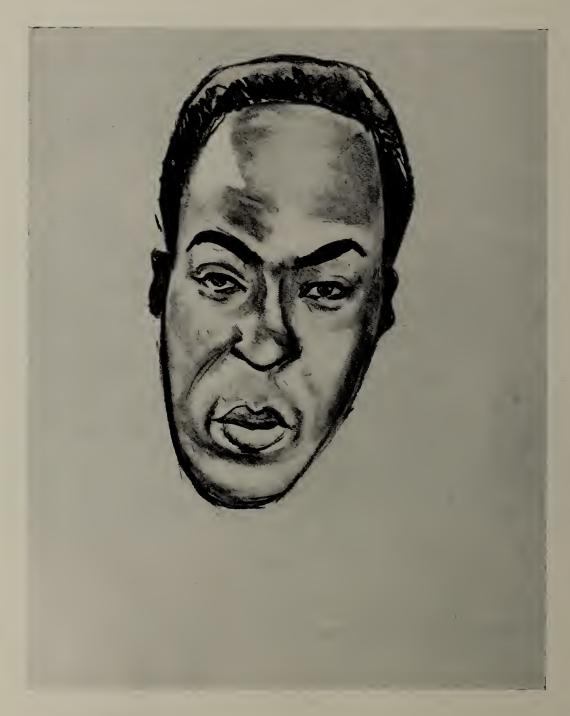
haps eight or nine times. The M. P. probably lived off the money he made that night for a week, then went through the same process again when he got more cigarettes from the Post Exchange.

These are only two episodes of American behavior in Europe. They are being duplicated by the thousands, all adding to the bad name which Americans in Europe are getting. If Americans at home want to see any sort of settlement of problems, they had better do something about their fellow "patriots" in Europe, who day by day are seeing to it that hate is all that will come our way from Europe.





SKI FEVER MARTIN BOVEY, JR.



Benny "Who-Cares"

CARL KOEHLER



Anna Who Doesn't

J. MARK RUDKIN



 P_{ALS} ' Pete Ogden

Sport Mirror

Len Kolsky

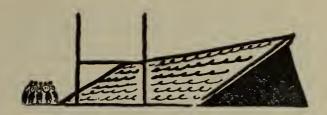
There was less than a minute to play. Andover came out of the huddle. Dan Lackey, crouching in his quarterback position under the center, took the ball and plunged into the line in an effort to kill the clock. Before the teams could be unpiled, the whistle blew, and the game was over. Andover had won, 7-6. The team had turned what had begun as a disappointing season into another prep-school championship.

But at the beginning, with only five returning starters plus untried servicemen, Andover had to begin to rebuild.

The season opened against the Dartmouth J-V's. The rumor spread around the campus that this game would be a cinch for us because Dartmouth had had only four days' practice. This was true as far as it went. They had only played together for four days, but they had been training with the varsity since August.

Dartmouth with its big powerful team had a relatively easy time against the inexperienced Blue. Defensively Andover was good; they held Dartmouth to two touchdowns and fought every inch of the way. Offensively, however, the picture was entirely different. The team was never able to put on a sustained drive, and were guilty of frequent fumbles. The only star work besides Johnny Clayton's was that of the line, especially that of Bid Bidgood.

At that point of the season, at any rate, Dartmouth was the better team and deserved to win. No team, however, likes to lose, and to lose the first game of the season is doubly discouraging. It can create an attitude of defeat which can ruin a whole year. Skeptics argued that if Andover could not beat Dartmouth, how could it hope to get by Yale,



Harvard, and West Point, all reputedly stronger? Time proved the skeptics wrong.

Now that it could profit from opening game mistakes, the team prepared for the Yale game. Here, for the first time, Andover showed promise. Outweighed ten pounds to a man, it yielded only one touchdown, and that was scored on a long throw-it-and-pray forward pass. The tackling was harder and fiercer, and several times Eli's Sons were spilled for losses. There were occasional flashes of offensive strength, but, unfortunately, not much. Andover lacked a scatback who could sweep around the ends. As a result, the attack was not diversified enough; the team gained yardage, but never in sufficient quantities.

The 7-0 setback was the second in a row; it was the first time in Coach Steve Sorota's eleven years' reign that Andover had dropped its opening two games. Not only did the Blue lose, but Pugh and Bidgood were injured and out for the remainder of the season. It looked as though Andover was in for a bad year.

About Face

dover that Yale had: weight and power. However, Harvard faced a rejuvenated team. Somewhere during the week two new backs were uncovered: Jack Smith, an Upper prep, provided the speed needed to skirt the ends, and Bill Byler, a Lower, was able to crash the center of the line after Smith had spread the Harvard defense. With Jack Clayton playing his usual superlative game and tallying twice, Andover won, 21-7 .Smith scored the other touchdown. The line was virtually immovable and kept the Crimson gains at a minimum.

At West Point the team finally found itself and won, 14-13. It was by far Andover's best game to date, and it was the season's turning point. The famous Clayton-Mead jump-pass clicked for both scores, but it was a lineman, Captain-elect Walt Horne, whose two accurate place-kicks spelled victory.

The next two games, against Tufts and Brown, indicated the full extent of Andover's improvement. The team was working as a smooth, experienced unit. It was hard to realize that this was the same squad which had faced Dartmouth four short weeks before. The line opened wide holes, and the backs were there to race for good gains.

Against Brown the Royal Blue was hampered by poor playing conditions. The field was heavy with mud, which slowed the offensives of both teams. Despite this disadvantage, Andover was able to chalk up two touchdowns to win, 14-6. Andover mixed its plays cleverly and continually had the Brown defense confused. To climax the first touchdown drive, Clayton threw a wet pass to Jim Mead. Brown, expecting that Andover would be unable to use a passing attack, was caught totally unprepared.

Of all the plays Andover used, none was more familiar to the spectators than that Clayton-to-Mead bullet pass. The team lines up with Clayton under the center. Johnny takes the ball, wheels, and runs back two steps. Suddenly he turns, jumps, and fires the ball across the line to Jim Mead, who has cut over from his right end position. Because of its quick execution, the play is hard to stop, since it takes a deadly accurate passer to hit the receiver, as good as Mead is, time after time.

The only real importance of the Tufts game was that Andover's victory streak was extended to four straight. The game served as a breather. Second and third stringers played the better part of it and gained some much needed experience.

The Big Game

This was the one that counted, and all was picayune before this. The Andover-Exeter game determines the success or failure of

the season. No one on the Hill was very worried. Students had been told at the rally that when Andover and Exeter meet, past records mean nothing, but they had heard that 'line' every year, and it had lost its effect. Everybody regarded Andover as a two or even three touchdown choice. A few, more thoughtful, predicted a closer game.

Exeter's kick-off was long; Clayton grabbed it on the ten. He charged up the middle to the thirty-five. Blockers and would-be tacklers were strewn on either side of Johnny, leaving him a wide-open path. At the forty he cut to the right, stiff-armed one tackler, and, aided by a good block by Rosenau, galloped down the sidelines for the score. The Andover stands went wild. When Walt Horne added the point, it looked as though there might be an Exeter rout.

That touchdown was an excellent sample of Andover's thorough coaching. Every Friday afternoon the team had practiced running back kick-offs for just such a situation. In the last game of the season the investment paid rich dividends, because that was the end of Andover's scoring.

Whether the Blue was overconfident or Exeter was underrated can be argued both ways. It was probably a combination of both. Exeter was up for this one, while after our quick touchdown, the team would experience a natural headiness. Whatever the cause, Exeter was able to strike back and score. Fortunately, the extra point was missed, and Andover squeezed by, 7-6. The statistics of the game showed that Andover had the edge, but to the spectators Exeter was at least equal. They smeared Andover's quick-opening plays, and our end runs lost an average of ten yards. Exeter on the offense pounded our tackles for good gains, but the Blue braced and held when in danger. The team Sorota had built won the season's last.

Two jubilant players bore Clayton off the field on their shoulders. The final glory was that Doug Kennedy, New York Herald-Tribune prep-school reporter, called the Andover team prep school champions.

HIDDEN TREASURE

A. F. McLean

TUCKED away in a niche of that conglomeration of quaint architecture and winding streets that is Boston, is an old, second-hand bookshop. It is a lone, feeble outpost of erudition in a world over-concerned with "news, hot off the wire" and the daring exploits of Dick Tracy. Here lone fugitives from reality brood silently over the shades of the past. Here they live a thousand lives, while outside, phones ring and cash registers clang.

Seen from the street, its sooty, brick front and dim, gray windows stand a bulwark against the unread masses. One glance at the twenty volume sets of Victor Hugo and impressive stacks of law books on display is sufficient to discourage intrusion by the passerby. Inside, I was impressed by the compactness with which the books had been squeezed into the shop. They were everywhere, arranged on tables, piled underneath, packed in boxes, and sorted by subjects on shelves. At intervals, bare light bulbs hung on long dark cords, their glare penetrating the dusty air for a few feet; beyond that was obscure gloom.

In earlier days the shop had been a single, small room. As it had prospered, like a growing embryo, it had burst its narrow confines. The shop next door was bought out, and the partition broken through. Today, it stands as one large room, twice the original size, with its shape irregular where it yields to the aggressions of neighboring establishments. From the gaps between the high shelves which line the room on all sides, the walls manage to peek out with dirty faces and then bashfully hide themselves in shadow.

The patrons are distinct only as being lesser members of the great bourgeoisie searching for something, some secret to be found within these decrepit covers and musty pages. Their plain overcoats with upturned collars and their soft felt hats give no hint of individuality, and all are alike in their methods of poking into dark recesses, scanning faded titles, and browsing over appealing passages. Although their search is seldom rewarded, a few precious moments have been enjoyed, away from the bustling crowds and honking horns, away from reality.

Glancing over the eight or nine tables crowding the center of the room, I noticed that they were covered with novels, for the most part pitiful, unrecognized things by obscure authors. Such is the fate of those who challenge the masters, their works sold for cheap reading, three for a dollar. At least the frayed jackets lent a note of faded color to the grim atmosphere of the store.

An efficient young salesman approached. He was an example of the attempt of modern business to meet culture half way. Essentially, he was a shoe clerk, but the darkness behind the thick lenses of his glasses gave him a scholarly appearance. Sizing me up, he thought he knew what would interest me. "Can I help you, sir? We've got some fine trots, right over here." There they were, all the translations a schoolboy could wish for, in old-fashioned, ragged covers. Doubtless they were responsible for the passing grades of boys of several generations.

After I had dismissed him with thanks, I turned to a shelf. Examining one of the more interesting law books, I noticed a steady thread of green ink traced painstakingly under line after line, page after page. It seemed as if some poor law student had spent a good part of his college career underlining, underlining with countless bottles of green fluid. I selected one of the trial cases at random. "The State versus Jones". It was an analysis of pocket-picking as a premeditated crime. Long hours of concentration had made

that page, with its monotonous marking, a symbol of man's futile but admirable attempt to gain true wisdom. Some other scholar would purchase this book and ponderously study it until some day he too could enter the battle to determine that elusive line that divides right from wrong, the battle that is never won.

At the suggestion of the proprietor, a kindly old fellow with a touch of the poet about him, I went down into the basement. It was, as he described it, "like the catacombs of Rome." Narrow, dingy tunnels wound their way between endless cases of books. Row on row stood these solemn, neglected crusaders of truth, each holding a message never heeded by the busy world. The makeshift shelves, bent under their heavy loads, seemed to mut-

ter a whispered groan of protest. Creaks came from the low ceiling as people walked on the floor above. Here was a treasure of romance, history, and science wasted on spiders and the little bacteria of decay. Huge volumes, having faithfully served the purposes of their former owners, were sold into this subterranean tomb. Here, much like those early Roman Christians, they passively await the end.

As the great race for scientific achievement and material prosperity pushes onward, these treasures are outdated and forgotten. They remain only as a reminder of our heritage, those ideals for which men have struggled and died through the centuries. Now the past is forgotten; men look to the future.

Such were my thoughts as I stepped back into the fact that is Boston.

Speed

To the Commons Juniors hurry. To the diamond athletes scurry

Some boys rush from drenching rain. Seniors rush to catch a train

(Sunday evidently is quite holy, For we walk to chapel slowly.)

- '47

PASTORALE

Warren C. Moffett

Day's lamp dies out, Sinking into a deep orange, Momentarily brightening, Then disappearing. All is a vast, black one-ness. Then murky images appear, Distorted shadows of blue-white. At first there is no wind. But it comes, whispering, Then laughing its way along. The sky is alive. Its peoples' lights are shining. We are too far away to hear Their chattering. A robin chirps. His mate has crowded him In the narrow nest. A dog barks. Some foreigner lurks about. The hens cackle. The skunk has come for the eggs. A crash, a yelp, A rushing sound Of running feet And panting breaths. The dog is slow. His quarry darts beneath a log, And all is still.

The Man In The Mirror K. W. W. Howell

N A semi-cheap room in New York one night in 1930 were a window, an iron cot, a wooden chair, and a cheap chest with an oversized cracked yellow mirror on top. In the mirror stood a man holding in his left hand

a gun pointed to his head. The crack in the mirror disunited his neck from his body. In front of the mirror stood a man with his neck connected with his body, but he also had a gun pointing to his head. His eyes gazed vacantly into the thoughtful eyes of his reflection. Suddenly, the man in the mirror laid his gun down, stepped out of the mirror, and pulled by the wrist a girl who wasn't in the mirror.

The two men looked exactly the same, except that with his right hand the man in the room was still holding a gun to his head, and with his left hand the man from the mirror was holding the wrist of the girl. The men were tall and good-looking, but were wearing shabby clothes that accentuated their hungry and poverty-stricken look. With his last money the man in the room had purchased a gun and a "decent" place to die.

The girl, however, looked very out of place in the desolate room. She was beautiful, her dark blond hair hanging to her shoulders. Her eyes matched her expensive, well-fitting aquamarine dress. Her smile—dark red lipstick, white teeth, and dimples—was her most

attractive quality. She looked strange in that room for other reasons, too. Her eyes had a far-away look as if she were staring at the horizon, her hair and dress were windswept as if she were gazing at the sea from a

high cliff, and her face reflected the colors of a sunset that was not in the room.

The three characters stood still for a second, and then the man with the gun listened to the man with the girl.

The man from the mirror said, "You can't die now. You can't commit suicide, because you are still in love with this girl here. You can marry her if you try. Go and see her and get her to go away with you. She has always loved you. Don't you remember that time on the cliff in California? She said then that she loved you, and you know that she still does. When her drunken fiance ran over somebody with his big yellow Cord, she didn't help in his defense any. As a result, he is in jail on a manslaughter charge. Go ahead. Go to her house. Take her away with you."

The man in the room put his gun on the bed, took five steps to the door, twenty-two steps down the hall, thirty-five steps down the stairs, twelve steps to the outside door, six steps to the curb of the sidewalk, three steps into the road before the lights were on him and the big yellow Cord hit him.

NEVER

W. L. Stuckey, Jr.

So OLD John Henry was a pretty complicated man?" "Well, the Doc said that almost anything could have killed John Henry. He was sick, he was shot at, he wasn't even much loved, which the Doc said was just about the whole trouble in the first place. Nope, guess that ain't any new idea, but God knows, there ain't many people, here nor any place else, that die 'cause they ain't loved."

The natty, reserved stranger could no longer restrain his question. "Who was John Henry?" he queried. "I thought they'd stopped naming men 'John Henry'." One of the old fathers opened his querulous mouth, spat into the sand pile around the stove-base, and started to answer the prying question. He was interrupted by a voice almost impossibly cultured—not quite cultured, still somewhat whining with the twang of the gritty sod, but consciously soft and directed.

The voice came from a dark corner around the stove and the stranger bent his head to inspect the face of the voice. He saw a boy. Only dimly could he be seen, but it was evident that his culture had been gained here and only here. His fine features were freckled. His hands were horny. He looked like a manorial heir who had suddenly descended to the life of the serf. The stranger thought that the story of this boy's parentage, all of his life, would prove more interesting than that of the man now dead. The boy would live on, the old man was gone. Not for long, though, did the man question his origin, or his circumstances. Instead, he was engrossed in the spell that the quasi-cultured voice created. Here, in the sleepy, little grocery store, he was entranced as the yellow-rose glow of the fire encircled him; and on the center of the fire danced with the dancing, transparent flames the character of John Henry... danced before him John Henry... plodded, in his slow dance, John Henry, to a rosy heated death.

ALD JOHN died, and with him died a hundred changes in the race of men (the tone of the voice was mellow, miraculously enveloping). When I first saw him, he walked in here with a crumpled piece of paper, a telegraph message. I remember how that slip was crumpled. It was folded and scrawled upon in an unmistakably ignorant manner. Perhaps one cannot judge ignorance by the crumple of a note,—I wish I knew. All of us wish we knew whether John Henry was ignorant. He looked poor. He almost looked fat, but he was not: he had never eaten enough to become fat. His stomach hung in a pouch. The muscle which should have held the belly within him had been starved so that more important muscles could live. Consider that 'living' is a broad term, for God granted him little of life, and no love, just as Macreary mentioned. I doubt that John's advent into Hell will be very costly, or painful to him. 'Never loved, never hurt.' 'Never' . . . that word should hae been his ambition and biography . . .

"As near to Hell as John was in this life, I imagine, was when he lived in his home. Fate, My God! how fate loves irony! John's fields were red clay, and now all around is the baked, red hearth of Hell. I wonder if he has yet built himself a shack. I wonder if Hell has been merely a reliving of his mistaken, hermit life, and I wonder if Hell does mean an eternal repetition of the mistakes we have made." Quite hypnotized now, the salesman could see, in the pot of the stove, on the floor of red embers, a shack plainly marked "John's Home."

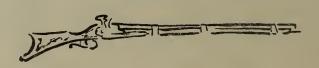
"The old man waited until I asked him what he wanted. I should quote his explanation if I were able to imitate his brittle, bitter expression. He explained that he wished to send a telegram. Leaning on the counter, he offered the note. I took it quickly, hoping that he would withdraw that face—a countenance that looked so much like a misformed peach, having rotted on the ground. It was wrinkled, like the peach, and it looked as though the wrinkles extended directly to the core of his head, met by the grooved hardness of the peach stone. He did not stir, and the spurt of tobacco juice sprayed over the marble counter as he talked. I turned away from him, pretending to search better light, and read his note."

"When I saw it clearly, I realized that it was itself a telegram which had been sent to him. I read the message, through the grimy folds and smudges —'Have found her. She has child. Send twenty-five dollars.' It was signed Arvrell Henry. I had not known that John Henry had living relatives, and stared at the last line so long that the old man thought that I was unable to read the signature. He said, 'That's my son.' 'Ten words from his son. Married!' I thought. 'John

Henry has been married! A son, ten words from a son who . . . a son!' I could not find logical connections; I could believe none of it. 'Her . . . she has child' . . . The son must be married. And why did he have to find 'her'? Where did he find her? Why twenty-five dollars? John Henry . . . child . . . Suddenly I knew that there was one thing that I could discover — the sender's address, or at least the city from which it had been sent. I looked at the top of the page where it should have been. It was blurred too much to be readable: it had been too often ground within dirty pockets.

"He had waited for minutes, and when I finaly turned to him I received full in my face the force of his nasty stare. 'Where do you want to send the answer?' I asked. 'He's in the army. They said it was from Illinois when it come.' There would be no way to trace it: the date-line and address had been worn away. The money would never reach the son --- 'never'-John's word. I told him; and probably for the first time, John Henry looked puzzled. He limped out of the store and down the street. He had walked the six dusty miles when he began to cross his redclay field. Ralph Dale had followed a rabbit across the field and shot it just as John stepped out of a gully-path. The shock drove him into hysteria—all of his life must have met him in that moment—he leapt and shook, wriggled a grotesque, plodding dance and died as if he had wrung the very spirit out of himself."

The cultured voice stopped and the boy glanced at the bright red sunset. The man with the querulous mouth spat, "I was 'bout to say . . ."



Netherlands Correspondence

Ton Perquin

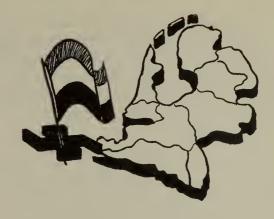
VOORBURG, February 10.

A FTER the unexpected invasion by the Germans into Norway and Denmark, people in our country began to realize it would not be very long before we were attacked also. Nevertheless we could not do much without giving up our policy of strict neutrality. However, when we heard, on May 10, 1940, that German troops had crossed our frontier and that the German ambassador had given a memorandum to our government in which we were accused of having contact with the British and French military headquarters, our troops were ready to defend us to the limit of endurance.

This limit was reached after a battle of five days against the most modern soldiers in the world, German paratroops, who penetrated deep into our flat country, and against N.S.B., traitor members of the National Socialist Bund, and against the German fifth column.

After the ghastly bombardment of Rotterdam, in which three thousand people perished in three hours, our commander-in-chief was forced to capitulate to save the lives of nine million civilians. In spite of the hopelessness of the situation, we were glad our Royal Family and the Netherlands Government were able to escape the German assault at the last moment and set up a government-in-exile in London.

On the evening of May 14th the Boches entered The Hague, cocky and sweaty, carrying bloody Dutch helmets as trophies. Proclamations rained on us. Our country was to all intents a province of the Deutsche Reich. At



the end of May, Reichskommissar Seyss-Inquart, the Austrian traitor, took charge of the civil government while General Christiansen was military commander.

We quickly experienced terror. On penalty of death we were forbidden to listen to non-German broadcasts. In consequence we listened quietly in the evening on the attic roof or in the cellar when the B. B. C. or Radio Oranje was broadcasting. Jews we knew went by every day with a great yellow star of David on their coats. If they did not wear the yellow star, they were seized and put in a concentration camp, in which they were almost always killed.

In the factories the Dutch had to work for the German army. When it was at all possible the work was sabotaged. Workers struck and rioted. Nearly every week you could read in our few newspapers that some 10-20 hostages had been shot. An underground was marshalled to fight a damaging battle of espionage and spy work. Its members, as "terrorists", expected and got from the Germans no mercy.

Our schools continued but with another program: more German, less English, and only pro-Nazi books. Fortunately, the control was not too severe, and we did not have much trouble.

We got the war news from the English broadcasts and the illegal papers. The American broadcasts we could not hear very well with our home-made sets. The radios we had were either seized or hidden underground. The monotonous German radio told only of successes and victories "on all fronts." We were stuffed with lies by their press and propaganda. We had to be careful not to show that we knew the truth. Illicitly listening to foreign broadcasts was so general that good or bad news was reflected on the face of the entire population.

When the Afrika Korps was thrown back at El-Alamein, the Dutch were not able to conceal their joy. It was the first time that we felt the Germans were going to be driven back to their own country.

The British and Americans invaded Italy. The Boches could not hurry fast enough to establish their defense lines here and throw up the famous Atlantic Wall. Europe became a fortress. They conscripted Dutch laborers to throw up fortifications, tankwalls, obstructions, which now, two years after the liberation, delay our reconstruction. Sabotage was point one on our program. And for non-cooperation with General Christiansen you were seized and sent to work in a factory in Germany.

Invasion

N June 6, 1944, the Allies assaulted the Atlantic Wall. From this day forward everybody began to prepare for liberation. Daily we followed the Allied advance on maps with red pins. But the Germans made us feel the invasion. Many German troops left, but the few who remained terrorized us so much the more. Day and night the Allied bombers flew over to bombard the German factories in Holland. Again and again there were air battles, and often Allied planes were shot down. The first American pilot I saw was dead. His parachute did not open when he leaped from his plane. It was not nice to see the Boches loot the body and steal his rings, papers, and his watch. This was the discipline of the "eminent" Wehrmacht.

In the late summer of 1944 came the heavy push of the Canadian and American forces northward from Belgium. Now, we thought, it is our turn to be liberated. The Boches and the N.S.B. thought so too and

were preparing to leave as quickly as possible for Germany. It was the *Dolle Dinsdag*—the fool Tuesday. We were drunk with joy, and the Germans with fear. On this day the German morale broke completely. People said the Americans were in Rotterdam—twenty-three kilometers from us—and we, we believed it and could not contain ourselves. We were ready to hang out flags when the troops entered. This was all a one-day dream. Perhaps it was good for us to have dreamed, after all the years of bitterness and annoyance, but the letdown was crushing. It was not true. They were not coming yet.

Inside the Fortress

A T THE command of the Netherlands government in London, all loyal railroad personnel staged a general strike, and the Boches in turn, in an attempt to break the strike, refused to let us have any more food and coal. No bombs and no concentration camps, no water and no terror could shake our resolution. Our food from September, 1944, to May, 1945, consisted of 400 grams of bread (10 slices) and one kilogram of potatoes per week. Besides this the Germans decreed that every man between 17 and 40 was liable to be picked up and sent to work in Germany. To escape you either had to go underground or try to get to the liberated South Netherlands.

In March, 1945, American and British planes bombed The Hague by mistake, and the whole district in which I lived was destroyed. At this time the food shortage was at the most critical stage. (Sweden helped us by sending bread and margarine.)

At the end of April redemption came when the great silver B-29's and Lancasters dropped food to us while their pilots waved. The chocolate and meat and sugar and flour they dropped helped to alleviate the famine a little.

On May 25, 1945, the Germans in the Netherlands capitulated. After three days General Crerar's Canadians entered The Hague. This is something I shall not soon for-

get. You cannot get an impression of an entrance into a hunger center without having seen it. Being seized with joy, we were not far from the state of mind of *Dolle Dinsdag*. But now we could be jubilant a longer time. For a month we were nothing but joyful. But then the sober Dutchman appeared in us, and we got busy cleaning up the rubble.

I can write better about your second list

of questions on our post-war conditions another time, for this is so very lengthy already.

Ton Perquin



Gutenberg's Ghost

(Continued From Page 10)

The Pain

The whipping boys who felt the brunt of delayed articles and cuts and all the anxious editorial moments were, of course, Mr. Grover and his long suffering type-setters at the Townsman Press. We sincerely hope there are no rooms in heaven with green eyeshades and whirring presses, sincerely.

And so, in between aspirin and Sucrets, which are end-of-the-term panaceae for end-of-the-term ailments, and between shirtsleeve conferences at Bartlet and Paul Revere Halls the *Mirror* had its birth-pains. We would certainly have broken down and sobbed in the dark without the judicious advice of Messrs. Vuilleumier, Morgan, Hasenclever and Maynard to brake our youthful enthusiasms. And

J. H. Playdon

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ANDOVER

we can't forget talks with Mr. Cunningham of the *Christian Science Monitor*, Mr. Byron Butler of the *Globe*, Mr. Staples of P. A. Public Relations and others without space.

There's a lot more to tell, mostly of editorial screwballery, hi-jinks, and hope. The young men who write and draw have fashioned a magazine out of these. We hope you like it.

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(American Red Cross Photo)



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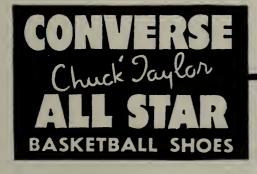
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Dr. and Mrs. Thomas M. Dudley
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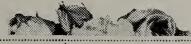
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